

The Expositor

and Current Anecdotes

Including THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PASTOR

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Publication Office, Cleveland, Ohio

Copyright, 1923

Editorial and Executive Offices, Cleveland, Ohio

Printed in U. S. A.

VOLUME XXIV
Issued Monthly

MAY, 1923
Subscription, \$3.00 per Year

Number 8
Total Number 284

How the Radio has Broadened the Realm of Religious Symbolism

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The editor of *The Expositor* heads one of his departments: "A Sermon Without Illustrations is Like a House Without Windows." And that itself is one of the finest of illustrations; for the word illustrate is from the Latin *illustrare*, which means "to light up," just as windows light up a house. Then there is the other use of the word illustrate, referring to pictures; as a book or magazine is said to be illustrated. Both which uses are ultimately identical, for both illustrations and pictures are windows to let in light.

The demand and need for illustrations, whether picture or parable, are universal and are based upon profoundest philosophy. That poet saw deep who said:

"* * * for men and angels can conceive
Through symbols only the eternal truths."

Verily the only way by which it is possible for a finite mind to comprehend an infinite truth is for that truth to be mediated through some concrete symbol which shall serve as a window through which the divine light can shine.

Men say truly that Jesus was the most wonderful master of parable and illustration that the world ever saw; and he was such because he was divine, and, knowing the limitations of the human minds he himself had created, he used the only method of imparting the divine truth which those minds could utilize. His was not only the simplest and most natural method of teaching; it was the divinely perfect method.

And here is the why of religious symbolism.

Ministers of the Gospel have always explored with eagerness every field in which there might be found new, better, more striking and satisfying illustrations by which to teach religious truth: they have always taken up their Master's query: "Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it?" Mk. 4:30.

First and foremost, nature has been and must ever remain one of the chief sources of spiritual simile, of illuminating illustration. Jesus himself

turned to that field for many of his parables: salt, light, water, winds and clouds and the flashing lightning, flowers, birds and fishes, trees, fruit, and the growing grain, were all utilized as spiritual analogies. And every great preacher since has learned the secret from his Master, that nature is a rich treasure house of spiritual symbol.

But in our own day there has been discovered a great new field of religious symbolism, of spiritual analogies in the natural world, in electricity and its applications; and at the present moment that new field has been enormously enlarged and with dramatic suddenness by wireless developments and radio activity in general, which have captured tens of thousands by their fascination. Moreover, just as seemingly all at once the radio has become a popular possession, with numerous broadcasting stations in many parts of the world, and literally unnumbered receiving stations in public institutions, private homes, and even in the play-rooms of boys, so just as suddenly have spiritual thinkers realized the wonderful religious symbolisms and analogies revealed in the radio; while books, magazines, papers, are teeming with discussions and suggestions concerning the spiritual significance of this new art. There has been thus in a moment a vast enlargement of the realm of religious symbolism. To many persons it seems almost like a new revelation of spiritual principles and relationships, this which radio-activity has introduced into the sphere of religious truth and teaching; and each enraptured thinker is eager to tell of his own spiritual discoveries in this virgin realm. We ourselves have had our visions and we hope to set forth some of these in following articles; but just now we would simply take a bird's-eye view of the field, and show how the entire realm of religious symbolism has been wonderfully enlarged by the study of radio-activity.

First, the radio has seemingly brought the invisible world so much nearer, made it so much more real and apprehensible by our human mind.

No thoughtful man can sit before a Magnavox, or even hearken into a receiver, hear the clear and natural tones of a human voice speaking to him out of absolute silence and void from two thousand miles away, and not have a solemn realization of the actuality of that viewless spiritual world and the inhabitants thereof, who somehow might speak to our souls across illimitable void spaces. And if the voice talking through that radio receiver suddenly proved to be the voice of a friend speaking in direct personal message to yourself, you would almost inevitably speak out in answer to your friend before you realized! He seemed so near, and to be listening for your reply! Is it any wonder, then, that sometimes it seems to us as though we might any hour chance to get into communication with unseen dwellers in "that outer Infinite?" And so the preacher finds in this experience a wonderfully appealing illustration and analogy, by which to make real to his hearers the things which do lie beyond their mortal ken, and which nevertheless by faith may be brought into most intimate communion with their souls.

Then again, the radio teaches with compelling force the absolute necessity of being "in tune with the Infinite," if we are to hold any communication whatsoever with that Divine One who inhabiteth eternity. It is a commonplace of radio that two stations cannot communicate with each other except they be in tune; and the moment we apprehend this, there rushes upon us a flood of spiritual applications, as to wherein consists the harmony which makes it possible for the human soul to hear God and communicate with him; as to what things destroy spiritual consonance and put the soul out of tune with God; and as to how it would be possible for a soul out of tune with God to recover that lost accord, or to get into tune with the Infinite for the first time. And so here is a surprising enlargement of the realm of religious symbolism, or teaching by true parable. Also the whole subject of prayer comes in here, and radio illustrations help much to light up the mysteries of this ever-appealing problem whether and how God does hear and answer prayer.

Then, once more, since all receiving stations must be attuned to the central broadcasting station, if we think of that great broadcasting station as representing God "who giveth to all life and breath and all things," at once a whole group of spiritual lessons come flocking. We are reminded that since the receiving station must be attuned to the broadcaster, and not *vice versa*, just so we must get our souls into tune with God, not expect him to be assimilated to our selfishness, folly and sin. We see also the beautiful suggestion that as all receiving stations attuned to the broadcasting station find that by virtue of such harmony they can each communicate with the others, just so all Christian souls spiritually attuned to God find themselves in tune with each other, speak and understand the same spiritual language. Conversely, one who finds his own spirit out of tune and sympathy with the spirit of the great body of fellow Christians may well seriously question whether he himself have not fallen out of tune with God. And many other such spiritual analogies there are in the radio.

But in addition to the spiritual illustrations, the religious analogies, supplied to the teacher of divine truth by the radio—one can hardly even dabble in the study of this modern wonder without catching new glimpses of God!

Three thousand years ago the Psalmist spoke of God as the one "who only doeth wondrous things;" and even to David, the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars which he had ordained, gave full proof of God's wonder-working power. But the telescope and the microscope and much other marvellous mechanism have so pushed back the boundaries of the visible universe that the cosmos today is ten thousand times as extensive and intensive as it was to the eyes of King David. And every new branch of human learning, every new discovery unknown to David of old, chemistry with its miracles, bacteriology with its worlds beneath worlds, and now radio with its apocalyptic revealings, gives us a new and nobler conception of God, as marvellous Artisan, Artist, and Master-Workman in his great creative workshop!

A Dramatic Service for Mother's Day

Appropriate for Mother's Day, but Can be Used At Any Evening Service

WARD V. GRAY, Hastings, Nebraska

This service can be read by the pastor while the concealed choir sings the hymns and songs. It can also be made effective by the use of pantomime. The reader may either be concealed with the choir, or may stand at one side of the platform. If pantomime be used, the following suggestions are offered:

1. "Hour of Memory." Singers concealed. Scene—A living room, rocking chair, Bible on clock shelf, etc.

2. "Sweet and Low." A mother with babe in rocking chair. She sings the solo.

3. "That Old Song." Mother busied with household duties. She sings solo parts.

4. "One Night As I Lay Dreaming." Man sitting in room, head and arms on table. As chorus is sung he lifts head up. Mood that of meditation.

5. "Blest be the Tie." Mother and boy. As last line is sung mother and boy kiss and he runs off stage.

6. "My Name in Mother's Prayer." Mother kneeling in prayer. Lights should be dimmed.

7. "Mother Machree." Young man on stage sings solo while concealed choir sings chorus. Much feeling.

8. "The Old Oak Bucket." Same room as in No. 1.

9. "My Mother's Prayer." Young man and Mother kneel at armchair.

10. "God Be With You." Mother with arm about young man—attitude of tenderness.

11. "You're a Million Miles from Nowhere." Young man plays part of homesick boy. Sits with head in hand, downcast look.

12. "Absent." Mother sings solo while moving aimlessly about. On second verse the lights should be dimmed. Utmost feeling.

13. "That Wonderful Mother of Mine." Young man sitting in his room. Holds letter in his hand.

14. "Home Sweet Home." Young man on stage. First verse holds hand over eyes as if blinded. Joins choir in chorus, and on second verse holds out arms in attitude of longing.

15. "Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home." Young man in rags, and evidences of poverty. Attitude of meditation.

16. "A Lonely Mother Waits." Lonely, gray-haired mother in arm-chair. Is writing letter. She joins in chorus.

17. "Tell Mother I'll be There." Mother lying in bed. Young man in shabby clothes holds her hand. He sings solo part. Lights dimmed.

18. "Shall We Meet." Mother still in bed and son kneeling by bedside, head and arms on bed as if in grief.

This service in appropriate for Mother's Day but can be used with good effect at any evening service. In some cases other suitable songs can be chosen. The service can be shortened by omitting some of the songs.

1. *Duet.* "Hour of Memory," by Callahan. (Music—"Humoresque.")

Mother! How fraught is the word with tender memories and dear recollections! It thrills with a deep love, it touches the heart of the most indifferent, and it brings to those who have long wandered in the by-ways of sin the vision of a gray-haired mother kneeling in fervent prayer for her darling child. The fondest memories of life cluster around mother. Great men of all ages have paid reverent homage to this dearest of earthly friends. John Q. Adams said: "All that I am my mother made me." Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

O Time, roll back into the Eternity of the past for a brief while, and set us once more in the fairy land of childhood! Bring back, O Time in thy flight, the tender memories of Mother, and once again permit us to feel the touch of her hand upon our brow, once more let us hear her voice so sweet and low fall on our ears, forget the cares of life in the free life of childhood. Cuddle up close, dear heart, in those dear arms again, for Time will not permit us to linger long! Hark as the mother presses her baby close to her breast:

It is an old lullaby song which she softly sings in accents sweet and low.

2. *Solo.* "Sweet and low."

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep."

The eyes have closed and the tired head has dropped in slumber. Mother presses a soft kiss on the forehead of the sleeping child as she tenderly lays him down in his trundle bed, and quietly tiptoes away to her household duties. How those hours of infancy flew away, to mother! She saw her baby grown until she could no longer press her child to her bosom and sing the beautiful lullaby. Yes, mother was proud but she felt that there was something lost from her life when she could no longer call her boy "my baby." Often as Charley, her boy, played about the house he could hear his mother singing while she worked.

3. *Solo, and Choir on Chorus.* "That Old Song." (Great Revival Hymns, page 122).

Those innocent, care-free days of childhood! What vivid memories we have of them! How full they were of unalloyed joy! Charley had not yet come up against the world. Anxiety and care had not yet entered his young life. Mother and home and love were all in all to him. In after years memories of those days came back to him.

4. *Choir.* "One Night As I Lay Dreaming." (Songs of Peace and Power. No. 197.)

Mother seemed to spend much time with God. She felt keenly the responsibilities of bringing up a family and was always anxious that the home should be surrounded with Christian influences. How sad is that home where the mother is not a Christian, and where God is not honored! Children of godly mothers and fathers, what a rich heritage you have!

It is now evening. The weary day's work is done. Many are the extra foot-steps which have been taken. Many weary hours have been spent in labors of love. From the old clock shelf mother takes a Book and turns again its worn pages and stops at an old, familiar story. Quietly Charley listens as the old story falls once more from those gracious lips.

Read Luke 2:1-20.

Then Charley kneels at mother's knee while he repeats his little prayer, and then mother prays very earnestly that God will protect and bless her boy. After the prayer she sings a familiar song as Charley goes to his bed.

5. *Choir.* "Blest Be the Tie."

Later on Charley would oftentimes come in too late for the little evening service. Little did he know what he was missing then! He did not know how mother's heart was grieved when he began missing the family prayers. But mother never forgot Charley. She would have suffered for her boy, yea, would have died for him, and could not forget her boy before God's throne of grace. And oftentimes as Charley came in late he would see Mother in her room, kneeling in prayer, and Charley knew it was for him she was praying, for once or twice he heard her mention his name.

6. *Choir.* "My Name in Mother's Prayer."
(Peace and Power. Page 198.)

O Time, carry me back once again to those dear days of old! Make me a child but for to-night, and let me blot out the heartaches, the tears, the grief and sorrow in Mother's life which I thoughtlessly caused! Seldom do children fully appreciate Mother's love until it is too late to let her know. But through all Mother's love does not falter. Her love "shrinks not where man cowers, but grows stronger where man faints, and from wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven."

7. *Solo and Choir* (on chorus). "Mother Machree."

Swiftly pass those golden days. They were like a passing shadow, sheltering us for a time from life's cares. How vividly we recall the old place with its familiar surroundings!

8. *Choir.* "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Swiftly the years sped by. Charley grew into a tall, graceful young man. Although Mother had often spoken to him on the subject and had prayed much about it, Charley had never taken a definite stand for Christ. He attended the little church in the valley, and took part in the young people's meetings, but he had never fully surrendered his life to the Great King. "It is a matter which should not be settled hastily," he told his mother, and when he lightly said, "Oh, there's plenty of time yet," Mother would look at him so earnestly and pleadingly as she asked, "Please don't say that, Charley. Time is so short." As the revival meetings came and went each year and each one left Charley still unsaved, Mother seemed to redouble her efforts to bring her boy to Christ, and to take more time to pray for him. She did not seek to drive him to a decision, but by her loving manners she sought to win her boy to her Master.

The time came when Charley was to leave the old home and strike out for himself. He had decided to go to the big city and get a job there. As the day came for Charley to leave, Mother called him into her room and once again pleaded with him to accept Christ. "Remember, laddie," she said, "I am getting old now. I have prayed often for you. Won't you let Jesus come into your heart?" And there was a tremor in Mother's voice, but Charley pretended not to notice it and lightly said, "O Mother, you know I'm not a very bad boy. There's plenty of time for that yet." Mother did not reply, but taking Charley's hand she led him to her old arm-chair and there they knelt while angels gathered near to listen as a pure soul pleaded for God's care on her boy.

9. *Choir.* "My Mother's Prayer." (Songs of Peace and Power, page 196.)

All preparations having been made Charley and mother set out for the station. There was something strange about this to Charley, this tearing of heart strings was a new experience to him, and many times he almost resolved to go back with mother. Finally the train came, and Charley did not know how carefully Mother was

trying to conceal her tears as she kissed him good-bye, and said, "Goodbye Charley and God bless you, my boy. I'll be praying for you."

10. *Choir.* "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

As the train started towards the great city, Charley thought of the little Mother, her parting words to him. A strange feeling of homesickness seized upon him, and the little old home seemed suddenly to be the most desirable place in the world to Charley.

11. *Choir.* "You're a Million Miles from Nowhere."

It was well that Charley could not see the tears in Mother's eyes which came in spite of her efforts to restrain them. All Charley could see was the familiar figure of his mother on the depot platform waving her hand at the departing train.

Home seemed to be cold and cheerless as mother returned, and she could hardly bear the sudden loneliness of the old place. No one but a Mother can ever know how bitter the cup is that she is called upon to drink when she gives up her darling child whom she has nursed and fondled and loved from birth and for whom she has sacrificed so much. Mother, that dread day which you put off so long has come, and the bird has flown from its nest, and from this time you will be robbed of those little cares and troubles which at times were so annoying, but for which you would give anything if you could only have them back. No wonder the house seems dreary to you; no wonder those tears come unbidden to your eyes. Poor, poor mother, the world has robbed you of your richest treasure.

12. *Solo.* "Absent."

Soon the life in the great, active city wore off the first feelings of homesickness, and in the busy routine of duties Charley's mind was kept occupied and therefore he missed many of the dark hours which his mother passed through back in the lonely, quiet home. The letters he received from mother breathed a spirit of tenderness. She would rejoice with Charley's successes and would sympathize with his troubles. Often she would urge him in her letters not to forget the church services, fearing that the allurements of the big city would completely draw him away from the Christian teachings of his youth, and her great desire to see Charley accept Christ would never be realized. The letters from Mother caused Charley to become more thoughtful, and the dear, old mother at home came to mean more to him than ever before. It was a love, unselfish, sacrificial, true and tender of a wonderful Mother, and it touched Charley's heart.

13. *Choir.* "That Wonderful Mother of Mine."

As the years went by Charley found himself loaded with business cares. The little home came to mean little more than a memory, a dream that has passed. His dealings with men opened his eyes to the deceitfulness of human nature and Charley's faith in God and man was at the breaking point. Even in so-called Christian men he found that he was often deceived. "Why not enjoy life and forget these cares," he asked

himself. So Charley entered a life of pleasure, and in the pursuit of pleasure he forgot the early teachings of his mother and found himself gradually embarking on a life of sin. The Sabbath day was no longer sacred to him. He mingled freely with the crowds at the Sunday ball games. Church going was a thing of the past to him. Satan seemed to have chloroformed his spiritual nature, and the dance and card table and theater, where the allurements to sin are the strongest, were places which Charley frequented now. But often when the lights were brightest, and the music entrancing, and the women most charming, Charley would close his eyes and there would come to him a vision of old.

14. *Choir.* "Home Sweet Home."

When Charley's position was taken from him, and his money was gone then he knew that those who professed to be his friends really cared nothing for him. The women with whom he had been so intimate now paid no attention to him. Charley began to taste a little of the bitterness of sin. He had staked much and lost all. In that dark hour when the prodigal in that foreign land first began to eat of the husks which the swine refused, there was a heart that was true, there was a place where he could find rest and solace.

15. *Choir.* "Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home."

Charley now became a wanderer. His letters to Mother became fewer and fewer. Many a weary hour the old, gray-haired, feeble mother sat at home in her old arm-chair with an old tear-stained Book in her hands. Her eyesight was failing her, but still she would try to read over the precious Scripture promises. Uppermost in her thoughts was her wandering boy. One day she could bear the solitude and loneliness no longer so she wrote: "Charley, my dear boy, come

home. My heart is breaking. Come home, Charley, to mother."

16. *Solo and Choir* (on chorus). "A Lonely Mother Waits." (Songs of Praise and Power. Page 199.)

No words can describe the agony of the human soul which is suddenly grief-stricken over the loss of the dearest on earth to them. The words of the ominous telegram fell on Charley's soul like the toll of mournful bells. It pierced through his sinful heart like the sword of the angel of God, and the memories of the pleadings and tears and prayers of her who was dearer to him than the world, swept over him as he read the words of the telegram—"Mother is dying. Come immediately."

Before she passed to the Great Beyond Charley promised mother that he would meet her in the skies.

17. *Solo and Choir* (on chorus). "Tell Mother I'll be There."

Remorse filled Charley's heart because of the years he had spent in sin. Oh! how he could have gladdened mother's last days, how he could have brought sunshine into her life by leaving the service of sin!

Those years of Mother's loneliness filled with fears and anxieties Charley can never restore. He can only look forward now to a meeting with Mother in heaven, where we shall know and understand all.

If Mother is alive do not wait for her to die before you bring her flowers. It is only what you do for her now that she will know and appreciate.

If Mother has passed to the Great Beyond resolve tonight that you will meet her in the skies.

Prayer.

Benediction.

My Most Effective Memorial Sunday Service *Veterans and Boy Scouts Embodying Dreams and Visions*

REV. CRAWFORD FARNSWORTH, D.D., New York

This is the unpretentious story of one Sunday service in the ministrations of an ordinary pastor, written with the hope that it may prove of use to some brother pastor in preparing for Memorial Sunday, 1923. It sketches very simply the service and the sermon of the day described as my most effective Memorial Sunday.

I have always made much of Memorial Sunday in my own thinking. I am the son of a veteran of the Civil War, who served bravely for three years, saw much of the fiercest fighting and of prison pen, and who sleeps in a soldier's grave. Likewise I am the father of three who did their bit nobly in the world war, two of them in France, one in our island possessions. Perhaps these personal investments have made my Memorial Day interest the more intense: but at any rate I am an American, a patriot, and a Christian, who believes in God as our nation's Sovereign, and in God's great plans for our country's glorious future.

The service I am now describing was held on a Sunday evening in my own church. By invitation of the G. A. R. veterans I was to preach the annual Memorial Sunday sermon; and the detailed arrangements were left in my hands. We had the usual special music by combined choir from the three co-operating churches, whose pastors took the usual parts in the way of Scripture readings, prayers, and the like. You see it was all quite in the usual line. But the one thing which differentiated this meeting from others was that I invited a large troop of Boy Scouts to act as uniformed guard of honor to the old soldiers; to meet the veterans at the door of their post rooms, accompany them to the church, sit in special pews near the G. A. R. heroes, and march out as their honor guard at the close of the service.

The difference between the bent and aged veterans, and the eager, bright-faced upstanding young fellows of the troop, centered all eyes upon

the two groups; while every heart was thrilled at the thought of the contrast between what those old soldier boys-in-blue had actually experienced and suffered, and the rosy life anticipations of those khaki-clad boy scouts.

It was this vivid but undeclared contrast that gave intensity to the attention with which the assembly listened to the sermon upon "The Old Men's Dreams, and the Young Men's Visions" which the writer preached from Joel 2:28, "Your old men shall dream, your young men shall see visions."

I confess that of all the great texts for Memorial Sunday sermons which I have found, this one laid hold upon me the most compellingly, the circumstances being as they were. With those old men before me, dreaming dreams of the tragic and glorious past; with those eager-eyed boy scouts a little further back, seeing visions of a glorious and triumphant future for their country and themselves, one would have had to be slow of heart indeed not to feel the solemn thrill of it all, not to preach with tongue of flame while the eyes filled with tears.

No man can reproduce in cold type an extempore sermon preached in a passion of feeling. At Frederick M. Barton's request I once interviewed for him probably the greatest preacher in America at that time, asking for the MS. of a sermon of his for publication in Barton's book of greatest sermons of the century. My friend wrote back, "My sermons are to be heard, not read; I thank you for the request, but I have no sermon that I can give you." I remembered the words of an old Seminary Professor: "Blessed is the minister who never has his sermons printed," and thought my friend's refusal wise: for as one said about Joseph Parker's printed sermons, "You can't tell what a locomotive is like by looking at the track over which it ran!"

Yet with the hope, as I have said, of possibly helping some brother minister in his preparation for Memorial Sunday I will venture to print a brief and all too bare outline of that "Dreams and Visions" sermon.

Appropriately, the sermon was prefaced by a few words of warm personal welcome to our old soldier guests; then the theme was announced, "Dreams of the Past, Visions of the Future," and the text, Joel 2:28, "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

Yes, there are solemn and sacred dreams of the past which you and ten thousands of your old comrades are dreaming tonight! Let me dream them over with you: dreams of the attack upon our flag; the tense excitement; the swift upsurging of the flood of patriotism; the call to the nation and your quick response; enlistment, leaving the loved ones at home, going forward to the front. How the memories come rushing! Dreams of camp-life and hardships; dreams of the terrible battle shock and of death's black encircling wings; dreams of the prison pen and the slow or swift starvation; dreams of the battle once more, and wounds, and the hospital wards, and scars that remain through life; dreams of privations

and sufferings such as mortal flesh could scarce endure; of victories that intoxicated with joy, of defeats that strained the very fibres of the soul! Yes, old soldiers, heroes, you are dreaming, too.. of the blood-bought triumph after the years of woe; the rebellion defeated, the flag full high advanced flying in a blaze of glory, its folds tattered but its splendors lighting up the whole sky, to your vision of pride and love! And so come the great review and the honorable discharge: then swift follow your memories of that divine day of home coming, and the arms and lips of the loved ones, waiting for you! Ah, old soldier boys, tonight is a time of dreams, of tender dreams from a sacred, a holy past! Dream on, and let old memories fill heart and thought and tearful eyes tonight! "Your old men shall dream dreams."

But, men, our text is not all concerning dreams of the past. Look around you and see these young fellows, your honor guard: they are not dreaming of the past, they are gazing into the future. Their eager, onward looking eyes are beholding visions of the coming time. And this is right, this is as you would have it. We will not forget the past, nor the heroes who died. "On fame's eternal camping ground" they rest in undisturbed victorious peace. But you have youthful hearts though time-scarred faces, and you will rejoice that these young souls for their part are seeing visions of the future.

Young men, let us share with you your bright visions! Visions of magnificent opportunities and splendid attainments, of work and winning, of service and success. I tell you, young men, the past was great; the present is greater; but the coming years shall be greatest of all! God never turns backward; ever in the future waits the age of gold! You will see or hasten the great things for which we have longed and striven: our land and world redeemed from the curse of liquor; class strife healed, and all men brothers; war between nations become impossible; cruel, grinding poverty done away; our "alabaster cities" gleaming in glorious beauty, "undimmed by human tears;" and Christ's great kingdom come on earth! Yea, young brothers, see the visions; let your eager eyes lay hold upon the future. You are our strength and our hope: yours are the years to come, and you will make them great!

But my closing word shall be, as was my first, to the old men, our hero guests tonight. And it is this: Dreams of the Past must ever become transfigured into Visions of the Future! So only shall they reach their completion and coronal. Isn't our country a sacred heritage, a Dream of the Past? But that heritage of glory must become to us a prophecy, a challenging vision of a great future! And even now while we speak, these young souls are transmuting the history of your heroic past into glorious visions for their own future of noble deeds. So also should you yourselves transfigure these dreams of yours tonight into holy visions for the time to come. I stand here to speak for Jesus, and I would that every dream of your war-time experience might be transformed into a vision! You are dreaming of

when you enlisted for the war: shall not that mean now to you, enlisting for Jesus? You are dreaming of the flag which you followed into the battle: "the Son of God goes forth to war," your transfigured dream calls you to "follow in his train" as he flings out his blood-red banner! You are dreaming dreams of victory and the mustering out, in the old days: let that dream be changed into a glorious vision like that of Paul the veteran when he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown!" And you are dreaming tonight of that raptured homecoming to the loved ones in the days gone by:

may it prove to you a prophetic vision of that beatific future day when "ten thousand times ten thousand in sparkling raiment bright, the armies of the ransomed saints," their fight with death and sin finished forever, shall throng up to the wide-flung golden gates of glory and enter in through the gates into the City! And you amongst that victorious host, sharers in the triumph, blessed partakers in that "Soldier's Return from the War!"

"Love, rest and home! Sweet hope!" "Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest!" Amen and amen.

Fifty Revivals in Fifty Churches

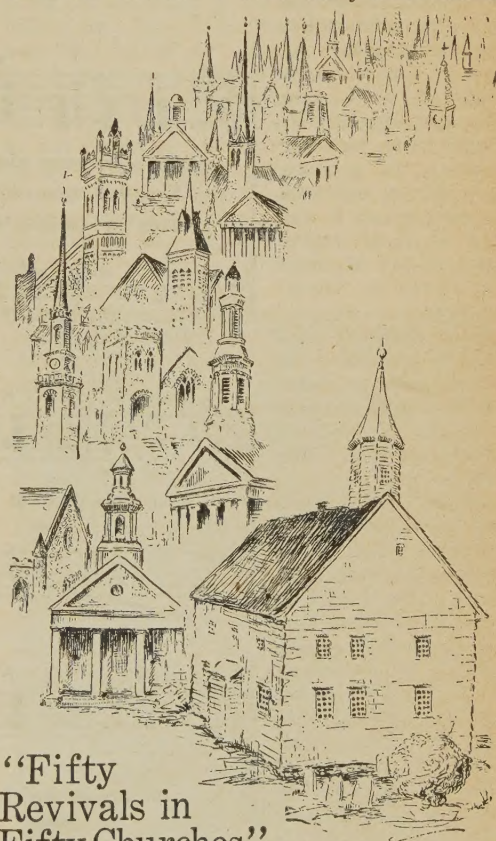
Much interest has been shown in an article with the above title in our January number. The article was by Rev. Marshall Harrington, of Trenton, N. J. The cut accompanying the article occasioned many inquiries. We reproduce it here with explanations that will meet the questions of our readers.

Fifty revivals in fifty churches were included in the evangelistic campaign of the presbyteries of the Synod of New Jersey last autumn. In promoting this idea Mr. Harrington, the Synod's Secretary of Evangelism, utilized this remarkable sketch, the drawing for which was made by Miss Virginia Hollinger, daughter of Rev. D. Wilson Hollinger, pastor of Bethany Church, Trenton. This picture indicates fifty churches running back from a foreground in which is a reproduction of the famous "Old Tennent Church" near Freehold, New Jersey. The church stands on the field of the battle of Monmouth, of Revolutionary time. It was used as a hospital at that time and many soldiers of the Revolution are buried in its near-by cemetery. This church was built in 1751 and stands today as when finished then. A large congregation worships here, though it is in the open country. Many visitors come to the church on Sundays and during the week. The entire exterior of the church is covered with the original hand-made cedar shingles, put on with hand-made nails. The building is kept in perfect repair. Inside and out it is painted with clearest white. A large proportion of the congregation are descendants of the early settlers and are farmers of wealth and cultural advantages. (This happens to be the church where the editor of *The Expositor* got his wife, daughter of a former pastor. So he knows the church! Here also he spends his vacations on a farm nearby.)

The inside finish of the church is all in white woodwork. The quaint pews and high swallows' nest pulpit, with sounding board, reveal exquisite handiwork by skilled craftsmen. From the high pulpit the preacher looks directly into broad galleries on three sides and down into the uplifted faces of the people sitting on the main floor.

Here the rugged and earnest men and women of the old days worshipped, and from this beacon of Christianity, the fires of revival spread. During

the "Great Awakening" of the middle of the eighteenth century many of the Presbyterian and other churches of New Jersey were founded.



"Fifty Revivals in Fifty Churches"

Such persuasive preachers as David and John Brainerd, George Whitefield and John and William Tennent preached in Old Tennent and other churches of Monmouth County. Brainerd brought his Indians to Tennent Church for Communion and one of the many relics of the past shown now is the communion table that was used, as well as the old collection-bags on long poles. Many of

(Continued on page 930)

A Hymn for Mother's Day

By courtesy of the composer of both the words and the music, Rev. Melvin J. Hill, D.D., Pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Corning, N. Y., we are able to present to the readers of *The Expositor* the following Mother's Day Hymn, entitled "Mother's Prayer." The song was written in 1912, Dr. Hill then being pastor at Belmont, N. Y. In preparing a Mother's Day program and sermon the thought of his mother's teachings and life came vividly before him and resulted in his writing the stanzas and chorus upon an envelope taken from his pocket. Almost at once the tune suggested itself, and, after humming it over several times, he wrote it down on a music pad. During the week he harmonized it and sang it from manuscript at the Mother's Day service the following Sunday.

Each Mother's Day Dr. Hill has either the church choir or some soloist sing it, not only in honor of his own mother, but of all Christian mothers.

Dr. Hill took his college work at Taylor University where he pursued the course leading to the degree of A. B. He also took the course and graduated in the College of Music. While in college he travelled with the University Male Quartette through the Eastern and Middle States and during vacations conducted evangelistic meetings. For several years he was associated with some of the leading evangelists and religious leaders in conventions and revivals as soloist and director of singing. He has been the director of music at Silver Lake and Chautauqua, N. Y., and at many other assemblies, his largest chorus numbering one thousand singers

at Kansas City. He was precentor at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Saratoga Springs in 1916. Dr. Hill is the

Mother's Prayer.

Dedicated to my Mother.

M. J. H.

MELVIN J. HILL.

1. When a child my mother taught me Sim-ple pray'r be-side my bed.
 2. Man - y years have pass'd since Mother Knelt be-side me at my bed.
 3. Now my voice is dai - ly lift - ed, Both in pray'r to God and praise.

Oth - er years when e - vil lured me, Mother's pray'r I of - ten said.
 Yet her voice in mem'ry lin - gers, And the pray'rs she nightly said.
 That a moth-er's pray'r was whisper'd In my ear in oth - er days.

CHORUS. *Rit.*

O thou God of love and mer - cy, Hear the pray'r of childhood's day!

Be my strength in hours of trouble, Keep me lest I go a - stray.

Copyright, 1912, by Melvin J. Hill, Wellsboro, Pa.

author and composer of many songs, some of the most popular of which are, "Love So Unbounded," "Faith Brings the Victory" (written for the Epworth League), "Kept by His Power," "I Am Redeemed," and "He Is the Same." His

latest song is "The God of Battles Still is Reigning."

Dr. Hill has assisted in editing several song books, such as "The King's Praises," Nos. 1, 2 and 3; "The Old Story in Song," by the Praise Publishing Company, Philadelphia, when associated with Prof. William J. Kirkpatrick and Dr. H. L. Gilmore. Last year he assisted in editing the volume "Songs of Perfect Love." Each of these books contains several of Dr. Hill's songs. During the International Epworth League Convention in Buffalo he acted as precentor of the

meetings held in Music Hall. He is second tenor in the "Genesee Conference Quartette," which quartette has sung many times in Buffalo, Rochester, as also in Cleveland at the First Methodist Episcopal Church for a revival of two weeks, under the pastorate of Dr. Waldorf. During that revival the members of the quartette, all being ministers, both sang and preached.

Though the hymn which we here give is copyrighted, all readers of *The Expositor* have permission to use it in their Mother's Day services.

Art "Ads" for the Church

REV. WILLIAM L. STIDGER, Detroit, Michigan

The other day I received a letter from Mr. Moore, the Advertising Manager of the *Detroit News*, which has a circulation of close to 275,000 daily in Detroit. He says in this letter:

"The preachers of the entire city of Detroit are following your leadership in advertising, but never have they been so interested as since you have started your advertising with the beautiful piece of art at the top of the column. That is a pioneer venture in stately dignified advertising that somehow fits in with the church idea."

What that Advertising Manager did not know was that we were pioneering as a great experiment the idea of linking dignified art up with the church of God. We were trying to lift the art of church advertising to a higher plane than it is in the present time.

About as far as most church advertising goes in this direction is to publish the picture of the church in an "ad." You can look through any great page of Saturday or Sunday church "ads" and find the page splotted with poorly printed cuts of churches; some of them beautiful; most of them architectural abominations.

Even a lower step than that, is the custom of the preacher printing his own poor, homely, face in his own "ads." This has always appealed to me as being a poor way for a church to advertise. I have never done it. I have been called a sensational advertiser, but I have never yet gone so far as to use my own picture on a single piece of church publicity. I think it is bad taste and bad advertising. That is all right for Cough Drops or Mennen's Powder, or a certain brand of flour; but not for a church. Deliver us from that!

The Art "Ad," which we are now in the process of pioneering, attracts attention to itself at once. It arrests the eye. For instance, for last Sunday I put a cut of Rodin's "The Thinker" at the head of my single-column "ad." This impressive picture of "The Thinker" immediately impelled attention to my "ad," for I took advantage of the fact that "The Thinker," or a replica of it, had just been erected in Detroit.

There are three "Thinkers" in existence. One, the original, which was cast under the directing eye of Rodin himself, is in front of the Pantheon in Paris. The first replica is in San Francisco,

in Golden Gate Park. The third is in Detroit, in front of the Fine Arts Palace. This happens to be out our way, on our street, so I decided to focus the attention of the city on our church by calling the city's attention that "The Thinker" was "Out Our Way." We also have out this way the largest sewer in the world and the largest stove in the world and the largest filtration plant in the world. I modestly used these four vehicles to call attention to the fact that we were out among these colossal institutions in no mean situation. Some preachers might not care to refer to some of the things that I have mentioned. All right, let them leave out all reference to anything save the bronze "Thinker." Here is the "ad" with the cut:



"THE THINKER"

It's Out Our Way, Too!
Those Who "Think" Come This Way!

to

St. Mark's Methodist Church

Features Sunday:

1. Morning Sermon Theme: "As a Man Speaketh Unto His Friend!"
 2. Beautiful Girl Harpist on the Irish Harp.
 3. Dramatized Sea Ballads With Lighting Effects, Earl Dodds, Basso. Director Lawrence Blackman.
 4. Boy Scout City-Wide Rally. Ad. Jamieson Leading. Scout Chanting of "Taps." Scout Benediction.
 5. Hutchins, the Bird Man of America! Imitations, Whistling, Singing!
- "The finest thing we have had over the Radio."
—WWJ.

6. Eddie Guest Next Sunday Night.

Note—The entire city thinks of us Sunday. Things are coming our way—East Jefferson! The Big Stove is out this way! The Largest Filtration Plant on Earth! The Largest Sewer in the world! Rodin's "The Thinker" is out this way! So is "The BIG Church with the BIG Crowds, the BIG Cross, and the BIG Heart!"

Art "Ad" Gets Top Space on Page

This "art ad" has this advantage; that the printer likes the looks of it so well himself that it gets the top space on the "ad" page. It winds its way there without request on the part of the preacher by its sheer originality and its sheer dignity and its sheer strength.

The printer, the editor, the foreman in the shop, all like it. They like to have their pages look well and you help them to do so and they feel favorably inclined towards you because you do. It wins their hearts.

Its Cost is Small

I was surprised to find out that the cost of getting these cuts made is small. The newspapers themselves will usually get the cuts made for you at a greatly reduced cost. The Detroit News had a five-inch cut of "The Thinker" made for me and it only cost me seventy-five cents extra. Most papers will be glad to do that for you.

In small towns it is always possible to ransack a print-shop or a small newspaper and find hundreds of cuts that will do for this purpose and which the printers will be glad to loan any preacher to use, if that preacher will run a small line saying that the cut was loaned by Mr. So-and-So for this purpose. There is not a print shop that does not have a morgue containing many such cuts that will do.

City preachers can get Post Card Art pictures from which to have their cuts made. I have several hundred that I have collected. Monuments in any city make good cuts; pictures of beautiful scenic points. For instance, I ran a beautiful and familiar cut of a winding road in California, a road that everybody knew. It suggested everything beautiful and uplifting. I linked the cut up with my church by printing under it the words: "All roads lead to First Church, San Jose." I printed a beautiful picture of old snow-crowned Mt. Shasta at the top of an "ad" in the hot summer months and said: "Our Church is as Cool as a Cave at the foot of Mt. Shasta."

A lone and beautiful tree can be printed at the top of your "ad" and under this tree, linking the "Art Ad" with the church, may be inscribed: "Shelter Your Hearts Under the Tree of Our Church Love!"

A picture of a Spring can be found almost anywhere. Publish this picture and link it up with your church "ad" by saying: "Drink at the Spiritual Springs of This Church Sunday!"

Then follow this picture and sentence with the details of your services.

A winding path through a beautiful meadow or clump of trees will give you an opportunity of saying: "Following This Path to the Doors of St. Mark's!"

A beautiful cut of flowers may be found and used with this suggestive inscription: "Our Church is a Spiritual Flower-Garden You Will Love!"

In winter time publish at the top of your "Art Ad" a fireplace and this inscription: "Warm Your Hearts at the Hearthfire of St. Mark's!"

A few weeks ago I used a beautiful cut of Bartholdi's "La Liberté Eclairant le Monde" at the top of my "Art Ad" and linked it up with what I wanted to say in this sentence:

"True Liberty is in Spiritual Living and Laws. Our Services Lead the Way and Light the Paths of Humanity!"

Another week I used: "La Victoire de Samothrace" and linked it up with my "Art Ad" with this sentence:

"True Victory is in Spiritual Triumphs. Learn How Tomorrow at St. Mark's!"

Another week I used a beautiful cut of the Venus de Milo and, although this was daring enough in a church "ad" to attract attention I gave it a spiritual suggestion with this sentence:

"The Beautiful in Color, Form and Symmetry is Spiritual! We Love and Preach and Live the Beautiful at St. Mark's!"

On Mother's Day we used a beautiful piece of sculpture called "L'Enfant," by Paul Roger-Bloche.

This idea of the "Art Ad" is so elastic that it can be seasonal in its application, with the use of Nature objects, copies of great Corots and Remingtons. It can be inspirational, with copies of such paintings as Watts' "Hope," etc. It can be an interpretation of the Social Gospel, with the use of such paintings as "The Man With the Hoe," "The Gleaners," "The Angelus," etc., by Millet. It can be used in hundreds of ways.

It is inexpensive because any small town print shop, or any large city newspaper has hundreds of cuts that can be used. *The Expositor* and some church papers have such cuts to sell or rent.

It is the last word in stately, dignified church publicity. Nobody can say that this kind of advertising is not worthy of the church. In fact it will win the respect of even the carping critics.

I feel that we are truly pioneering a trail in these "Art Ads" that will lift church publicity in newspapers to a higher plane.

I think it is well to start a slogan such as "St. Mark's Art Ads" and run this at the top of every "ad" so that people will get into the habit of looking for the "Art Ads" every week.

Memorial Day or Other Patriotic Service That's Different

Introducing Bugle Calls of the Soldier's Day

REV. RALPH STOODY, Saint Albans, Vt.

CHURCH CALL
and many other
BUGLE CALLS

played

in a

MILITARY SERVICE

Sermon: "The Soldier's Day."

Thus read a mimeographed hand bill advertising a patriotic service in which veterans were guests of honor. A sketch of a bugler doing his best decorated the announcement. From the bell of the bugle issued the sketched-in notes of "Church Call."

Attracting a full church by its novelty and pleasing one hundred per cent with the beauty of the calls and their message, it seems that the idea ought to be passed on to brother ministers.

The sermon is not a sermon at all. Rather it is eight two-or-three-minute sermons, each one inspired by the reminiscent voice of the bugle.

In or near every church there is a good bugler who will be glad to re-toughen his "lip" to assist in this service. If a bugler cannot be easily found, a cornetist without much practice can learn the calls in the back of any Infantry Drill Regulations. The calls used in this service were: First Call, Reveille, Mess, Fatigue, Drill, Church, Retreat, To the Colors, Quarters and Taps. Of course this number could be enlarged or diminished.

These calls are the soldier's clock. They divide his day. An army or national guard bugler will be glad to perfect these military melodies for a patriotic occasion. Have him come in uniform. Study your auditorium for the most striking spot in which to station him. Don't forget to use his military title. "Bugler" is a separate army rating. He may be a corporal or sergeant.

Use patriotic hymns in your opening services. Eph. 6:10-18 makes an appropriate Scripture lesson. The purpose of the sermon is to spiritualize the tasks of the Soldier's Day in terms of the duties and privileges of human life.

In beginning the bugle-sermon be guided in the amount of explanation of the calls by the familiarity your audience has with military life. Often people who have heard the calls many times do not distinguish them nor understand their meanings.

Explain that Paul saw the close relationship between soldiery and life, and that you wish to present the same thought in a modern way, using the bugle calls to outline your message.

You will wish to use your own subject matter under the several ideas which the calls suggest, but what is given below may help. Don't enlarge too much on any of the ideas or it will throw the "day" out of proportion. From two to three minutes between calls, with the time consumed in

the bugling, will take half an hour, and it will slip away so rapidly that your congregation will hardly be conscious that you have preached.

(Bugler takes his position.)

Just at sunrise, while sleeping soldiers are distant in dreams, the fanfare of bugles rings out over the camp in "First Call." Fifteen minutes later comes rollicking "Reveille." The men "Fall In," the roll is taken, announcements are made, the day has begun. Bugler Douglas will now sound off "First Call" and after a pause "Reveille." (Sounds off First Call and Reveille.)

First Call—Reveille

These are calls to action. They summon the soldier from the delusion that "it's nicer to lie in your bed." "Awake, thou that sleepest," sings the bugle. "Come away from the land of Lotus eaters where 'surely slumber is more sweet than toil.'" Reveille cries to us:

"Be strong,

We are not here to play,

To dream, to drift.

We have hard work to do,

And loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle,

Face it. 'Tis God's gift."

We wake each day to a new recognition that we live in a time that demands wakefulness. No more excusable for us to oversleep the need of the world than for the soldier to oversleep Reveille.

To each there comes a call to action, stirring us from our languor into an awareness of our place in the world's battle against the foes of righteousness. "Christian, up and smite them" are the words of life's Reveille.

(See Angela Morgan's poem: "I Am Aware.")

* * *

It does not take the soldier long, when once up, to discover that he is hungry. There is no impatience like the impatience of a soldier waiting for mess call. "When do we eat?" is his slogan. (Sound off Mess Call.)

Mess Call

With wheatless, meatless, sugarless days you who were forced to stay at home, contributed wonderfully in making this mess call no siren voice. You had heard that "an army travels on its stomach." Your soldiers were good travelers, for no army in the late war was fed like yours. You knew the tragedy of a hungry soldier, and because you knew, you saw to it that there were few.

Nor would you allow heart-hungry soldiers, with your "Y" huts and Red Cross and Salvation Army.

Starved bodies and starved hearts are bad enough. Starved souls are worse. There are many dyspeptics who fear that God has forsaken them. While stuffing their skins they have

starved their souls. They have under-nourished their spirits.

Jesus was not above using the figure of the mess call in describing himself. "I am the Bread of Life," "I am the Water of Life." Perpetual satisfaction of soul hunger and thirst he promises. While we feed our minds, our bodies, our desires of every kind, we are starving our souls. "Feed on me," invites Jesus.

Mess sergeants are skilled in serving balanced rations. Otherwise there is scurvy, rickets, pelagra among the troops. There is a worse affliction than these—the disease that comes from too much of everything else and too little of the "Bread of Life." You are responsible for your own soul's nourishment. You may be responsible for a family's soul rations. Are you all getting a "balanced" mess?

After breakfast the soldier is called to perform his share of the daily duties about camp. Here comes the much dreaded, often-ducked Fatigue Call. (Sound off Fatigue Call.)

Fatigue Call

From this formation men go to the unpleasant tasks about camp. Ordinarily there are not so many of these but that if everyone does his share they are quickly accomplished. Policing the company streets, digging ditches, chopping wood, "kitchen police"—all these things are what the soldiers call "fatigue."

To us they represent the unpleasant duties of life, perhaps the drudgery by which we earn our daily bread or carry on the home life of the family. The soldier who seeks to evade these duties may succeed for a time, but eventually he is posted for an extra hard assignment of fatigue. The "duty roster" and the "guard roster" distribute unpleasant things with fairness among the men. And so does the "duty roster" of life distribute among us many unpleasant things which if we seek to evade become boomerangs.

"There's your work, and my work
And work for all to do.
But if you shirk your work,
Someone else must do,
Not only his own work,
But your work too."

Then comes Drill Call which brings the soldiers together in company front, and after a couple of incisive commands, sends them rhythmically marching in column of squads toward the drill field to perfect themselves in military maneuvers. (Sound off Drill Call.)

Drill Call

Soldiers practice to prepare for the crisis. Not by wishing for it, but by grilling drill does he gain perfection. A young man says: "I wish I knew the Bible as my mother did." But she did not get her knowledge by wishing for it. She immersed herself in the Bible. "I wish I could pray as my father did." He did not learn to pray by wishing, but by praying. "I wish that I might be as faithful in God's service as those parents of mine." They did not become faithful by wishing, but by serving. The perfection that comes only by practice whether on drill field of the army or

in every day life is the reward of nothing more nor less than drill. Jesus prepared for the crucial three years of ministry by thirty years of drill.

"Go labor on, spend and be spent,

Thy joy to do the Master's will.

It is the way the Master went,

Should not the servant tread it still?"

Today in a thousand camps and on a thousand ships was hauled down Old Glory for a moment while above it was attached the Church Flag, white cross on a field of blue, and at the order "Sound Off" from the chaplains, bugles rang out the sweetly solemn invitation of "Church Call." (Sounds off.)

Church Call

Today in a thousand churches rang out the church call of the bells. They summoned not merely to attendance on the services of the Church, but they called to service in the Church. We sing of the Church as a fort. Men sneer at the metaphor. The fault is not in the nature of the figure, but in its limits. A fort is defensive. True, the Church has much to defend, but as in military tactics the best defense is an offensive. So with the Church. "Onward" is the cry of the Christian soldiers who follow Christ's banner. The Church is a mobilizing center for the Kingdom's advance and to it are summoned all men.

At the close of day in the midst of the sunset hush, with soldiers standing at "Parade Rest" the buglers play "Retreat." Immediately after, with men at attention and officers at salute, "To the Colors" is sounded—the call to patriotism—the musical oath of allegiance. It is the bugle's national anthem.

(Have Retreat played.) (After a very brief pause signal to the audience to stand. Then have sounded "To the Colors." Not to call the audience up for "To the Colors" would be an unpardonable discourtesy to the flag.)

Retreat—To the Colors

In this beautiful patriotic ceremony the post flag is lowered, soldiers at the bottom of the staff seeing that it does not touch the ground. Where a band is available "The Star Spangled Banner" is played.

From these honors to flag and country the Christian soldier is taught reverence; he is taught patriotism; he is taught loyalty. A reverence for God's house, for his Book, for his Name, for his creatures; a patriotism that dates not only for the period of a war but that makes men willing to live for their country; a loyalty to self, to neighbor and to God—a loyalty like Paul's, who having fought in the "good fight," "bore branded on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

After the evening recreations are over comes the "Call to Quarters," slightly suggestive in melody of Taps which soon will follow. (Call to Quarters. Sounds off.)

Call to Quarters

In our everyday life there is a call to quarters that comes to many long before the close of day. It is the summons that now and then makes us lay down the tools of life for a season and rest, that worn bodies may rebuild.

Or, perhaps a more permanent call to quarters sentences us to the invalid's chair, from mishap or disease. Then there is that more certain call to quarters, if we but live long enough—those days of retirement as the long day of life closes; sunset days, twilight days, days in which we wait for Taps. It is hard to face the reality of these days. Perchance there will be none. If so, there is even more reason to answer the question that keeps insisting: Is your life today such that when in the leisurely retreat of "quarters" you contemplate it, it will appear as a pleasant vista, a garden filled with fragrant memories of unselfish ministry? Is it such a life that during the waiting days yours will be that matchless beauty God imparts to his aged saints, the beauty of truth and purity and love? What a preparation for Taps is a beauty-filled life! What a satisfaction to those who live to hear our Taps! (Sound off Taps.)

Taps

The slumber song of the soldier. A chorus of bugles may welcome the morn. A solo bugle closes the day. Soldiers, you have heard it soothing you to slumber. You have heard it again as you have laid loved comrades to rest. It shall be heard once more above your head. What shall it be? A melancholy dirge or the reverent peal of a peaceful passing. Without a change of lip or note by the bugler those who hear that Taps will recognize either a dismal minor or a hopeful paean of victory. Which it shall be will depend on your life.

But the glory of taps, whether it be the every day good-night song of the soldier at the close of his weary hours, or the solemn beauty of a triumph song at life's end, is not in the music of Taps alone, but in the Reveille of the tomorrow.

The Modern Mother—Is She Decadent?

REV. HENRY H. BARSTOW, D.D., Auburn, N. Y.

In the flowery month of May when so many beautiful things spring to life it is especially fitting that motherhood, forever perennial and eternally lovely, should be given signal honor. Particularly is this true among the churches, by whose teachings and influence motherhood has been lifted from the level of masculine pastime to that of a symbol of divine love and self-sacrifice. Much has been said, of greater or less value, concerning the glory of motherhood, but not one word too much. The danger, however, is that in sounding the praises of motherhood we lose sight of the essentials of character and life which make motherhood worthy of our adulation.

The trouble with much of our glorification of motherhood is that we have in mind almost exclusively the so-called "old-fashioned" mother. Is the modern mother unworthy of our anthems? Is my wife less deserving of honor than my mother? Is my daughter giving evidence of deteriorating standards of motherhood as compared with her mother and grandmother? The conflicting tongues of optimism and pessimism at once are heard vociferating their claims to a hearing and a conclusion. I refuse to listen to either one. I prefer to "tune in" to a wave-length less extreme in either direction.

Here is the story of two mothers who I believe are typical of the past and the present—and also, I believe, of the future. The first is the story of my own mother and what she did to make an education possible to me. Our home was on a small farm in Western New York. It barely provided for the needs of our small family of five. When the time came for me to go to college in preparation for the ministry, to which I believed God had called me, the question of finances at once loomed high and difficult. Father told me that he could do nothing—and I knew he was right. Father had industry without initiative. Mother had both. Mother found a way. Her distinctive contribution was her consuming interest in my life

work. She took a two-month-old baby boy from a refuge and brought him up, giving toward my college expenses the four dollars a week which she earned thereby. It made college possible, along with other aid supplementing my own efforts. The happiest face I ever saw was my mother's on my graduation day. The following fall I entered the seminary. At Christmas I was summoned home by my father's final illness of two and one-half years. At his death, with the family to support, I was able to complete my course only because my mother mortgaged the little farm, our only remaining asset. She afterward sold it to pay the mortgage, the proceeds of which had supported the family meanwhile and enabled me to finish. She wanted to live with me in my first parsonage, but refrained as she believed the new bride and groom should start life alone and unhampered by relatives. We regularly sent her half of our meager salary.

She died in that parsonage while on a visit. I wear on my finger today her wedding ring, after twenty years. It is the constant reminder of a devotion, a resourcefulness, and a cheerful faith in God, that was never conscious of self-sacrifice. I do not recall that she ever urged or even suggested that I be a minister. But back of my own decision was her positive interest in all Christian work, creating an atmosphere in which such a decision was a natural result. Someone has remarked that the chief reason today for the shortage of ministers, and the chief obstacle to young men going into that work, is the opposition of mothers. I doubt it, but a few more mothers like mine would help solve the problem.

The other story is that of a mother in my present congregation. She is comparatively young, but has two children of the adolescent age. Her husband, a bright and high-minded lawyer, is a helpless and hopeless paralytic. The family resources, small at best, are greatly reduced by his disability. She is keeping her home, caring

for him, and maintaining her children by selling goods from house to house. Her daughter is an unusually fine girl with a rarely keen mind and a rarely devoted Christian purpose. She has committed herself to a life of special Christian service. The son is a fine chap, capable and willing but still finding himself. It is her unalterable purpose to keep those children in school, especially to give her daughter the chance to make good on her life consecration. If the girl goes on and should become the head of a home there is not the slightest question that she will be as good and devoted a mother as those in the past or present.

These are, I believe, typical cases of motherhood as produced by the influence of the church and the teachings of Christ. They are no better nor worse than many in the past. They may or may not be as common as formerly. If the vastly increased membership of the church today in proportion to the population as shown by statistics means anything, it means that the influences which produce such mothers and such homes are greater than ever, despite the ominous animadversions of myopic ecclesiastical melancholiacs—may their tribe decrease!

The important thing that today needs to be impressed upon the church is that it must keep on developing this sort of mothers. There are some misguided pastors who are inclined to belittle their ministry to the womanhood and girlhood of their churches. They take the women for granted. They have come to feel a sort of humiliation in the preponderance of women in their congregations. They are desperately seeking to tone up the masculinity of their field and develop men's work. We even have a "Men's Work Department" in our denominational board organization. We play up our men on all possible occasions. We foster our "Father-and-Son Banquets," etc., and make much of our boys' work. All fine and worth while! But a man, on the average, is worth about what his wife lets him be, and a boy's mother is proverbially his model and modeller. We need to beware lest we become unduly concerned on the side of the masculine emphasis.

One of the best methods for keeping the emphasis balanced, and also for giving real training in the church to fathers and mothers, is the Young Married People's Bible Class. The older parents usually are past influencing, and are generally located in some men's or women's group. But in a live church, especially one located in a city residential neighborhood, there is always a large body of young married people, building their homes and rearing their families. They often object to going into the older classes where they have to separate. They often do not find the older groups congenial. The Young Married People's Bible Class is the answer. This does not mean "newly-weds" exclusively, but from them up to the ages of from thirty-five to forty.

One such class grew in a few years from seven couples to nearly one hundred. It was the most popular, most active, and most enthusiastic group in the church with which it was connected. It was called the "Home Makers' Class," and one

of its main activities was the study together of home problems. Young mothers learned much that was worth while from its conferences. The Sunday meetings were devoted to Bible study of the most valuable character. It was marked by a lively social interest. It brought many new people into the church as well as into the class; and provided some of the most valuable members of the church boards as well as Sunday School teachers and church workers in other lines. Under the guidance of a wise and sympathetic pastor such a body of young married people can be of boundless value. It is wise to be careful lest it become too "class-conscious," or become in the minds of some members a substitute for the church. The appeal of the proposition lies in the fact that husbands and wives can go together, thus affording a fresh common interest, and a new basis of mutual helpfulness.

"Mother's Day" in May has been so widely observed and *The Expositor* has so amply provided material for its observance that little needs to be added on that score. The writer has been accustomed in his own services to increase interest on the part of the mothers by having all mothers in the congregation rise in the morning service at the time of the pastoral prayer and be led by one of their own number.

The annual "Mother-and-daughter's Banquet" is a most fitting feature for the week following Mother's Day. A variation on this now rather time-worn custom might be made by having two banquets at the same time: a "Father-and-daughter's Banquet," and a "Mother and-son's Banquet." If the two could be held in the same room at the same time, with rival programs and speakers, followed by rival stunts, games, etc. a most enjoyable evening would be assured.

"Is the Modern Mother Decadent?" That she positively is not is the best hope of the modern world. No, she is not decadent. She is wiser, fairer, more of a good sport, and far more of a companion to her children than her mother was. Hail to the modern mother! Long may she wave! Let a rising young modern poet express the point in language worthy of a modern daughter at her best:

We read about the mothers

Of the days of long ago,
With their gentle, wrinkled faces
And their hair as white as snow;
They were "middle aged" at forty,
And at fifty donned lace caps,
And at sixty clung to shoulder shawls
And loved their little naps.

But I love the modern mother

Who can share in all the joys,
And who understands the problems
Of her growing girls and boys;
She may boast that she is sixty,
But her heart is twenty-three—
My glorious bright-eyed mother
Who is keeping young with me.

—Florence Howard.

Ministerial Professionalism

Be A Wide-Breasted, Big-Hearted Helper Along the Way

REV. W. G. MONTGOMERY, Mechanicsburg, Illinois

That wag who divided the race into three genders, masculine, feminine and *preachers*, might not have been so far wrong after all. If the ministry is not sui generis, how account for the fact that the keen observer can usually recognize a minister at first sight in almost any crowd?

Does this humble biped without a gender unconsciously emanate a certain atmosphere that reveals himself? And does he hide himself in this atmosphere even as the cuttlefish does in its own ink? Verily, it seems so.

It must be true that many of us without knowing it, do project our professional mannerisms into all we do and say. We are humble but not human. There is something about the average minister that advertises his calling and segregates himself in society. It is that indefinable, yet outstanding something about us, which enables even the stranger to recognize our profession at first sight.

We were first apprised of this visible professionalism while conversing with a friend in a southern city. By chance we had met on the street. About that time another person, a stranger to us but known to our friend, also stopped. Our friend introduced this stranger to us. No title was used, and no hint was given of our profession. And yet on introduction, this person who had never seen us until then, remarked, "I'm always glad to meet a minister."

While this incident was wholly unimportant within itself, it did at least suggest a little study in psychology.

Was the sub-conscious self secretly and silently projecting a professional attitude unknown to us but clearly discernible by others? Did we unconsciously reflect our profession even as an object images itself in a mirror?

We had never imagined that anybody would ever take us to be a preacher. We might have been taken for something else—just anything else but surely never for a preacher. We never wear a long coat nor clerical frock, and are neither pious-looking nor pretty.

Moreover, we hang no heart on our sleeve, and there is certainly no halo of glory about our head. Being married, it follows as a matter of course, that we are perfectly docile, harmless and humble. We are just a bit of common clay, ergo a lump of mud; and yet a total stranger pronounced us a minister at first sight.

So we began to study ourself, which we confess is a poor subject, despite the fact that Thales had really advised us to do this. But when that old dictum, "Know thyself," came to us, we began to wonder what there was about ourself and some others also that was worth knowing.

Yet as egotistical as it may seem to others now, we did at last undertake an introspective study of ourself. In school we had swallowed tons of

theoretical psychology, text books and all, but now we were having a few pounds of practice.

So we brought this "sub-conscious" fellow forward and reminded him that if he had ever indulged in any semi-supernatural appearances or approaches, to see that this thing never occurred again.

In our desperation we were determined to be human and have a *gender*. We would so conduct ourselves that no one else would ever accuse us of being a minister at first sight. Of course our appearance in a pulpit would give no strength to that notion, but we must also have protection from such accusation while on the streets.

It's not that we are ashamed of our calling; a thousand times no. We are humbly proud of our profession. But we simply didn't want to be a walking signboard. We wanted to be like others, inconspicuous, with no professionalisms effervescing from that ever present ego.

Perhaps we have not succeeded as we should in carrying out these good intentions to suppress this self-advertising ego, but the study has at least, so we think, made us more human. And we believe that ministers might well study how to avoid many of the little social amenities, professional conversations and even empty epithets which so often characterize our holy calling. We may not notice these things but others do.

Since our little experience with our friend on the street, we have been slightly studying the "personalities" of the different professions, and we find that each profession has a personality as much as does the individual, and to the keen observer it's as clear as the printed page. But that of the ministry seems to be the most outstanding of all. Despite all our stupidity we now find it no difficult task to recognize a minister at first glance, while those whose observational faculties are more acutely trained find it an easy matter.

But what of that? Who is hurt if the minister does have that about him which proclaims his calling at first sight?

Well, it does just this: it creates a chasm between the clergy and the classes. It advertises the preacher as one of the "cloth" instead of one of the commonality. It destroys, in a large way, the point of contact and leaves the minister an exile in the midst of multitudes. People respect him but leave him alone. We have even known people to be afraid of some preachers, and the preachers themselves prompted this fear by their professional poses and unnatural attitudes.

Since creating a point of contact between preacher and people is so necessary to ministerial efficiency, we are sending out this article as a plea to ministers to become more human. These are not words of one who is wise; we lay no claim to superior knowledge. These ideas have come to us out of our own experience in the ministry.

We need not expect to hold or help the people until we become one of them. The isolated ministry has no power. And nothing else will isolate us so surely and permanently as professionalism. That minister who by his dress or peculiar mannerisms, suffers himself to become the most conspicuous person on the street, may become the subject of idle gossip but he will never become the object of the people's love.

No man needs to be so flexible as the minister. He should be able to meet any person anywhere at any time and make that person feel perfectly free. He should strive to meet each man on his own level whether that man be philosopher, poet, printer or poultryman, and especially the poultryman. He should be both enlightened and ignorant, ready to give or receive.

The successful minister must be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. He can never know too much, provided he keeps most of it to himself. The university won't hurt him if he have enough natural sense to let the institution speak for itself. But some of us must tell where we have been; otherwise nobody would know. We heard one minister in a thirty-minute address, three times mention the fact that he had been through a certain college. But in his case it was all right, since from what he said, no one would have known whether he came out of a college or a cornfield. But these things do hurt our cause.

Above all things else, the real minister must

also be a *man*. He can never become too good, but he may become too *religious*. Too much religion manifested outwardly never draws people to you; it drives them from you.

We must read what the people read, think with them and move in the stream of struggling, suffering human life. By doing so we may become a tower of strength to our people in these perilous times. It will do no good to stand on the bank of the stream and tell them what to do; proclaiming it from the pulpit is not enough. We need to get down among the wave-wrecked, rock-torn, bleeding, sin-smitten souls and show them that we are wide-breasted, big-hearted helpers along the way. But we can never do this with much success until we are totally free of all professional mannerisms.

In fine, the minister should be intensely human in all his appearances and approaches. He must have learning, but lexicons and philosophies are empty without love. He must not give up the old, neither can he despise the new. It's a sorry intellect that's satisfied with present day literary productions, and yet we must know the literature of "Main Street" in order to help our people to something higher and more heavenly.

As ministers we need to move where humanity moves, to feel the tides of life where they ebb and flow, and to wholly merge our own interests with those of our fellow creatures as we all together sweep onward and upward toward the open arms of our Father.

The Story Sermon. Interesting. Helpful

REV. HARRY PRESSFIELD, Willits, California

What the writer has in mind by the use of the title is the selection of some story for Sunday evening treatment from the pulpit. To be sure it will be more story than sermon, but if the story is one with a religious appeal it will be a good sermon. The justification of this method of religious teaching will be found in the preaching of Jesus. The use of the story was so evident in his ministry that it is recorded: "without a parable spake he not unto them."

The suggestion this article desires to present to *The Expositor* readers is that one confine himself exclusively to the telling of the story and not attempt any homiletical interjection as one proceeds. The story should be memorized if possible. To read a story or too often have recourse to a manuscript is to handle the entire undertaking in the least effective way.

The charm of a story lies in its being well-told. When it is clearly in one's mind and one is free to look into the eyes of his hearers as he proceeds the chances are that the story will be well told. Once a preacher has memorized a story and told it to his congregation after the method I have indicated he will realize that any other method is quite out of the question.

One of the stories that the writer has used is Charles M. Sheldon's "Modern Pagans." Here is a story true to our present day life, describing a

family won from thorough selfishness to an interest in the Kingdom. I remember that on the evening I told this story the question came to mind when I got through if any sermon of mine could have conveyed the essential message quite so convincingly as this story.

Henry Van Dyke's "The Mansion" lends itself admirably for a Christmas story. In some of our churches it is the case that after the important service of Christmas Sunday morning the evening service suffers from a small attendance. By building up a program around his story it will result in an unusual interesting evening. If the story is handled well the congregation will be led along in great interest to the intense and heart-warming climax at the close. Surely no one will leave the service but with a new sense of responsibility for the better investment of life influence. Speaking of Henry Van Dyke's stories, one readily thinks of "The Other Wise Man," another story that can well be used at the Christmas holiday time. One should also consider Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." The fact that this is familiar is no reason why it should not be used. Also, it is quite surprising how many are not familiar with this great Christmas classic.

On the Sunday before Thanksgiving I like to have a Thanksgiving program including a Thanksgiving story. In the "Craftsman" for November,

1907, one can find a story, "With Prayer and Fasting," by Emory Pottle. It is a short story. It can be told within a half hour. It is very satisfactory and has all the requirements for a Thanksgiving story to be told in a church service. For some pre-Easter service I suggest C. B. Kelland's "Thirty Pieces of Silver." It is very satisfactory and of right length.

It will be found necessary to work over these stories in order to get them within a certain compass of time. My own conviction is that one should not exceed forty-five minutes of time. Thirty-five minutes for holding interest of the congregation will usually be found long enough.

It is surprising how much interested people are

in a good story. It goes to support the observation of the poet that we are all children of a larger growth. Shall not the pulpit then take human nature as it finds it and call to aid some story with a spiritual appeal, to convey religious truth?

Not the least value of this occasional method of conducting an evening service is that it brings variety into a service where so often variety is greatly needed. It is not an easy substitute for sermon preparation. It is harder work than preparing and preaching a sermon. But if one gives his best endeavor to what has been suggested, one can confidently extend the assurance there will be an interested and appreciative response on the part of the congregation.

Sermon from Over the Sea

The New Song

REV. A. RUSSELL TOMLIN, London, England

Text: "And they sung a new song." Rev. 5:9.

This is not an earthly song. It is a heavenly, the song of angels, of cherubim and of seraphim. Nor is it the song these heavenly singers were wont to sing. It was a "new" song. There were elements in it, accents, themes, compared with which the songs they had sung before were but strange and old. What were those elements that gave this song its sense of novelty, of freshness, of unwonted charm?

I. First, it was a "new song" *because it sang of a discovery*. Shall we see what this discovery was? There is a pathetic note here. In the right hand of the One that sat upon the throne was a great book, written both within and without, sealed with seven seals. It was a mysterious book, but a significant one for all that. There was some chagrin about the discovery. There was no one found, among all those heavenly hosts, exalted enough, qualified enough, to open that book, with the result, that the seer wept much. At length one was found to open the book, "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah—the Root of David." Then the song began, the song of discovery, the song of the Lamb, "slain from before the foundation of the world."

All this sounds very strange, perhaps, to our ears, but the principle is not strange. Do not music and discovery (given the discovery to be a happy one), always go together? Do not men usually sing when they have hit upon some happy experience, some gracious "find," some sweet surprise? A man finds a sheep that has been lost. He has just brought it back from the wilds whence it had strayed. What does he do? He celebrates the discovery in song. A woman has lost a coin. She sweeps the floor till, presently, she lights upon the glittering thing. Her heart leaps for joy. What does she do? She calls her friends and neighbors together, and says: "Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost." And the music begins! A sorrowful father receives his son back home again. He has been as bad a

vagrant as you could almost imagine. But here he is, home once more. What happens? The fatted calf is killed, the best robe is brought out, and ere long the old home once more resounds with song. Discovery! Music! Here is a popular writer telling out the same thing. He is writing of Dorcas, taught at one time, he says, "to regard the name of Jesus as a thing to be abhorred and accursed. But later," he adds, "a wonderful experience befell her. Could she ever forget the day on which, amidst a whirl of spiritual bewilderment and a tempest of spiritual emotion, she had discovered, in the very Messiah whom once she had despised, her Saviour and her Lord? It was a day never to be forgotten, a day full of Love and Music." And the novelty of the discovery makes the novelty of the song. When a man finds out for the first time that there is indeed One who can cancel his sin, neutralize his guilt, liberate him from his bondage, can you wonder he sings? And can you wonder that he sings in a way he has never sung before? It is all because of the new experience that has been his. The new song is accounted for in the new discovery that has come his way.

II. Again, it was a "new song" *because it sang of a novel theme*. These angels had been singing "from before the foundation of the world," but they had never sung this song before. What was it that made it "new?" It was new because it contained a new theme, a new note, a new sentiment, a new content. They had never been able to sing of Calvary until now. Not until the Lamb had actually been slain, not until the great redemption price for sin had been paid could they sing this song, but now that all this was done they could sing it because of the new theme, the new note, the new content. Hence, the novelty of it all.

And what was novel for the angels is alike novel for us. We could never sing of redemption had redemption never been made. We could never tell of Calvary had the Lamb never been slain.

But for this great experience of the Cross, some of our hymns could never be sung. We could never sing:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

because (speaking in this connection), there had been no Cross. Nor could we sing that other gem:

"Beneath the Cross of Jesus,
I fain would take my stand."

We could not sing it because there had been no Cross under which to stand. And every hymn that tells of the Cross, that speaks of redemption, of the dying love of Jesus Christ, would all have to come out. We couldn't sing them, because there had been no experience by which they stand.

But how grand is the other truth. We can sing them, because the Cross is a fact; because redemption has been brought nigh; because Christ died, because he was slain, not merely in the grand purposes of eternity, but in the gracious fact of experience. Hence, the new song, because of the novelty of the theme—the "Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world."

III. Then, it was a "new song" because it was sung by novel singers. These singers not only sang of redemption, but they sang as those who had partaken of this redemption. It is only the redeemed who can sing the song of the redeemed. This same old Book speaks of the "song that no man can learn." Rev. 14:3. What does it mean by this? Does it mean that no man can possibly learn it? That it is beyond the acquisition of anyone? Not that. It means that only those that are qualified by the experience set forth in the song can really sing it.

A beautiful girl once sang, at a concert, a beautiful song. As the last notes of that song trembled into silence, a certain hearer felt a sense of dissatisfaction about it, a sense of discontent. Remarking on this to her friend she said that she

thought she missed something. "Yes," said the friend, "and I did too. Some day," she continued, "her heart will be broken, and after that she will sing the song again; then, when you hear her, you will be satisfied." What she meant was that it is only those of the broken heart who can truly sing of the broken heart. It is only those who have passed through the experiences of some hymns that can sing those hymns. As a certain preacher has put it: "There is a hymn which is like the sobbing aspiration of a broken heart, crying, 'Nearer my God, to Thee.' Can you sing that. There is a hymn, an outburst of choral worship, 'Worthy is the Lamb, for He was slain.' Can you sing that? There is a song that tells of strife and moral wrestling, which echoes the alternations of a fearful battle. Can you sing that? There is a song that cries aloud for heaven, in which the soul clamors to be gone. Can you sing that?" And the preacher is right. There are some songs we can sing; there are some we cannot; not, at any rate, till experience and heart and soul come into line with the song. It is one thing to sing the notes of a song, but it is another thing to sing the song, as the expression of a soul, an experience, a life.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Can you sing that song? Can you sing it as these angels sang it? Have you entered into the experience of it? Are you blood-washed, blood-purchased, blood-redeemed? If not, then how can you sing the song of the redeemed on high? For the heavenly choirs are only for those who in sincerity and in truth can sing: "He was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

May we be of those, who, qualified to sing it down here, shall, one day, continue to sing it more worthily on high!

Farmer O. B. Modern and Rev. I. B. A. Hustler

REV. W. W. LANE, Elmira, N. Y.

(This is a good article. Don't skip it. We say this without regard to our brother's position, or claim. It is a good article whether you agree with him or not. The editor would be glad to have the readers of *The Expositor* send any opinion or comments upon the article.—Ed.)

Once upon a time there was a farmer who had a very good farm. And Farmer O. B. Modern was a wide-awake man. He was a member of the Grange and of the Farm Bureau and was posted upon the latest legislation on agricultural questions. He had a diploma from an agricultural college and therefore could talk glibly about chemical elements in soil, rotation of crops, etc. He equipped his farm with all the latest implements. His buildings were the admiration of passers-by. Several times he was a delegate from his Grange to state gatherings and once went to the state capital as a delegated lobbyist in the interest of the farmers. His name was in the papers very frequently and several times his

picture appeared in some of the large city dailies. He came to be known as one of the most prominent farmers of the state and was mentioned as a probable candidate for member of Assembly. He was envied as a highly successful man.

But this highly successful man had a rude awakening. Having written a check one day he was presently informed by the bank that he had overdrawn his account. He rushed to the bank and indignantly declared that a careless mistake had been made. But to his amazement the cashier proved that there was no error. It came to Farmer Modern like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky.

Arriving at home, he sat down with pencil and paper and figured things out. He found that he had been running his farm at a steady loss for the last five years. A "highly successful man?" Hardly. He had been tremendously busy in matters directly or indirectly related to farming in general but had not been raising crops on his own

farm. And what in the world is the purpose of farming except to raise crops? What shall it profit a farmer if he gain a whole world of publicity and lose his own bank account?

Are we as ministers and churches sometimes making a similar mistake? The church was never more in the lime light than it is now and certainly there never were so many church activities as now. We have an endless succession of conferences, institutes, summer schools, etc., where we discuss methods which are full of "pep." We plan and carry out gigantic financial drives until our people feel *driven* indeed and the preachers are on the verge of nervous breakdown. Great is our pride in keeping the church property in good condition and in building stately edifices equipped like metropolitan hotels. The list of recreational and social activities under the auspices of the church steadily lengthens in proportion to the increase of jazz outside of the church. Glowing reports of this marvellous activity appear in the church papers, generally concluding with the words, "The Rev. I. B. A. Hustler is the energetic pastor of this wide-awake church."

And then the Rev. I. B. A. Hustler is flooded with letters and telegrams requesting him to come and give addresses on, "How to Play The Game." He accepts many of these invitations and rides in sleepers as much as he slumbers at home. But then the discomforts of bumping one's head in a sleeper is more than compensated by the pleasure of being the distinguished speaker at banquets. Surely this is the life and Rev. Hustler is a shining example of a kingdom builder. If all preachers were like this the millennium would soon be here.

But now the church year is nearing its close and Brother Hustler must begin to assemble the data for his annual report. This will be a laborious task after such a multiplicity of religious activities. It is with a feeling akin to that which

Hannibal had after he had crossed the Alps that our industrious brother sits down to review the year's work. The task of enumerating the accomplishments of the past twelve months seems almost like that assigned to Abraham when he was asked to count the stars of heaven.

But Brother Hustler, like Farmer Modern, is to have a rude awakening. Can it be possible? No, it must be a mistake. Yes, it is a fact, for figures do not lie. The church has had a net loss in membership during the year in spite of the fact that all the non-resident and deadwood members have been allowed to remain on the records. And it is apparent that the few who have been received joined the church without joining the kingdom, for they are seldom seen in the services. Then, too, the attendance at prayer-meeting has fallen off although the church movies are more popular than ever. In connection with this is remembered the fact that during the past summer far more of the church members worshipped nature in their automobiles than worshipped God at church. And this is the church of which the Rev. I. B. A. Hustler is pastor—the one which has been heralded far and wide as a splendid example of a successful modern church.

And now our humbled and contrite divine begins to turn over in his mind the question of what a church is for. Is it a workshop and a recreation hall or is it a life-saving station and a place of worship? Is a church a success if it keeps a hundred different enterprises running at high blood pressure if it is not bringing salvation to sinners and building up the lives of believers? Is the modern church more successful in producing spiritual results than was the church of the former generation? What is the real test of efficiency in church work anyhow?

Perhaps it would be well for Rev. I. B. A. Hustler and Farmer O. B. Modern to have a little chat.

Mother's Day Programs

Rev. M. L. Peters, of Annandale, Minnesota, writes us as follows:

I enclose a copy of our program for Mothers' Day which we owe to *The Expositor*. I merely took the different illustrations and anecdotes in the Homiletic Year Department and formed them into different parts for the Sunday School pupils, to learn and give at the Sunday evening service. On page 991 of May, 1922, *Expositor*, is a small list of quotations from different men of fame, and also a list of tributes to his Mother by Rev. H. A. Jump. I used these separately and made a responsive service out of them which was very effective.

The result of this program is noticeably as follows: The largest audience that had been in the little church for years. A new spirit of life engendered in our much discouraged workers, and much attention attracted to a small working body of people consecrated to the salvation of souls. These people pay me \$1150 salary and parsonage, and all I have is thirty members active and non-resident. Can you beat it anywhere?

I could never get along without my *Expositor*.

Program

Prelude—"The Old Mother"—*Grieg*.

Doxology, arranged as follows:

O God, to thee we lift our voice
Help us to honor Mother's name,
May we in thee alway rejoice,
And strive to dedicate her fame.

Invocation

Scripture

Hymn

Prayer

Offering. Offertory Prayer—*Krug*

Poem, "Mother's Day"

Poem, "Oh Little Mother of Mine"

Trio, "My Mother's Song"

Five-Minute Talk by a Mother. "Our Daughters in the Home."

Reading—

Quotation Service: What Great Men Have Said About Their Mothers.

Anecdote: "A Mother's Prayer Answered"

Anecdote: "His Regiment"

Duet

Reading, "Mother Love"

Recitation, "Baby's Skies"

Sermonette, "Our Debt to Motherhood"

Benediction

Postlude

Here is another Mothers' Day program used in the College Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Berkeley, California, made up somewhat in the same way. The pastor, Rev. Frank K. Baker, acknowledging the aid of *The Expositor*, writes:

Mothers' Day is past, but I thought it might not be out of place for me to make a little mention of our observance of that splendid day. Last year and this we conducted a most interesting Mothers' Day service at the evening hour of worship. This year it was carried out more fully and was a decided success, drawing a good congregation and many kind words of hearty appreciation and approval.

With a few minor changes the program was as follows:

Evening Service—7:45

Organ Prelude—"De Profundis" *Watt*

Song—No. 181—"The Church in the Wildwood"

Prayer

Song—"Tell Mother I'll Be There"

Olympic Male Quartet

Our First Poetry—The Twenty-third Psalm

Offertory—Solo—"The Best Little Mother"

W. E. Crase

"Mother's Day"

Mildred Bright

"A Fellow's Mother"

Wallace Barrows

Response—"Old Oaken Bucket"

Choir

"To My Mother"

Elroy Fulmer

"Beside the Little Cottage Door"

Clifford Lumb

Response—"Home, Sweet Home"

Mrs. Hunt and Choir

Readings (from Edgar A. Guest) and Remarks

Pastor

Song—No. 257—"Rock of Ages"

"The Little Arm Chair"

Mrs. H. M. Presler

"The Old Arm Chair"

Mrs. L. E. Davidson

"The Family Meeting"

Mrs. H. E. Milnes

"Love's Old Sweet Song"

Howard I. Milholland and Choir

Prayer and Benediction

Organ Postlude—"Postlude"

Littlejohn

Note: A Parlor Scene: on platform, an old arm-chair, a little arm-chair, parlor lamp, stand, cushions, etc. A mother comes forward and gives a short reading on "The Little Arm-chair." Another mother pays a tribute to "The Old Arm-chair." A mother then gives short reading on "The Family Meeting." All the lights are then turned off except the parlor lamp. "Love's Old Sweet Song" is sung by the choir director aided by the choir. The pastor asked congregation to stand, while he closed the program with prayer and the benediction.

The readings of the parlor scene are in poetry and very appropriate. The program didn't take any more than the usual time, and it was a big success.

A CREED FOR MOTHERS

Helping to make good mothers is one of the finest services that can be rendered to this needy world. A group of mothers in one of our Eastern states prepared a Creed for Mothers which sets a fine ideal before every mother. We are glad to reproduce it here. Use it on Mother's Day.

A Creed for Mothers

I believe in little children as the most precious gift of Heaven to earth.

I believe they have immortal souls created in the image of God.

I believe that in every child there are infinite possibilities for good or evil, and that the kind of influences with which we surround their early childhood largely determines their future character.

I believe in play as the child's normal effort to understand himself through free self-expression.

I believe, too, in work suitable to childhood, and that the joy in doing such work should come to the child very largely from the doing of it well.

I believe in wisely directing, rather than stifling activity.

I believe in inspiring the child to choose the good, the true, and the beautiful, and to contribute to the happiness of others by word and deed and gift.

I believe that in all these things my example counts for more than my precept.

I believe in cultivating the intellect and the will, but I believe, too, in soul culture, and that out of this cultivation comes the more abundant life, bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit—kindness, gentleness, joy, peace, truth, hope, faith, love, reverence for God, respect for age, consideration for each other, and thoughtfulness for all God's lowly creatures.

I believe that the calling of Motherhood is the holiest and should be the happiest of all earth's tasks.

I believe that the Christ, who was once himself a child, born of a human mother, is the one never-failing source of help for perplexed, discouraged or wearied motherhood.

Since to this work, Father, thou hast called me, help me to give to it all that Thou hast given me of insight and wisdom and strength and love and gentleness and patience and forgiveness!

FIFTY REVIVALS

(Concluded from Page 917)

the pews in the church are endowed in memory of Revolutionary heroes, and some of later wars. When a pew is so endowed a solid silver plate is put upon it with proper inscription.

The outlines of churches back of Tennent, in the picture, are actual reproductions as far as the outlines are large enough to be discernable. There are today fifty churches in the Presbytery of Monmouth, forming a huge horseshoe curve, beginning at Riverton, swinging up the Delaware valley, following the Amboy railroad to the Atlantic ocean, and extending south along the shore through the Barnegat region almost to Atlantic City. The churches of Cranbury, Hightstown, Freehold, and many others can be clearly discerned in the picture.



The Expositor

Editorial Confidences

G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D., *Editor-in-Chief*

A NATION'S TRIBUTE TO ITS HEROIC DEAD

By frequent repetition we are always in danger of losing the deeper meaning of the rites and ceremonies and days we celebrate. Memorial Day, our annual tribute of flowers, is certainly a very beautiful custom and one we hope will never cease to be observed nor lose its significance. Its observance will not affect the dead, but it will greatly affect and bless the living. Flowers are a most exquisite materialization of God's ideas. He has woven them as embroidery for Nature's garments, but most of all to furnish man with a token of his love. Science tells us that when the earth was prepared for the habitation of our race the few flowers then existing were coarse and unlovely, but that they ascended into variety and put on their robes of beauty to greet the opening eye of man. On nodding stem and waving branch God has hung the blossoms of every conceivable beauty of form and color as perpetual expressions of his love for us. Is it any wonder, then, that when human hearts drawn by the divine instinct seek some token of their affection, they pluck the flowers, messages of God's love, as symbols of their love for each other? It was certainly a very beautiful thought, born in a Southern woman's heart, and first practiced by Southern women, of strewing the graves of the soldier dead with these significant tokens of love. The day is a day of love.

And wisely we call it a memorial day—a memory day. As we strew the graves of our patriot dead with blossoms, mingling our tears with their heroic dust, two words seem to greet our eyes as if written on some immortal scroll. These words are “memory” and “duty.”

The day can never cease to be a tender memory. There can be no greater day to be remembered in the annals of American liberty than 30th of May when the flower of Southern chivalry gave up its battle sword to the silent soldier at Appomattox. But the day has far more in it than the celebration of any single event. It is a day sacred to the memory of unnumbered hosts of heroic men who through toil and suffering and defeat and victory and death in victory, have made our nation great and free. And let us not forget that many precious lessons will be well-nigh lost if we fail to keep in thoughtful recollection our brave defenders themselves who now lie resting from their arms in their silent tents of green. Let us remember them. Let us, as far as possible recall their names and repeat them over with reverence and respect. Let us

recount their deeds, describe their battles in the several wars, tell of their valor and crown their graves with the country's flag and sweetest flowers, symbolic of our love and of the moral beauty of their acts.

The day gives a voice to every soldier's grave. They being dead yet speak. Every grave declares that our national privileges are blood-bought. Every grave tells out the value of liberty, of equality, of fraternity, of unity, because every grave tells what it cost to secure such exalted privileges. They are every one a testimony to the fact that our laws, our land, our institutions are worth the dying for—mighty witnesses of the value of American citizenship. And every grave marks the nobility of that self-abnegation which foregoes personal good for the good of kindred and friends, giving all that it has that these, and those who are to come—even generations unborn—may have all and abound. Every grave, too, marks the estimate that mankind puts upon death incurred in the performance of duty, than which there is none happier or more noble.

Shall we, then, forget them? God forbid! Yes, forget sectional prejudices. Yes, forget national hate. Yes, forget the bitterness and the blight of the struggles. But forget our heroic dead, from the earliest Revolutionary soldier down to the men of the Maine and the last soldier who gave his life in France, never! Basest ingratitude would it be, and our nation does not propose to be guilty of that sin. Let us resolve that perpetuate we will by every means in our power the noble memories of those who have fallen in defence of our country, knowing, as we do, that any nation unmindful of its heroic past will be only too heedless of its possible future.

The ancient Romans used to place the statues and busts of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses that they and their children might be reminded of and led to imitate their noble deeds. There is no doubt that the influence of this practice was most happy upon the living, awakening in many breasts high and noble aspirations. The young grew up to reverence the worthies whose statues they daily saw, and to emulate the qualities which gave to their ancestors such lasting fame. In these days we have no busts of honored ancestors in the porches of our dwellings, but we have something more impressive in such days as this we celebrate, when their noble characters are extolled and their

heroic deeds are recounted in every hamlet and village and city throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the results will be just as happy, and more so, than were those flowing from that honored Roman custom. We all do greatly appreciate the honor our nation delights to shower upon the gallant men who laid down their lives for the State. Worthy are they to be remembered, and we shall never cease to do them honor.

VALUE OF CHURCH PUBLICITY METHODS

The vast volume of commercial advertising suggests with increasing emphasis that advertising pays. A good many ministers and church officers are becoming convinced that this mighty force would pay in advertising the church commodity—truth, freedom, the Gospel and its life-giving message and a constructive religious program. If paid advertising can induce people to wear certain kinds of stockings and chew certain kinds of gum why cannot paid advertising induce people to ally themselves with the Church of God?

Rev. William L. Young, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, says: "The Bible is God's advertisement of his holy will. He is thereby seeking to have his readers make that will their own. 'And the Lord said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like the first: and I will write upon these tables the words that were in the first tables, which thou breakest.' The Bible was not written in a day. It took centuries. It was written part by part, all over the then known world and sent among the peoples. These written messages were their means of advertising. They were seeking to get the people to accept God's ways of living, his laws of life. What were the Gospel authors? They were God's publicity agents, press reporters, if you please. They wrote up the 'good news' for the people. Paul had limited means, but what a poor world this would be today if he had not carried on such an intense and vigorous campaign of advertising and publicity.

Referring to his own congregation Mr. Young mentioned his advertising activities as including church notes in newspapers, bulletin boards, paid advertising, circular letters and advertising folders. The specific results he outlined were a five hundred per cent increase in offerings, a forty per cent increase in attendance, noticeable increase in congregational interest and greater respect for the church in the community.

We are not ready to advocate church advertising without some qualifications; but we know it is a subject worthy of careful study and consideration. "Publish, and conceal not."

CONTROVERSY NOT WELCOMED

We try to give our readers fair opportunity to express themselves, but we prefer to devote our space to constructive rather than controversial thought. We get a good deal of good material that is devoted to divisive subjects and are strongly urged to make room for it; but we think the wise course for both preachers and editors is to present

the living Christ as the only cure for the world's great need and leave the controversial "paragaphs unsaid." We believe also that the great body of our readers agree with us in this matter.

THE WORLD IS WORKING FOR YOU

The manufacturer who makes your shoes is working for you. So is the store that sells you shoes, your grocer, your clothier and every concern or person who makes or sells anything you buy.

Often these people have messages for you. They want to tell you about new goods, new styles, new prices or other new things they think you should know about.

They can't speak to you personally because they have so many customers to serve or are too far away. So they put their messages here in *The Expositor* in the form of advertisements.

It is therefore to your interest to read the advertisements. They are published for your benefit. They keep you informed as to what these folks are doing for you. They help you to buy the right goods at the right time and to make the most of your money.

Moreover, you'll find that business concerns that tell you frankly what they are doing are the most dependable. Firms that advertise are progressive firms that have something real to say to you. Manufacturers who advertise their products have confidence in them, because it does not pay to advertise anything that is not good. Think of that.

Do you want new books, a hymn book for your church, a typewriter, lantern slides, a duplicator, a stereopticon, home or church furniture, a communion set, tower chimes, a piano or organ, bells, church plans, a bulletin board, new pulpit or pews, new lighting plant? Look over our advertisements. Reading advertisements is both interesting and profitable.

SOCIAL SERVICE

General Booth at one time desired to send a New Year's greeting by telegraph and cable to the Salvation Army posts throughout the world. Cablegrams are expensive, and must therefore be short. General Booth boiled his message down to a single word, but he was great enough to choose the biggest word in the whole dictionary. This was his message: "OTHERS."

Before Christ came the theory of social life was that the strong were to be served by the weak. The Christian theory of society is that the strong are to serve the weak. "The world's pleasure is to please one's self; the Christian's is to please his neighbor, and so to please Christ." "Tonight, before you retire," said Ian Maclaren, "when the fire is burning low, you are to sit down and count all the people who have helped you, just as a miser opens his chest and takes out his gold and lets it clink, clink, piece by piece."

The story is told of a Sultan of India who sent his Grand Vizier with millions of money to erect the most beautiful palace ever seen. But when Sultan Ahmed came to see it, he found that

Yakoob had spent the treasure upon the famine sufferers, and there was no palace. Yakoob was at once condemned to die. But that night Ahmed had a dream. He was summoned to heaven by an angel, and entering a palace of pure gold, more brilliant than the sun, "Ah, what palace is this?" asked the astonished Ahmed, "This," replied the angel, "is the Palace of Merciful Deeds, built for thee by Yakoob, the wise. Its glory shall endure when all earth's palaces have passed away."

We can make sure of such a palace. Let each one of us make his life or her life God's temple, garnish it daily with gems of mercy, jewels of kindness, and the pure gold of Christ-like love, and it will grow into wondrous beauty. Serve others. Cease to serve self.

Said George MacDonald, "Hold fast upon God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbor." That is religion. That is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are yet to come.

GOOD SEED TO SOW

Now is the time of seed sowing. Many minds are turned toward thoughts of the soil, the seed, the result of sowing in gardens, flower-beds and farms. The season brings its spiritual lessons. Christ used the scene of the sower going forth to sow, to teach his hearers. One thing he said: "The seed is the word of God." As ministers let us think about sowing this seed.

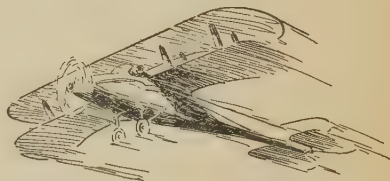
It is good seed to sow in the family. He is a wise man who daily gathers his loved ones about the home altar and sows this precious seed in his family. It will bring untold blessings both spiritual and temporal to himself and to his dear ones. The harvest will be rich. *The Expositor* is very desirous of promoting this kind of sowing, the culture of family religion. "The seed is the word of God."

It is good seed to sow in the community. And it is a happy community where the Word of God is faithfully studied and preached and taught. Life is safe in that community. Property is more valuable. Schools are better. Children are more intelligent. Homes and hearts are happier in that community. The harvest is very rich. It costs less and pays better than constables, police officers, and jails, and the fruit is infinitely better. As a step in the right direction start a Daily Vacation Bible School in your community this summer. "The seed is the word of God."

It is good seed to sow in the nation. And "happy is the nation whose God is the Lord," where God's Word is believed and taught and lived. It is the only sure cure for anarchy and communism and crime. Better than standing armies; better than musketry and powder; better than courts and prisons is the harvest that comes from sowing this seed. It is making the tree good in order to have the fruit good. It is cleansing the fountain to make the stream pure. It is the ounce of preventive worth the pound of cure. It is that wisest strategy by pre-occupation, possessing the ground with good and so keeping out the evil. The harvest is rich and abundant.

This seed has life in itself. You need only to scatter it and it will grow. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth, upon the tops of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." This is the seed which, if sown, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." Its blossom is beautiful, like the lily of the valley or the rose of Sharon. Its fruit is satisfying like manna from heaven or the "bread of life."

The harvest is not only rich but sure. Do you want good, reliable seed to sow? Then here it is—the Word of God. "The Word of God is tried," and stands the test. It stands the test of both reason and experiment. If you would have real, reliable, well-tested seed, then that seed is the "Word of God." For seed and sowing, for flowering and fruitage, in it no one has ever been disappointed nor ever shall be. Brethren of *The Expositor* family, you are sowers of this seed—to be such is your exalted privilege.



Views From Our Aeroplane By the Sky Pilot

One of our pastors was recently requested to recommend to a certain church a preacher who would draw. He replied, "What you want is a church that will hold. Success depends not half so much upon the minister as upon you, the church."

Every Brahmin is required by the Shastas to keep alive the fire which consumes the offering on the day of his investment to the day of his death. In the family of Krishna-Chundra Roy such a fire has been kept burning for seventy years. It is a hard requirement for the poor priests. Christ requires of his ministers that the fire of love for God and souls shall never grow dim or go out.

Cheap sensationalism first attracts, then disappoints, then disgusts. The truth of this has been tested so often that it is not worth while for any preacher to maké further experiments.

A lay preacher took for his text one Sunday, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Quite a number of his hearers went to sleep. An official said to him afterwards, "My dear brother, the next time you come to preach here you must bring the pepper-box as well as the salt-cellar."

The old story is told by Dr. Lynch in the Christian Work of Professor Caird preaching a very learned sermon at St. Andrews which was very largely made up of quotations from Greek poets and philosophers, and of Professor Tulloch going up to him at the close, and, with a shake of the hand and a twinkling of the eye, saying: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a heathen."

In the porch of a certain church there is a box for the reception of communications for the minister. Some time ago the minister preached on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven." During the following week the chapel-keeper brought him a letter from the box. It ran as follows: "Dear Sir:—I should be much obliged if you would make it convenient to preach to your congregation on the recognition of friends on earth, as I have been coming to your church for six months and nobody has spoken to me yet."

Don't put off for tomorrow what you can do today.

Don't spend your mornings reading the daily paper.

Don't think that pastoral visitation does not pay. In this you are mistaken.

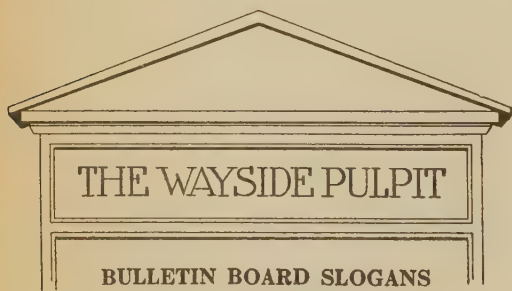
Don't overlook the children of your church for they are to be the men and women of tomorrow.

Don't use a graveyard voice.

Don't shuffle your papers while the choir is singing.

Don't try to lead the congregational singing if you have a precentor.

Don't cut out the anthem if some one has stolen the time.



Sentence Sermons

Ours is a "down town church" (but not "down and out") and hundreds of people, going to and from work, pass the church twice each day. They read whatever is on the board. We know because they tell us so and because we have watched to see. Thousands have read our bulletin board who have never been in the church but we have reason to believe that many have come because of what they read as they passed and many more have been helped by our sentence sermons.—*A Pastor's Testimony.*

God could not be everywhere so he made mothers.

Where did you get your life standards? From your good mother and she got them from the church.

Your mother attended church. Why don't you? A partnership with God is motherhood.

What love, what wisdom should belong to her who helps God fashion an immortal soul—mother.

A word to the wise is sufficient, but if he is otherwise, omit the word.

The happiness you get in church on Sunday is a tonic for the whole week.

Everything about the church is calculated to inspire you to right thinking.

For a mental and spiritual tonic try going to church.

When you feel down in the mouth think of Jonah—he came out all right.

Words better left unsaid come back to grieve us when we think them dead.

Happiness is a perfume that you can not pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

Disappointment should be taken as a stimulant and never as a disappointment.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor. The extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Forget not to show love unto boys, for thereby some have entertained great men unawares.

Satan has many tools, but a lie is a handle that fits them all.

Life is like an empty lamp without the oil of love.

The Bible promises no loaves to the loafer.

It is not the revolutions which destroy the machinery but the friction.

Work without worship means worry.

Put your best foot forward—but not in violence.

The Lord loves a cheerful giver, but not one who only gives a cheer.

Always put something in the church offering, even if you pass the plate yourself.

Watch and wait, but the length of your waiting should depend on what you are watching.

Let the other fellow have his way—as long as he only talks.

"Let Us Have a Singing, Smiling, United People."

Tell me where you worship God on Sunday, and I will tell you the kind of a Christian you are.

Lack of diamonds is no serious handicap to successful living.

"The man failing to reach the top has ceased to grow."

The city of God can be built. It can be builded when Christian stewardship grips the Christian Church.

You can worship God in your home on Sunday. But you don't.

This country will not be a good place for any of us to live in unless we make it a good place for all of us to live in.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

EVEN THE ADS

Rev. John C. Young, of Imlay City, Michigan, writes: "Received February copy of *The Expositor* today and have read every bit of it, even to the ads! Its coming is a real treat to me; I get a whole lot out of it."

Methods of Church Work

E. A. KING, Editor

The month of May in Church work is a sort of "go-between" month. You stand in the midst of things and look over the season that is past and forward to the summer. You can see June coming in the distance and plan for it. Meanwhile there is "Mothers' Day" and "Memorial Day" in May.

We sometimes wonder what we would do without all these "special days" in church life. Somehow the people are regulated by "days" and "occasions," and so long as they are the churches may well shape their programs around these events. Some ministers would celebrate "Fathers' Day" and one has suggested "Family Day." Each of these occasions is attractive and splendid religious services can be planned.

Church publishing houses have developed rapidly around these occasions. *The Expositor* has done a great deal toward promoting their business. A large business concern wrote us the other day that they got more actual returns from advertising in *The Expositor* than from any other magazine. Our readers are certainly a wide-awake fraternity and they read everything in the magazine from cover to cover.

Our advertisers are a part of the family. Some of them are ex-preachers, and devoted Christian men who believe they are helping bring in the kingdom, and are eager to serve the churches. Write to them for ideas, suggestions and samples of their goods. Treat them with courtesy and they will become your fast friends.

We believe more firmly than ever that the sure road to success for the minister is continuous faithful work. The man who devotes himself to his task efficiently may expect to see the fruits of his labor. No minister can expect things to happen for good in his parish unless he devotes himself to the work of that parish.

One of the tests of a man's labors is the response made during the financial canvass. One always finds disgruntled people in a parish, and a minister will very likely make some enemies, but the community at large recognizes the minister's ability, his devotion and energy, and the efficient work of the church over which he presides. People will say that they believe in such a man and such a church and they desire to support it as they are able.

We wish to make a very important request. Now that the strain of Easter is over please gather up a bundle of your calendars, your Easter greetings, sermon topics and accounts of your services and send them to Rev. Elisha A. King, 1618 Drexel Avenue, Miami Beach, Fla.

THE OBJECT OF MOTHERS' DAY

"To brighten the lives of our mothers and to make them more honored, loved and protected by their children."

To remind sons and daughters of the unselfish

devotion of mother, and possibly of their own thoughtless, selfish neglect of their parents.

To ask men, women and children to make their own mothers feel this May day that in her children's hearts she is, and ever will be, "Queen of May."

Therefore, show your mother some special kindness this day in words of affection and appreciation; by some gift of love or visit to her, or by a letter if absent from her. If she is not among the living, bless the life of some mother in memory of your own. This is the least we can do for mother today.

—Wisner, Neb., *Congregational Ch. Calendar*.

HONORING MOTHER ON "MOTHER'S DAY"

The calendar of Grace Methodist Church, Dayton, Ohio, carried the following touching tributes to Mother last year. They are good enough to repeat.

Mother

"Mother is a little girl
who trod my path before me;
Just a bigger, wiser little girl
who ran ahead. . . .
Bigger, wiser, stronger girl
who always watches o'er me,
One who knows the pitfalls
in the rugged road I tread.
Mother is an older little playmate
who'll befriend me.
Yesteryear she travelled in the path
that's mine today!
Never need I fear a foe
from which she might defend me.
Faithful little pal who ran ahead
and learned the way.

—Gillilan.

MOTHERS I HAVE MET

This is True

Her husband was mean beyond description. He slammed the doors and kicked the cat or sulked like a spoiled child. He never changed except when he got drunk and behaved worse than usual. His wife could have had a divorce any time for the asking but she never complained. She stood by that man and his children. She was their secret Providence. One night this man came home and found his wife praying for him. He beat her for it . . . then went to church service and fell at the altar . . . and is now an ideal Father trying to raise the children to be as good as their Mother.

Is This You?

She mothered six because their mother had died and the mother spirit was strong within her. She baked fragrant, well browned bread. She told wonderful stories. Candles on birthday cakes made her hair look red and beautiful. She darned

stockings, wiped noses, bandaged fingers, picked up things and sang. She loved those children as her own, and raised every one for Christ.

What Would You Do?

Every night the children got wild to go somewhere. So she made home attractive. In that day a game board did the trick. But this Mother went further. She planned with the Mothers of her children's playfellows a certain kind of amusement for each home. She expected to tell the children they could go to those homes and not elsewhere. But the children never wanted to play elsewhere.

Think of This Too

With no husband or children of her own she mothered an old lady.

Never Feel Blue

Widowed with six children . . she held them close to the Lord. Working by day, planning by night, inspiring them always by her heroism, she saw each child in college and finally doing a good life's work . . . How? She says,

"By Praying Them Thru"

A PRESENT TO MOTHERS OF SEVENTY YEARS

The following note comes to us unsigned:

"We issued special invitations to all mothers to be present and announced that all mothers seventy years of age or over would receive a present at the service. We gave each a potted primrose. It was a wonderful service. There were a large number of the mothers out and it did them good we know.

"The hymn 'Faith of Our Mothers' that we used was taken from *The Expositor*. We have used that for two years now."

MUSIC FOR MOTHERS' DAY

A very interesting Mothers' Day musical program is full of suggestions. The service began with organ selections, followed by the singing of Dyke's hymn "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," the invocation and Lord's Prayer. After the offering the pastor gave an address. Then the following numbers were given:

Chorus, "Cometh earth's latest hour"

(Hora Novissima)

Parker

Tenor Solo, "My hope is in the everlasting" (Daughter of Jairus)

Stainer

Soprano Solo, "O country bright and fair" (Hora Novissima)

Parker

Quartette, "O Lord God" (Manzoni Requiem)

Verdi

Contralto Solo, "People Victorious" (Hora Novissima)

Parker

Bass Solo, "Crossing the Bar"

Behrend

Quartette and Chorus, "Thou ocean without shore" (Hora Novissima)

Parker

On the reverse of the program were printed the words of solos, choruses, and quartettes.

MOTHERS' DAY CARD

A very attractive stock invitation to Mothers' Day service is prepared by McCleery Printing Co., 107 East 49th St., Kansas City, Mo. The

attractive feature is a beautiful carnation design in colors.

MOTHERS' DAY AND OLD PEOPLE'S SERVICE

Rev. Geo. W. Peters of North Bloomfield last year prepared an attractive little book, "In Memoriam," in memory of his own deceased mother and gave a copy to every mother present at the service. He combined the idea of "Mothers' Day" and "Old People's Day." He provided rocking chairs for all the old folks that could not sit in the pews. Automobiles were sent for all who had no other way of coming.

INVITATION TO MOTHERS' DAY

How to get something different! That is the question. We do not want to use the same type of invitation every year. Here is one that is "different" from Hardin, Mont.

Dear Friend:

Are you blue and discouraged.

Come to the Mothers' Day Services at the Finlayson Community School next Sunday afternoon, May 14th, at 3 P.M.

It is surprising what a load of worry and strain a church service will lift from one's shoulders. You will not believe it until you have tried. Just try it next Sunday and see if it is not true.

On Mothers' Day especially, everyone should go to church. This is the Sunday that is set apart in commemoration of the best mother that ever lived, *your mother*. On this day we recall the memories of mothers that are gone and brighten the lives of those who remain.

We are sure that the wish of every real mother is that her children attend church and worship the Lord, "in spirit and in truth." Of those who do this it may truly be said, "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

Rev. A. W. Seebart, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Hardin will be out to the Finlayson School to give the sermon, rain or shine. His subject will be, "Earth's Uncrowned Queen."

FOR YOUR CALENDAR MOTHERS' DAY

The following poem is somewhat different from that of Geo. E. Atkinson's published in *The Expositor* a few years ago. That has been widely used. This one by A. B. Patten is also based on "Faith of Our Fathers" but carries a little different thought. We hope you will use this as freely as you did the other.

Hymn To Our Mothers

Faith of our Mothers, living yet
In cradle song and bedtime prayer,
In nursery love and fireside lore,
Thy presence still pervades the air;
Faith of our Mothers, living faith,

We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
The fount of childhood's trust and grace,
O, may thy consecration prove
The well-spring of a nobler race;

Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith
 For youthful longing—youthful doubt,
 How blurred our vision, blind our way
 Thy providential care without;

Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
 In truth beyond our man-made creeds,
 Still serve the home and save the church,
 And breathe thy spirit thro' our deeds:

Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

—A. B. Patten.

MEMORIAL SUNDAY

"History has many proofs that without the shedding of blood there is no redemption. Liberty and progress exact their price, and too often that price must be paid in the blood and tears of a nation. But it is a consolation to remember that our history has been worth all and far more than it has cost, and that those that have perished to make it glorious have found their own highest reward the affectionate remembrance of those who came after them, and the enduring monument of civic virtue and national worth."

—*Calendar of the Second Cong'l Church, Attleboro, Mass.*

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM

Porter Church, Brockton, Mass.

The Hymns and Responsive Services are not announced from the Pulpit.

The Congregation will please follow the Order of Worship as it is printed and rise with the Choir for Response and Hymns.

The Organ Prelude

The Processional (Congregation standing in honor of our guests).

Hymn: The Star Spangled Banner.

Choir: O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming—

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

All: O say, does that star spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Responses.

Minister: Revived this day be all holy memories,

People: All high and holy traditions of the past;

Minister: Blotted out be all traces of division and conflict between brothers,

People: And healed be all the wounds of Civil War.

Minister: Honored be these, our fathers and brothers who offered themselves to their country in her hour of need; and blessed be those who



Free to Pastors

who fight the dance. "The Truth About Dancing" is a tract that has been read by thousands. It is the red-hottest thing in print. No lady will dance after reading it. All truth and carries conviction. 6 for 25 cents, 30 for \$1.00, 100 for \$3.00. With each order for 100 I will inclose my New Soul-winning Book free.

You wouldn't take \$10.00 for it. Souls have been converted while reading it. Send your \$3.00 and I will send Book and 100 tracts in return. I will also inclose printed instructions how to get \$5.00 for this 100 tracts in 3 minutes. I am not making money at this. I am a pastor and want only enough to pay postage, printing and advertising. No sample tracts sent unless you send postage. Money back if you are not satisfied.

Box 122

REV. I. M. PAGE

Empire, Ohio

gave their lives for a holy ideal;

People: That this Nation under God might have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, might not perish from off the earth.

Minister: Renewed this day be our allegiance to the flag for which they paid the last full measure of devotion.

All: I pledge allegiance to my flag,
 And to the Republic for which it stands;
 One nation indivisible,
 With Liberty and Justice for all.

All: O thus be it ever when free men shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's
 desolation;

Blessed with victory and peace, may the
 heaven rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and
 preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it
 is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our
 trust;"

And the star spangled banner in triumph
 shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave!

The Invocation: Chaplain of the Post.

The Lord's Prayer.

Anthem: Onward Christian Soldiers.

The First Scripture Lesson.

The Gloria.

The Second Scripture Lesson.

The Service of Prayer.

A Response by the Choir.

The Memorial Address.

TWO CHURCH CALENDARS OF NOTE

We have two calendars, one from Hyde Park Baptist Church, Toronto, Canada, and the other from The Irving Park Lutheran Church, Chicago.

The Toronto Church calendar is printed on both sides of one large sheet 11 x 16 inches, folded to size 5½ x 8. The paper is smooth buff with pictures and cuts, many from *The Expositor*. Each calendar carries a sermon by the pastor, Rev. Albert Hughes. On the last page is "Daily Bread" headed by *The Expositor* cut. Under this is a series of studies on "Unlocking Paul's Epistles."

We advise sending ten cents in stamps for sample of this calendar.

A more beautiful calendar from the printers' point of view, comes from the Chicago Church, Rev. Joshua Oden, pastor. The first page carries a cut of the Church and a picture of the pastor.

With this calendar Mr. Oden sends a pastoral letter printed in black and red. You open this letter, which is 8½ x 12 inches, and you find spread out before you a sheet 12 x 17 illustrated with various drawings in color outlines, reminding you of the advertisement of some business concern in which an attempt is made to show and explain the parts of a machine.

In the center is the church. Around are six circular pictures showing how the church is related to the individual, the home, the office, the factory, the store, the school. Across the center are these words: "Inspiration for every phase of life." The minister's picture is in the center and a message on the Church as the inspiration for good in all walks of life. On either side are columns called "Church Activities Departments." There are twelve, illustrated with little pictures. This remarkable piece of church printing is issued by Curtis-Johnson Printing Co., 1850 W. Washington Boulevard, Chicago. Mr. Oden writes:

"I enclose our bulletin and the 'Inspiration for Everyone' folder. We purposed to place the publicity of our church on par value with the publicity of any first class firm, and we have made it a point to have the very finest and best kind of printing procurable.

"Just before the holidays I ran a 'week of prayer.' Instead of having the prayer week in church, I sent out a little prayer to everyone on our mailing list, every day in the week. The prayer met with a splendid response.

"I have been a reader of *The Expositor* for years, and I always enjoyed the freshness of its contents and the stimulus that it has given me personally in my work."

Again we suggest you send ten cents to this pastor and ask him for some of his printing. It is an inspiration.

SERMONS ON JOB

There is no more interesting or profitable book for study and to expound in the pulpit than the *Drama of Job*. Rev. Robert Hopkins, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Denver, Colorado, has recently preached a series of eight sermons under the title "Everyman." The topics were as follows:

- Prosperity, Job 1:1-5.
- Adversity, Job 1:6-22, 2:1-13.
- Despair, Job 3:1-26.
- Friends, Job 4, 5, 8, 11, 15, 18, 20, 22, 25, 28, 32.
- Orthodoxy, Job (same).
- Hope, Job 19:25-27.
- God, Job 38, 39, 40, 41.
- Victory, Job 42.

A series of sermons on Job was preached recently by the editor, in the form of a partial exposition. The themes used were:

- "The Epic of the Inner Life" (Introduction).

"The Character of Job."

"The Tempter's Lie; Does Every Man Have His Price?"

"Solving the Mystery of Pain."

Other themes used previously are,

"Job's Second Trial," Job 13:15 A.V.

"Job's Unconscious Solution of the Mystery of Pain."

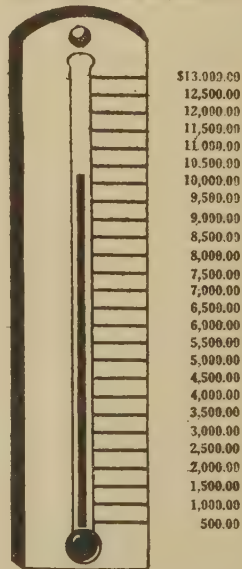
"Some Problems in the Book of Job."

The following books on the "Drama of Job" are of great value. "The Book of Job" by Moses Bottenwieser, Ph.D., Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$4.00; "The Book of Job," by Morris Jastrow, Jr., Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa., \$4.00; James Anthony Froude's essay on "The Book of Job," in Vol. 1. "Short Studies on Great Subjects," Scribner's, is very much worth while. Dr. Peloubet's book, "Studies in the Book of Job," Scribner's, N. Y., 1906, contains a great amount of homiletical material. If you have old "Matthew Henry" be sure to trace out his quaint sayings about Job. The article on "Job" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is good. Do not overlook the little book of Job in Moulton's *Modern Readers' Bible*, Macmillan Co., N. Y. This is a splendid text to mark and use in the pulpit. The literary arrangement and notes are useful.

HOW TO START AN ORGAN FUND

In answer to inquiries about how to start a Pipe Organ Fund we print the following from "Dayton's Bluff Lutheran," St. Paul, Minn. The first item of interest is the illustration.

ORGAN DEBT FUND BAROMETER



With this illustration goes the following notice which shows the method of appeal:

Our New Pipe Organ. It is Finally on the Way! Last week the pastor received the following communication from the Organ Co.

"We are glad to advise that we have finally

been able to ship the organ for your Church. Enclosed you will find the bill of lading.

"Just as soon as the parts reach there, please have them delivered to the Church at once and placed in a safe place and telegraph us, and we will send men to make the installation."

We are almost certain that we can dedicate the new organ about the first week in April. That means: All Members Must Put Their Shoulders To The Wheel And Pledge An Amount For The Organ-Debt Fund. There are 231 members who have not promised a dollar toward the new instrument. One hundred and seventy-one members have pledged over \$10,000. Surely the other 231 can be depended upon to bring us way over the top. All we ask for is a pledge of an additional \$3,000. All amounts over and above that mark will be set aside for Our Building Fund.

It is hoped that the final campaign as decided upon by the congregation at its last regular meeting will bring in the balance of the pledges needed to cover the entire debt and cost of the organ. Come now, don't fail us in this last but earnest effort. We herewith publish a list of all the members who have pledged, paid or made part payments on their pledges.

We suggest that you have a carpenter make a huge thermometer in wood and paint in the amounts. Have the "mercury" a brilliant red. Keep it moving upward as the fund increases. Also print the thermometer on the calendar each week showing the increase.

HELPING PEOPLE GIVE THEIR MONEY AWAY

Many people desire to make donations of money to missionary causes but do not know what cause to help or where to send their money. The minister might become adviser to such folks. The pastor of the Congregational Church at Wisner, Neb., has the following paragraph on his calendar:

"Many times there are those who are interested in certain forms of missions and want their gifts to be used for the teaching of the Word of God and for definite evangelism. We are always ready to suggest agencies. It has been our privilege to place hundreds of dollars for such persons."

MEMBERSHIP RECORDS

In March we asked about the best methods of keeping membership records. A reply from Rev. E. K. Resler, Scranton, Kansas, says:

"I enclose a sheet from our loose leaf church membership record. It is our official record. Same thing may be secured in card form size, 6 x 4 inches. On the other card I keep my calling list. I like it the best of any I have found in several years' search. These cards can be secured from Everybody's Assistant, Morristown, N. Y., at 40c per 100. The others can be secured from the Methodist Book Concern. Either will send samples if requested. I am working on a pastoral

record chart. I find if I keep record on myself in the various phases of my work I discover where I need to put more effort."

WHO'S WHO IN THE CHURCH

One of the calendars from the First Methodist Church, Racine, Wisconsin, carries the most unique feature we have ever seen, entitled "Our People in Business." Under this head the names of members are printed, giving their business address and 'phone number. Grocers, dentists, printers, undertakers, music teachers, photographers, etc., are all indicated.

A DRAMATIZED SERMON

Once a month, the third Sunday night, I present a dramatized sermon which has been so successful in getting the religious message across, in interesting the people of my constituency in Bible study and in filling my church auditorium at every service that perhaps other pastors might like to know what this will do in the great field of preaching.

Since we have been having dramatized preaching we have almost doubled our church membership, largely by baptism, and ten young people have definitely and publicly dedicated themselves to Christian work as a life work and are now studying with that aim.

We have presented "The Book of Ruth," "Queen Esther," "The Life of Moses" and "The Prodigal Son," each of which has been typical in scenery, dress and speech. Our church is essentially a young people's church. We have about 100 young men and women in their late 'teens and early twenties from which to choose the casts. They realize in this movement a challenge to get back to the Bible, to bring about a better understanding of the Scriptures, and they enter into their parts in a truly reverential spirit. For a half hour preceding the production, they are on their knees in prayer, and I may say that the religious feeling predominates throughout the presentation.

—M. W. Pullen in "The Baptist."

LOYALTY CAMPAIGN

The following card is an excellent example of wise efforts to arouse loyalty in church members who need to be stirred up to the duty of attendance:

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH Owensboro, Ky.

"Fill the Pew" Campaign Fall of 1922

Realizing my responsibility as a member of the First Baptist Church, I pledge myself to be present, Providence permitting, at the next
-----Morning Service
-----Evening Service
-----Prayer Meeting

-----Sunday School Session

-----B. Y. P. U. Session

(Check the services you wish to pledge yourself to attend)

and to continue to attend these services each week for *six* weeks unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master.

Name-----

Address-----

Date-----

Name of Canvasser-----

IS YOUR COUNTY FAIR EXHIBIT READY?

Herbert Smith tells the readers of "The Continent" how to arrange a County Fair exhibit to represent church life. Many of our readers in rural districts can do this effectively.

"How many churches in the rural districts or in small towns are planning for an exhibit at the county fair this year? The church has good authority for going where the people are assembled and taking the gospel to their attention. The fair is one of the big institutions of the county. The lightning rod agent will be there and probably the state agricultural college will have an exhibit. Elder Jones will be in the offing with a pleased smile on his face when you pass his pen of blue ribboned Holsteins. He himself is a sample of what the church has done for the community, but Elder Jones is there as a cattle exhibitor, not as a church exhibit.

"Why shouldn't the church have a booth to remind the people who are thinking most of well-bred hogs and well baked cakes that religion occupies a vital part of their life. It might occupy a larger part if they saw that the church has enough initiative to make an exhibit which will attract attention.

"Perhaps all the churches can unite on one booth to stand for the religious interests of the community. The pastors can devise the exhibit most suitable to all denominations. What shall you put in the exhibit? Draw from the experience of the best-attended exhibit on the grounds last year. Why did people stop and look until the crowd jammed the aisle?

"Something moving attracts, and people are always interested in children. Suppose you have a class of four or five children of the primary or junior department of Sunday School in the booth at certain hours of each day coloring Bible pictures, making sand maps of Palestine, or doing similar hand work. Would you stop to watch them? Or transfer a small portion of your daily vacation Bible School class in hammock making to the fair grounds. The 'live' exhibit will attract the most attention.

Samples of the hand work of the various parts of the Sunday School can be exhibited if the boys and girls cannot be obtained.

"If you have been hindered by unresponsive trustees from providing the most modern Sunday School handwork equipment for the children, you are not without material for a good exhibit.

Pictures of missions from religious papers, suitably mounted and labeled so that they can be read easily at some distance will attract attention. One pastor suggested using the service flag of the church as part of the exhibit. It doubtless would surprise many nonchurchgoers to realize how many soldiers and sailors the church sent forth. Leaflets on the church and country life can be obtained from the Home Boards.

"Why not take an organ and hold a song service at noon or some other appropriate time when the crowds are largest? Have two or three members on hand to start the singing and urge the crowd to join in simple gospel hymns. The crowd will count your exhibit one of the best on the grounds—they had a part in it.

"Appropriate posters bearing words which are intended to enlist greater interest in the church ought to be used, but with discretion. They should be made in letters large enough to be read twenty feet away and not too close together so as to detract one from another. Whatever other exhibits are used these cards can be added. Some pastors will at once think of short passages of Scripture which it would be well to remember on the fair grounds. Others may think well of some such statement as: 'Character is to your children what flesh is to your hogs. The church builds character.' 'Why don't you help support the church of your choice.' 'The church helps make every community a better place in which to live.' "

POSTER ADVERTISING

At Bellville, Ohio, a town of 1200 inhabitants, the pastor prints a poster 6 x 8 inches on stiff white paper, black ink, announcing his sermon topics. At the bottom of the sheet is the invitation "Come to Church Sunday."

A note on our poster says, "This poster is put in all the places of business, including pool rooms. A different poster appears each week. Similar posters are placed in each home in the community. On one Sunday senior boys from the Sunday School placed an invitation under each door and at the evening service 266 people came."

UNIQUE SERIES OF SERMONS

Rev. W. C. Boone, Owensboro, Ky.
Seven Cardinal Virtues Illustrated by Bible Stories
Sunday Mornings at 10:50 A.M.

"Justice, or A Wise King."

"Prudence, or The Man Who Could See Seven Years Ahead."

"Temperance, or A Young Man Who Said No."
"Fortitude, or The Young Woman Who Risked Her Life."

"Faith, or The Man Who Was God's Friend."

"Hope, or The Prisoner Who Was An Optimist."

"Love, or God's Unspeakable Gift."

Seven Deadly Sins Illustrated by Bible Stories
Sunday Evenings at 7:30 P.M.

"Pride, or The King Who Was Called a God."

"Covetousness, or The Man Who Stole a Garden."

"Lust, or The Downfall of a Good Man."

"Anger, or The Man Whom God Buried."

"Gluttony, or The Man Who Sold Out."
 "Envy, or The King Who Hated His Servant."
 "Sloth, or The Man Who Hid His Talent."

A GRAPHIC APPEAL

Rev. O. S. Snell, of Keota, Okla., prints a mimeograph letter in the interest of his Sunday School and prints at the top right-hand corner a very attractive picture of a child. Underneath the picture are the words, "I am a spiritual being, I must be nourished or I perish." The appeal is made vivid and strong.

THE FIVE HUNDRED

The names of Five Hundred members who ought to attend the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, have been placed in a drawing. Each week, the lot will be cast upon ten of these names. The ten on whom the lot falls will receive letters notifying them of the fact and requesting their presence at the meeting for that week. Let no one ignore the call. Last Wednesday night we had more than twice as many in attendance as the preceding Wednesday night. For the coming week, the lot has fallen on: (Then follow ten names and addresses).

—From the Calendar of First Christian Church, Atlanta, Ga.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM IN SONG AND STORY

Sunday Evening program, Porter Church, Brockton, Mass. For singers the Church had the Mozart Ladies Quartet of Boston.

Prelude

Quarter, "The Angelus"

Arranged

Scripture, John 10:1-16.

Hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee"

Congregation

Quartet, "Gently, Dear Saviour"

Arranged

Poem, "The Good Shepherd"

Longfellow

Duet, "The Lord is My Shepherd"

Smart

Story, "The Shepherd Psalm"

Solo, "The King of Love"

Shelley

Story, Continued

Trio, "The Angels"

Mendelssohn

Story, Continued

Airs, "He Shall Feed His Flock." "Come

Handel

Unto Him"

Story, Continued

Air, "Oh, Rest in the Lord"

Mendelssohn

Offertory, "Freely You Have Received,

Now Freely Give"

Longfellow

Poem, "The Day is Done"

Quarter, "Now the Day is Over"

Benediction

Postlude

A RURAL MINISTER AND HIS ROTOSPEED

We have before us a sheaf of mimeographed papers called "The Rural Messenger" published monthly by the "Ontario Parish." The editor calls his town "The Community With a Vision." The little paper is profusely illustrated with first class drawings made on the Rotospeed. The text

Don't Preach to a Woodpile!

Get the Folks to Church

These Folders Will Help

1. Empty Pews Dishonor God.
2. The Church is Working for You.
3. In Your Hurry Pause a Moment!
4. Are You Playing Square with Your Boy?

Ask for Mother's Day Samples.

We have many other items that will interest you.

McCleery Printing Co.

8 W. 43rd Street

Kansas City, Mo.

is typewritten on soft white paper. It has a department for the boys and girls, also illustrated. It carries a few advertisements and a report of the "Illinois Corn Rot Experiment No. 30, Ontario Parish, Knox County, Illinois." This makes the "Messenger" of real value to the farmers. It also carries church news and wise sayings.

BUILDING UP A SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

Rev. P. E. Thomas, First Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass., uses a double-column advertisement in the Saturday issue of the Lowell "Courier-Citizen". You recall the San Francisco "Chronicle" where Rev. J. L. Gordon advertises in a double column running the full length of the page. Both of these churches are pulling the same wires. Besides announcing the topics of discourse and the music to be rendered, they make a great deal of additional features, such as hundreds of booklets to be given away, a letter from a person of note to be read, a list of questions to be answered, etc.

Something new may be expected every Sunday. Both of these churches publish in their newspaper notices a partial analysis of the sermon in the form of a series of questions to be answered. The questions announced for the Lowell Church when Mr. Thomas preached on "Prohibition" lacked the sensational quality entirely. They aimed to catch the attention of citizens who were about to vote on the Fourth Referendum of the recent election. The following will fairly illustrate their character: 1. Was the Eighteenth Amendment sprung upon the people? 2. Why was Connie Mack so hard upon even moderate drinkers in his baseball teams? 3. What will happen of Massachusetts votes "Yes?"

The Lowell Church announces in one notice: Our Great Evening Service: Organ Recital; Song Service; Pastor's Sermon; then certain details are announced under the headline "Something Different." Further down the advertisement closes with a last call to "Something Different Every Night."

On a recent evening this last call to something different came very near being a "last call to dinner." The subject of the sermon was "The Old Time Home," and in addition to Mr. Thomas' message there was a dining-table on the platform, spread for a meal. A family came in and took seats

Add 75 Hours

to the Educational program of your church.

We can furnish you with Daily Vacation Bible School Supplies for handwork, booster cards, certificates, etc.

Let us help you

Supplies for Mother's Day and Patriotic Meetings

Many kinds of helps for many kinds of occasions

The Woolverton Printing Co.
Cedar Falls, Iowa

around the table. Then all at the table bowed their heads as in asking the "blessing." Songs were then sung, such as "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "In the Gloaming." This bit of drama was, for this particular evening, the "Something Different" promised for every Sunday evening.

—*Congregationalist.*

HELPFUL HINTS

The Twelfth Annual Report of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, published by the Association, at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, is well worth reading.

* * *

John W. Robertson, New London, Ohio, advertises, "The Passion Play of Oberammergau 1922," embracing 75 beautiful slides with lecture. He offers to loan lobby photos and window cards. Rental price, \$10.00.

* * *

When you are looking for a good duplicator write to H. E. Durkin, Reeves & Co., 339 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

* * *

Pageant Publishers, 1206 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles, Calif., can furnish pageants of great interest and value. They have for their purpose "The Glory of God and the Service of His Church."

* * *

A plan for making your own posters is provided by Smith & Lamar, Nashville, Tenn. Send for L. P. Saunders' book of design.

* * *

Rev. DeWitt C. Ellinwood, Trivoli, Ill., says he finds Dermatype stencil paper better for his Rotospeed than any other. He gets a more distinct impression than with the wax paper. His monthly mimeographed paper is clear and distinct. It is illustrated with cartoons.

* * *

"You have a date with me and of course you will keep it." This is the way Rev. H. W. Hunter of Oklahoma announces his church services.

* * *

If you have not tried the Acousticon in your church write to Dictograph Products Corporation, New York City, for circulars and their offer for a free trial.

TIME TO PLAN FOR VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

"By May 1 fully 3,000 Protestant churches will begin to plan for some kind of a vacation Bible School," says Robert W. Veach. "Ten years ago not over 300 churches were interested in this important phase of religious education. In 1916 the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions and the Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work united in a single effort to challenge the attention of the church to the immense possibilities of the vacation season for religious education. The first year there were fifty-two schools. Today these boards are in touch with more than 1,000 schools, held for a period of from four to six weeks during June, July and the early part of August.

"The educative process must function through worship, through instruction and through expression. The best results can be obtained only when these three function in close relation to each other and with as much continuity as possible. In this respect the summer Bible School has a very distinct advantage over the present Sunday School. Three hours a day, five days a week for a period of five weeks, obviously has advantages not to be ignored. Worship, Bible instruction and expression activities make up the curriculum of the summer Bible school."

The following literature on the subject will be found helpful: "The Church Vacation School," by Harriet Chapell, Revell Co., N. Y., 75c. "The Sunday School between Sundays," by E. C. Knapp, Revell Co., N. Y. "Community Programs for Cooperating Churches," edited by Roy B. Guild, Association Press, N. Y., \$1.90. "Handwork in Religious Education," by Addie G. Wardle. "Dramatization of Bible Stories," by Elizabeth E. Miller. "Dramatization in the Church School," by Elizabeth E. Miller. "A Survey of Religious Education in the Local Church," by William C. Bower. These four handbooks are from the University of Chicago Press, Chicago. "Let's Play," by Edna Geister, Geo. H. Doran Co., N. Y., \$1.25. Do not forget the "Handbook for Scout Masters" or the Boy Scout Handbook. Also Girl Scout Guide books. Send to Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City, for information or apply at local headquarters.

A REQUEST

A subscriber in Northern Ireland is very anxious to secure the names and addresses of ministers who regularly publish their sermons in pamphlet form or in parish magazines. There are many of our readers who desire the same information. As the names come to us we will print them.

PRINT THIS ON YOUR CALENDAR

The following invitation to do a good turn is taken from "Tidings," Lakewood M. E. Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Good Summer Suggestion For Folks Who Have Cars

In the Old Ladies' Home there sits all alone
As dear an old lady as you've ever known.

Now how would it seem, as you ride through the park,

To give this old lady a bit of a lark?
Of sunshine and air it's easy to talk,
But what about ladies not able to walk?
Just call on the Matron, and say, "I'm here
To give some dear shut-in an hour of good cheer."
Your heart will be lighter to do this kind deed,
And share the sweet sunshine with one now in need.

—Mrs. F. G. Baldwin.

AN "ADVERTISING STUNT"

There are some live-wire ministers in our fraternity and Rev. W. M. Tisdale of Marseilles, Ill., is one of them. The local paper carries a feature article four days a week, entitled "The Inquiring Parson," with this explanation at its head: "Four days out of each week Rev. W. M. Tisdale asks four persons, picked at random, a question." Mr. Tisdale writes us as follows:

"It created quite a bit of interest toward my church and in the work of the churches generally. I had a number of well-thought-out questions that I asked four persons four days of the week. This little stunt is the result of a conversation with a fellow pastor."

ANOTHER BRIGHT IDEA

The minister at Elkhorn, Wis., was sick. Many of his people were also down with the "flu." When he recovered so as again to enter the pulpit he prepared an imaginary telephone conversation, printed it on a post card with the picture of a telephone and sent it out to his parishioners as follows:

"Hello. This is your pastor speaking—Yes!—Mr. Bell. Just called up to inquire if you have been one of the unfortunate sick!—Yes.—I'm sorry—I can sympathize; I have been too—I'm better, are you?—No?—I'll call if you let me know. I also wanted to remind you—

"The waiting pew and the open door
And joy in the dear 'church home' once more
Are calling you to service true
Next Sunday I hope I see YOU and YOU!

"You'll be there! Thank you—I am glad you are coming. 'Just seeing you on Sunday is a flying start for Monday.'

"What?—Oh Yes!—My sermon subject at 11! 'Viewing Christ!—a Pre-Easter theme! Yes! I preach at the Baptist church at night—subject, 'Husking the Truth.' Good Bye.

"B-r-r-r. Just a minute, central. Don't cut us off—I wanted to say that March 11th we will have Dr. Fayville, our new State Superintendent with us—You'll not want to miss hearing him, so long, 'till Sunday."

SERMONS ON THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Rev. S. E. Fraser, Langford, Redlands, Calif.
The Spiritual Nature of the Kingdom Matt. 5:3-16
The Relation of its Members to Sin Matt. 5:17-42
The Spiritual Exercises of its Members Matt. 6:1-18
The Attitude of its Members to the
World Matt. 6:19-7:5

The Prayer Life of its Members Matt. 7:7-11
Christ's Invitation into His Kingdom
Matt 7:13-27

MOUNTAIN TOP MESSAGES

Rev. Ross Stover, Philadelphia, Pa., has recently given a series of "Heart to Heart Talks" on "Jesus' Sermon on the Mount." These "20-minute talks" were given on Thursday nights. The unique thing about Mr. Stover's advertising folder is this perforated coupon on the edge of the third page:

(Hand to the Pastor or place on the Offering Plate.)

In as far as I am able I desire to attend the above lectures and ask to be enrolled as a member of the class.

Name _____

Address _____

INSTALLING A MINISTER

There are certain forms usually followed by liturgical churches when pastors are inducted into their positions of trust. Other types of churches vary considerably, and program committees are always anxious to know the ways of others. The following service was used in Tacoma, Wash., when Dr. F. J. Van Horn was installed. We print the outline of the program as a suggestive model:

Organ Prelude. Doxology. Invocation.

A Statement by the Moderator of the Council.

Hymn, "The Church's One Foundation."

Scripture Reading—Sermon.

Prayer of Installation.

Address of Welcome and Fellowship.

A Charge to the Church.

Closing Words of Congratulation.

Hymn, "O Master, Let Me Walk With thee."

Benediction, Rev. Francis J. Van Horn.

Organ Postlude.

SEA-SIDE SERIES OF SERMONS

Here is a unique program of four sermons by Garrett M. Conover, Grand Avenue Reformed Church, Asbury Park, N. J.

1. "Setting Sail." II. "Tempest Tossed." III. "Shipwrecked." IV. "Safe Home in Port." On each side of this list are the words, "The Log." At the bottom these words, "The ship appears all golden beneath the sunlit sky."—Heine.

Each subject is illustrated with a ship, except the last. That is a picture of a harbor lighthouse and a calm sea. On the back of the folder is a square-rigged ocean vessel and underneath these words, "So he bringeth them into their desired haven."

In looking over the programs one is impressed with the appropriate selection of hymns and songs. These "Sunday Evening Trips" consist of hymns, duet, solo, quartette, recitation and address by the pastor. Sometimes a chorus sings.

The hymns are:

"Sail on, Sail on."

"I'll go where you want me to go."

"He leadeth me."

"Count your many blessings."

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

"We have an anchor."

"My boat had once floated away from the shore."

"God will take care of you."

"God be with you."

"Saved."

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

"O think of the home over there."

The recitations are:

"Apostrophe to the Ocean."

"Three Bells."

"Loss of the Arctic."

"My Pilot."

They were all rendered by the same reader.

The quotations on the program folder are:

"On life's vast ocean diversely we sail."—*Pope*.

"Ocean into tempest wrought."—*Young*.

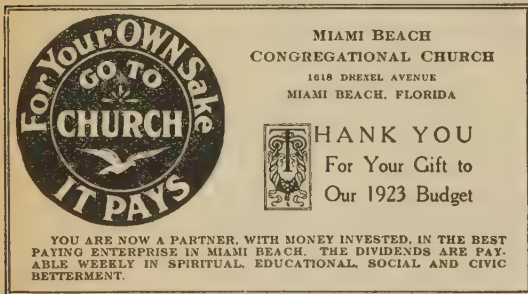
"The wrecks are all thy deed."—*Byron*.

"Drop the anchor, furl the sail,

We're safe, we're safe within the veil."

A RECEIPT

The following receipt was used at Miami Beach, Florida. The "cut" is an *Expositor* illustration. The idea of investment is carried out making every subscriber a partner in the work:



COLLECTING SERMON MATERIAL

Rev. R. W. Hobbs, Fargo, S. D., sent out the following letter to a large number of citizens:

Dear Friend:

We are all agreed that *the family* is one of the most important elements in our country. As the family goes, so will America go. With this thought in mind I am planning to preach a series of six evening sermons beginning Sunday, February 18, upon the general theme "Family Happiness."

But I need the help of my friends in answering some questions. Please send or hand me your thoughts on the questions checked. Feel free to express yourself on any of the others. While I expect to quote from these answers, no names will be used. Neither will your replies be shown to others. These answers should be in my hands by Thursday, February 15. Any thought you give me will be gratefully received.

Sincerely,

Questions: R. W. Hobbs.

1. What qualities make a good husband?

2. What are some faults of husbands?

3. What qualities make a good wife?

4. What are some faults of wives?

5. What makes a good son? A good daughter?

6. What are the qualities of a good brother? A good sister?

7. What are the serious defects of present day home life?

8. What are helps to a right home life?

After receiving and digesting the numerous replies, he formulated the following Sunday evening topics and sent out a postal card announcement. The course was a great success:

Faults and Virtues of Wives.

Faults and Virtues of Husbands.

The Task of Being a Daughter and Sister.

The Job of Being a Son and Brother.

Hindrances to Happy Home Life.

Helps to Harmonious Home Life.

BOOSTING RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM

Rev. F. W. A. Bosch, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Kentucky, wished to secure subscribers for the denominational papers. We quote from the letter he sent to his people:

"Beginning with next Sunday and continuing until the twelfth is church paper week, during that week a special effort will be made to secure new subscribers to one of our church papers. I cannot urge too strongly the necessity of having a church paper in the home. We take the daily paper to keep up with the affairs of the world, and we likewise ought to take a church paper to keep up with the affairs of the church. Information is the first step to interest. Had we more readers of church papers there would be more interest in our church.

It has been my observation that the broad-minded, large-hearted, intelligently loyal members of the church are those who read the church newspapers.

"The greatest occupation in the world is the rearing of children in the fear of God. Children want to know what is going on in the great world about them. Set before them nothing but the open sewer of the sensational secular press, and they soon become the victims of a morbid taste for the light, frothy, sensational—the seamy side of human life. Let them have the information free from these objectionable features as it is presented through the trustworthy censorship of the church paper."

WE HAVE USED "THE STREAM OF LIFE"

If we can persuade you to use "The Stream of Life" in your church program we shall be very happy. It is a wonderful story of a country boy who went to the city and succeeded. In succeeding he lost his religion but found it again. The six reels are not only beautiful, but the pictures are wholesome, attractive and gripping. Its religious message is powerful and convincing. It would make a great "Mother's Day" program. The picture is distributed nationally by the Plymouth Film Corporation, 46 W. 24th Street, New York City. The author of the play is Rev. J. K. Shields.

GOLD-MINING IN THE SCRIPTURES

The Expositor's "Expositions"

We have long felt that *The Expositor* should have some "expositions." One cannot over-state the importance of a knowledge of the original languages for really accurate and intelligent preaching of the Scriptures. At the same time we recognize that some ministers have not had the advantages of training in Hebrew and Greek, also that a much larger number have been too pressed by necessary pastoral and pulpit labors since graduation to keep up a working knowledge of those languages. *The Expositor* in this new department desires to mediate between the more technical scholarship of Greek and Hebrew authorities and the needs of the busy pastor. In this department we shall aim to give the digested results of the work of the former into the possession of the latter in a readily assimilable form and especially for use in sermon production. We trust our readers will not look in this department for scholastic discussions of ancient Hebrew and Greek roots, but for live, modern, up-to-date handling of that original Biblical material most suggestive and helpful for present-day preaching.

1 Timothy 6:20. Keep Securities Intact

"Keep the securities of the faith intact." 1 Tim. 6:20. There is a touch of genius in this unique translation which Dr. Moffatt gives of the Greek, "*ten paratheken phulakson*." The figure used by Paul undoubtedly lends itself to this explanation; for a "*paratheken*" is any kind of a valuable "deposit" placed in the care and charge of any person, or even place, for safe-keeping. It is exceedingly easy and natural then to find in the figure a suggestion of our modern safe deposit vaults, and of valuable securities placed in the hands of a trust company to be kept intact and unimpaired. So interpreted it certainly would form a fascinating text for a sermon to bankers, brokers and business men, or for one which would use finances illustratively in gospel preaching. What are some of the securities of the faith? What some of the dangers to them? How keep them intact?

2 Timothy 4:6. Death an Unmooring

"The time of my departure is at hand." 2 Tim. 4:6. A more exact translation would be, "The time of my unmooring has come." The Greek as given by Westcott and Hort is, "*Ho kairos tes analuseos mou ephesteken*)" and the word "*analuseos*" is a nautical term which signifies the loosing of a ship from her moorings to set forth upon the sea. Paul's vivid statement is that the time has come for his ship to be unmoored from earthly shores and to sail forth upon that unseen ocean of eternity. The figure is surprisingly rich in spiritual suggestions. There is opportunity here for a sermon on practical life, or one especially good for a funeral occasion.

We think of the vast invisible waters over which

hovers evermore the impenetrable gloom of mystery, and we experience the awe with which thoughtful men always face the prospect of unmooring from familiar earthly shores for eternal voyages. We feel the solemn power of that mystery. We feel too, a sense of utter loneliness that we must unmoor from earth and sail out in solitude upon that vast mysterious deep; and we long for some assurance that we shall "meet our Pilot face to face, when we have crossed the bar!"

Then there arises before our vision the picture of a beautiful City "beyond the swelling flood, dressed in living green;" and it lifts its walls and towers of golden glory into a sapphire sky to greet the pilgrims of the night, when their ships have won the eternal shores; and we are comforted.

But surely Paul's nautical figure must also suggest to us the lading of the ship that is to sail. No material possession can be carried in her hold! The rich man must leave his gold on the shore behind him; the inventor must leave his ponderous machinery; the author must forsake his brilliant books; the artist can put none of his pictures on board. Neither stocks nor bonds, neither real estate nor personal property can be stowed away on that phantom vessel; spiritual possessions only.

Then the urgent lesson of right preparation for that voyage into the Unseen is too plain to be missed by any thoughtful soul.

And do we not feel a solemn call to surrender the guidance and control of our lives even now into the hands of Jesus Christ, that he may be to us then our Companion and our Pilot?

Romans 5:1. Peace Enjoyed Now

"As we are justified by faith, then, let us enjoy the peace we have with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:1.

This is Moffatt's stimulating translation of von Soden's Greek text. The Greek is "*Dikaiothentes oun ek pisteos eirenen echomen*)" but whether the *o* in *echomen* should be omega (long *o*) or omicron (short *o*) is a disputed question. If it be omicron, the verb is indicative, "we have peace;" if omega, the verb is imperative, "let us have peace." Tischendorf, a great authority, with other scholars, insists upon omega; Meyer, an equally great authority, with many others, is quite as insistent that omega must be rejected as not giving a suitable meaning in the connection. All agree that the weight of MS. authority favors omega, but that the meaning given by omicron seems more appropriate to the context. So in this clash of textual authorities we welcome Moffatt's illuminating translation of von Soden, the latest and probably best Greek text of the New Testament, which retains the better attested omega, yet gives a meaning wholly appropriate to the context, and one of great insight and beauty. "Let us enjoy the peace we have with God." The

emphasis is upon "enjoy." We have the peace; now let us really enjoy it. Surely that sets this puzzling text in a most illuminating and alluring light! And glancing through four succeeding verses we clearly discern the grounds for the enjoyment Paul urges.

First, because of the blessed relation established with Jesus Christ who is the means of that peace.

Second, because that peace given through Divine grace has brought us a triumphant hope of heaven and glory.

Third, because that peace transmutes even terrible troubles into heavenward stepping-stones, ascending grades of heavenly character.

Fourth, because through all these experiences "God's love floods our hearts through the Holy Spirit." Which things are certainly enough to make any Christian joyful!

Now Paul's exhortation and advice to the believers in Rome was that they proceed to extract the honey of their salvation by really enjoying it; and it hardly needs to be stated that Paul's exhortation is as necessary, his advice as valuable today as when this epistle was written; for not yet is "the Christian's Secret of a Happy Life" any common possession.—*R. C. H.*

MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS

Men are what their mothers make them. The furniture of the home is determined by the purse of the father; the soul of the home is determined by the spirit of the mother. The life of no man is adequately written until it is prefaced by his mother's. There are a few self-made men; there are many mother-made men. All the mathematics of life center around the home. Home centers around mother.

1. Your Mother's Apron Strings Are Durable

They never wear out. If she is living they tug at your heart and draw you home at Christmas and Thanksgiving. They last after she is dead. They are the connection between earth and heaven. The physical presence is taken; the spiritual presence remains. The apron strings stretch across the Great Divide.

There is one love that abuse cannot offend, that neglect cannot crush, that time cannot, that death cannot destroy—a mother's love.

2. Your Mother's Apron Strings Are Long

Did you ever travel on the C. P. R.? What a stretch of rail from Halifax to B. C.! The longest line in the world is your mother's apron strings. They cross mountain, prairie and sea. They reach from London to Chicago, from New York to the Golden Gate, from Boston to Winnipeg, from the Australian bush to the trenches of Flanders, from heaven to earth.

The most important chapter of history has never been written. When it is, it will be entitled "A Mother's Influence." When a world is flung into space from the hand of God the first mile determines its destiny for a million years. The future of a child hinges upon the first ten years of his life, and the first ten years are determined by mother.

In a log cabin in Indiana, a woman lay dying.

"Abe," she said, "Love everybody, hinder nobody, never lie, never drink, never steal, and some day the world will be glad that you have lived." It is a far cry from that little cabin open on one side to the winds of heaven in the woods of Indiana to Washington and the White House, but the apron strings of Nancy Hanks reached all the way. Years later Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am, all that I hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

3. Your Mother's Apron Strings Are Strong

There is no tether like your mother's apron strings. I have seen the Lusitania tied to the Liverpool dock and wondered at the strength of the taut cables that held it there. No cable is so strong as your mother's apron strings. Laws and schools are the incidents in the story of a nation's morale. The real secret is its motherhood.

It was a kiss from his mother that made Benjamin West a painter. Raphael's Madonnas are only the outlines of a mother's love fastened upon a painter's matchless canvas forever. Our raw boys stood up like veterans in France because of the tradition of the American mother.

4. Your Mother's Apron Strings Can Be Broken

Your mother's apron strings stretch from heaven to you. They are the tethers that bind you to decency and to God. But you can break them. Simon Legree, slave driver, received a letter telling him of his mother's death and saying that she forgave him freely, and had sent a lock of hair as a token of her love. Legree cursed, tore up the letter, threw the hair on the fire. From that day he was only headed for one place, and that was Perdition. He had broken his mother's apron strings.

One of the happiest phrases I know is "the motherhood of God." "When Israel was a child I loved him and called my son out of Egypt. O, Israel, how shall I cast thee off, how can I give thee up? Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, she may. Yet will not I forget thee."

—*Thomas Lutman, D.D., Los Angeles, Cal.*

FIELD OF DIAMONDS

Rev. Odin R. Edwards, pastor of Quakertown Methodist Episcopal Church, Pa., writes under date of February 8, 1923, as follows. We thank him for his much appreciated testimony. "The February *Expositor* is a field of diamonds all well cut and brilliant. Would not know how to get along without it."

Such a testimony as that makes "the office" feel good.

ONE OF THE FIRST

Rev. A. J. Baldwin, of Opportunity, Washington, writes: "Enclosing my check for renewal, I cannot keep from telling you what I think of you and your publication. I was among some of the first of the subscribers and have watched *The Expositor* grow as if one of the children of our home, and have noted improvement along all lines, calling for thanks for what you have done and are doing to add to our efficiency. I would be lost without your publication."

ILLUSTRATIVE DEPARTMENT

A Sermon Without Illustrations is Like a House Without Windows

Texts Illumined: Scattered Word Studies

Rich in Faith

484

Jas. 2:5. The prosperity of the wicked has been one of the perplexities of the race. William H. Hanby gives one solution of the world-wide problem:

"There is one thing that I can't understand," said my friend. "about old man Jones, down there at the foot of the hill. If there are any Christians in this country, he is one. He has worked hard, and has been ambitious to lay up something for his family, yet he is exceedingly poor, has always been poor—often his family lack the bare necessities of life. That little cabin with the rocky patch of ground around it is all that he has to show for a life of drudgery. Yet the Bible says that 'all things work together for the good of those who love God,' and 'to him that asketh it shall be given.' How do you explain it?"

"Let us go down and talk with him about it," I replied.

The old man welcomed us into his simple cabin, and set chairs for us by the open fireplace.

"I'm glad to see you, Will. I have been wanting to see you about a letter I got two weeks ago from Dave. Dave has professed religion, and has joined the church. I've been praying for that boy for many years, and I knew the Lord would save him."

The light on the face furrowed by care and toil and age was good to see.

"I'm perfectly happy now," he continued. "Mary married a good man, and they have a good home. Sam is preaching the Gospel, and now Dave has chosen that better part. The Lord is wondrous good to his servants, and I can say with David, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.'"

"But haven't you often needed things that you did not get?" inquired my friend.

"Oh, yes, certainly, there have been many times in our lives when we did not have all the worldly goods we wanted, but some way we pulled through," replied the old man, cheerfully. "Perhaps it was the result of bad management; perhaps it was best so, but that matters little. The Lord has made us so rich in everything else we do not mind a little poverty."

"As we climbed the hill my friend was silent. When we reached the summit we looked back at the little cabin at the foot.

"I understand now," said my friend."

James tells his brethren that God chose them that are poor as to the world to be rich in faith. And Luke ends his parable of "the rich fool" with a reference to one who lays up "treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." Luke 12:21.

Lay Hold On

485

Phil. 3:12. Apprehend K. J. Ver.; Lay Hold on. Am. Rev. The first word, Apprehend, is generally used of a mental taking possession. But Paul was more vivid, more simple in his speech. The Am. Revision translates literally, lay hold on.

One writer says that "it is a policeman's word." Paul was seized, arrested. Dr. Jowett looks upon it as a robber's word. Paul reflects in his choice of words the sudden shock of his Damascus experience.

This passage shows another of Paul's characteristics of speech. When he has used a vivid picturesque word that exactly gives his meaning he holds on to it, repeats it over and over. The phrase, lay hold on, occurs three times in the last clause of v. 12 and the first clause of v. 13; in the last clause of v. 13, in "reaching forward," we seem to see one bending forward with outstretched arm and hand ready to grasp something just beyond. Dr. J. H. Jowett says: "I was apprehended by Christ Jesus."

"An exceedingly vivid, full-colored and picturesque word. It is used elsewhere in the New Testament for the overtaking of a traveler by a robber on a lonely road. "I was apprehended." The hands of the Lord Jesus fell upon him suddenly, as the hands of a robber would fall on a traveler. He was gripped. And he was gripped by the hand of a friend. On the way to Damascus this man was overtaken by Jesus. And from that very startling moment Jesus never let him go." "I was apprehended by Christ Jesus."

Our Copy

486

1 Peter 2:21. When Peter speaks of Jesus having left us an "example," he chose for "example" the Greek word signifying "the headline of a copybook." Jesus is for our imitation; he is our "copy." And a test of discipleship is the progress we make in the reproduction of the copy he has set.

One Day As A Thousand Years

487

2 Peter 3:8. A physician went to visit a patient, and was pleased to find him sleeping soundly. "I sat by his bed," said the doctor, "and felt his pulse without disturbing him. I waited for him to awaken. After a few minutes a dealer's cart, with discordant ringing bells, turned into the street, and as their first tones reached me, my patient opened his eyes. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I'm glad to see you, and awfully glad that you woke me for I have been tortured by a most distressing dream that must have lasted several hours. I dreamed that I was sick, as I am, and that my boy came into the room with a string of most horribly sounding bells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't the power to move or speak to him.

I suffered tortures for what appeared to be interminable time, and I'm so glad you awoke me." The ringing of those bells for one second had caused all of that dream, and just at the waking moment." Other instances of this kind have been cited, showing that when we lose consciousness, as in a trance, long periods may shrink to moments, and moments may protract themselves into hours and days. Time and space are clearly matters only of our present waking condition.

Scattered Word-Stories

The Greek letters and household bills, etc., found in the rubbish heaps of Egypt, have shown that the New Testament was written in the Greek of the common people. It is the language of the street rather than of the study. Here are some flashes lighting up the writer's thought from single words, scattered here and there.

Seeing Jesus 488

Dr. J. H. Jowett comments on two statements of Paul concerning his seeing Jesus. Both words are translated "seen" in the King James Version, but the first is changed to "appeared" in the Am. Revision. Dr. Jowett writes:

1 Cor. 15:8. Paul says that "our Lord Jesus was seen of me also." Our language does not quite bring out the fulness of the New Testament word. It means the wide-open eyes of a child. It means the contemplation of an overwhelming surprise. "He was seen of me."

You have almost to prolong the word, and put wonder into it, if you are to feel the spirit of the apostle.

1 Cor. 9:1. And in another place, "Have I not seen Christ." That is another word, a more intimate word, which suggests clear discernment, as though the Lord was coming near his temple and had his hand on the latch. He was seen of him, in the first place, as a surprising presence. Afterwards he sees him at the door, with his hand outstretched on the latch.

Received 489

Matt. 6:2, 5. Concerning those who gave alms publicly for the applause of men, Matthew says, "They have their reward." So the King James Version—the Revision makes it a little more emphatic, "They have received their reward." In the papyri the same word is commonly used in business transactions to denote that the persons had been given a receipt in full for what was due them and nothing more was to be expected. The almsgivers had received the price they had desired and their account was closed.

Prof. Milligan of Glasgow, gives two instances of sidelights on Scripture from the rubbish heaps of Egypt:

Playing Truant 490

2 Thess. 3:11. The word "disorderly," applied to the Thessalonians is discovered, in a letter written by a father about his son's apprenticeship, to bear the meaning "play truant." The Thessalonians expected the early coming of our Lord, and were neglecting the ordinary business of life. Paul says, "Don't play truant; don't neglect your

ordinary work. The Christian who is most faithful to his daily duty is best prepared for Christ's coming."

Placarded 491

Gal. 3:1. Paul tells the Galatians that before their "eyes Jesus Christ was openly set forth crucified." The "openly" of the Revision is a stronger expression than the "evidently" of the King James Version. It also better carries out the picture of the original word.

Prof. Milligan says: A parallel is found in the letter of a father whose son has fallen into debt, and who warns his neighbors that he will not be responsible for the sums expended by the young prodigal. He asks that this notice be "placarded up" in a public place. The word is that used by the apostle. He means that Jesus Christ is placarded up so that none can fail to see and understand.

Open Handed 492

1 Tim. 6:18. In the charge which Paul would have Timothy give to his rich parishioners, he advises that "they be ready to distribute," evidently goods or coin to their poorer neighbors. Moffatt and Weymouth translate it "open handed." But one commentator says that the Greek word implies "glad to see the collector."

Anchor-lifting 493

2 Tim. 4:6. Bishop H. W. Warren once wrote some verses upon "Paul's Anchor-lifting," basing them upon the Greek word which Paul uses here for departure, an echo of his many voyages back and forth over the Mediterranean. This word in Homer's Odyssey and elsewhere means "loosing the cables or lifting the anchor for putting out to sea."

Self-willed 494

Titus 1:7. Zion's Herald calls the attention, even of district superintendents or bishops, to Weymouth's translation of "self-willed" in Titus 1:7. It is "Not over fond of having his own way." The Herald's editor comments: "Paul was a great man."

My Twenty-First Year

Rev. Dr. Richard H. K. Gill, of Jarrettsville, Maryland, writes: "This is my twenty-first year as a reader of *The Expositor* and during all that time I have considered it the most helpful that comes into my study."

* * *

Rev. Joseph M. Harrell, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of East Wareham, Mass., says: "It seems to me that *The Expositor* is growing better with every number. I prize its suggestions more than those of any other homiletical magazine, and I have three or four others coming to my desk."

Worth Many Times

Rev. S. M. Engle, Lake City, Florida, writes: "The January number of *The Expositor* has been to me the best copy that has come to my desk in years. This copy is worth many times my annual subscription price. God speed you for 1923."

Radio-Active Illustrations for Sermons

REV. B. F. GERARD, D.D., New York

Radio Kinship 495

Luke 10:29. "Who is my neighbor?" Mark 12:33. "To love his neighbor as himself."

A visitor to one of our newspaper offices described the effect the possession and use of radio was having upon him and his family. Like most Americans who have traveled some and read a good deal he and his had a general notion of the land in which they live, of its cities and states and people. But now he said that to him Boston has become not a distant city, but a place from which direct evidence comes to his home of things that people are doing and saying that are of deep interest. Pittsburgh, Chicago, Iowa even, have of late had something to say to his home folk right in the home that has been a subject of discussion. There is a sense of actual neighborliness, a sense of belonging to the same wide community which was never experienced before.

This is typical of an influence which is unquestionably going to develop as radio becomes more and more an equipment throughout the land. It will exert an influence, and this influence will be sure to widen the interests of our people in one another; sure to extend the frontiers of personal environment to a degree never before possible.

Radio kinship is a social factor that has come so suddenly that it is likely to affect the social product almost before its force is truly estimated. And it is to be a force for unity of understanding and unity of interest.—H.

Radio, Electricity and Prayer 496

2 Thess. 3:1. "Brethren, pray for us."

In radio and electricity can be found exceedingly suggestive illustrations on prayer. Dr. Northcote Deck, F. R. G. S., of Aola, Solomon Islands, says, "I believe that your prayers can make our prayers specially cogent and powerful. It is an accepted fact that the effectual preaching of the Gospel owes its convincing effect largely to the concentrated prayers of many saints. So, many prayers, focused on a preacher, give his words and preaching ministry a supernatural and extraordinary power not his own. Yet, though not generally realized, this is even more true of the prayer ministry of the one prayed for. There is cumulative effect in prayer. To produce an electric spark, a low tension current of electricity is passed through a 'coil,' and induces in the coil a high tension current of greater intensity, which is used to flame out and set on fire the gas of the ordinary motor car. The low tension current is thus concentrated, focused, as it were, to produce in the instrument, a flaming spark. Many prayers, so focused on one life (as is often the great privilege of the missionary or preacher), may re-issue from his life in prayers of greater intensity, which will be able to set on fire many hearts, and be greatly used of God.

"I believe this cumulative intensive effect is true of all who are much prayed for. In this

compound ministry each has his own appointed function. But as it is only the 'low tension' prayers of many saints focused on one life which make possible the 'high tension' preaching which is 'mighty' to the conversion of many souls, even so it is only similar prayers, focused on one life which make possible the 'high tension' prayers which set hearts and villages afire. Thus, each supplies the lack of the other, another blessed instance of that compacting of the body of Christ, which 'every joint supplieth.' Only so can we explain the many wonderful and circumstantial answers to our poor prayers on subjects quite unknown to the church at home which constantly rejoice our hearts, and send us afresh to our knees.

"So, when you seek God's face for us, above all ask that we may be enabled to pray and to go on praying. You can ask nothing more profitable, more potent. Pray that the Spirit may so store our hearts with blessed urgings and 'groanings which cannot be uttered' that relief must be found in persistent, unwearying prayer."

Without Wires 497

Joshua 24:15. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Marconi some years ago startled the world by creating the wireless, a method of transporting messages through the air without the use of wires, as had been the custom prior to that time. These messages were transmitted from one base to another by the use of large antennae at these points. Improbable! Impossible! And yet today, through the same persistent study and research of Marconi and others we have not only the wireless to transmit messages in code, but the radio, which carries sound the same as a telephone, and one can sit in his home at night and be entertained by a musician or singer miles away, via the radiophone. One who cannot get out to church may stay at home and still hear his pastor's sermon.

Every day things of this type are happening. Every day we see vast improvements on our present-day mode of living. Science has reached such a pinnacle of authority that it can even govern the lives of people. There are machines to detect when a man tells the truth! There are delicate instruments that show the beats of the heart. There are instruments that can send revivifying oxygen into our lungs after we have lost the power of breathing.

Yet there are no machines which can direct our will. No machines to decide for us what our ambition shall be. That is up to us. And it must be without help. No wire, no mechanism. The ambition and success for each person depend entirely upon him or her. Nothing can help one. Each must decide. There is a chance for you to show the world some new method of radio wireless mechanism, etc., but this must be done in your mind, without help—without wires.—T.L. Medford

Luke 19:20. "Which I kept laid up in a napkin."

One lady who recently exercised the franchise for the first time came home in a great state of satisfaction. "Well," said her husband, "you've got your vote at last." "Yes," said the lady, throwing her ballot paper on the table, "there it is." "But," said her amazed husband, "why didn't you put it in the ballot box?" "Put it in the ballot box!" she retorted. "You don't suppose that now I've got it I'm going to let it go, do you? I'm going to have it framed." Preachers will see a good illustration of the "pound wrapped in a napkin."—*Christian Herald*.

Christ's Representative

499

Acts 10:38. "Who went about doing good."

A friendless lad, who had known nothing but unkindness and want throughout his life, lay ill with fever in the hospital. He was visited by a gentleman who brought him medicine and food and fruit. The child was silent for a time as he watched the visitor move around the room, then he asked: "Sir, are you Jesus?"

That poor lad's question may sound ignorant to you and me, but what a beautiful thing to be asked! And, after all, it was the spirit of Jesus that was working through that gentleman. Dear

friend, could anyone mistake you for Jesus? Are you so kind, so gentle, so loving that you bear the likeness of Him who "went about doing good?"

Joy Wedded to Consecration

500

2 Chron. 29:27. "And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also."

Here is a guiding sentence from the Word of God, a good text for a sermon, "And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also." The song began with the sacrifice. Joy is wedded to consecration. When life becomes sacrificial, song is awakened in the soul. This is a part of the divine plan for the children of men. Song breaks out in service. There are motor cars fitted with electric light, but the light is conditioned upon movement. The car generates the power as it runs; a long stop and the light goes out. Joy dies out when we are idle. We generate it as we serve. We begin to sing the song of the Lord when we spend ourselves in the labor of his kingdom. Let us take up some bit of work—the personal care of somebody else, or some service in the city, or some kind of interest among needy people far away. Let us take up the yoke of the Lord Jesus and draw our share of the world's burden, and so "enter into the joy of the Lord."—*Rev. John Henry Jowett, D.D.*

Homiletical Illustrations

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN, Sharon, Pa.

When Titles Cease

501

Acts 10:34. "God is no respecter of persons."

When the late Francis Joseph was buried his body was taken to the gates of the Capuchin monastery where the procession was halted by a challenging voice from the other side, crying:

"Who is there?"

A functionary of the court answered:

"His Most Serene Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph."

The challenger answered: "I know him not."

He repeated: "Who is there?"

The court functionary replied:

"The Emperor of Austria and the Apostolic King of Hungary."

Again the challenger within the crypt called:

"I know him not, who is there?"

Upon receiving this third challenge the court representative called:

"A sinful man, our brother, Francis Joseph."

Thereupon the gates were opened and the body received.

Titles cease when we stand before the gates of heaven. There kings and queens are not recognized as kings and queens but only as righteous men and women who have repented of their sins and who are petitioning the grace of forgiveness. In the eyes of God there are no privileged classes. Bishops and Kaisers, statesmen and stevedores, bootblacks and poets, senators and potentates, high and low, rich and poor have an equal chance. In the last analysis character counts. God in the life is more than gold in the pocket. Manhood in

action means more than money in the bank. Character in daily dealing is more potent than cash in the possession.

What God Sees

502

1 Samuel 16:7. "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Many a body living in an alley has a soul living in a palace. Many a body living in a palace has a soul living in an alley. In the tropics are flowers beautiful to look upon but poisonous to the touch. The apple may be roseate on the surface but putrid at the core. The peach may have a healthy look on the cheek but be sick at the pit. Gold may be crusted with dirt and yet be pure gold. Brass may shine like a mirror and yet be base metal. There are pieces of glass that may look like diamonds and there are diamonds in the rough that look unpromising. There are fair women in the drawing room who have the disposition to deceive and the power to wreck human life. There are homely women in the poor man's hut who are the slaves of toil and poverty but who are the veritable daughters of God. If we would have masterpiece lives without we must have masterpiece lives within. Clothes do not always make the man. The book cannot be judged by its cover. All is not gold that glitters.

Heart Thoughts

503

Proverbs 23:7. "For as he thinketh in his heart so is he." It is the heart-thought that counts. A

right heart creates a right life. "Lydia," said a woman, opening her neighbor's door, "put on your bonnet and come; they say there is a tall angel on the village green measuring the moral standards of the people." They found a large crowd gathered around the angel with the measuring rod. Dr. Blank was being measured. He was a wealthy man. He had given a fountain to the village with his name as donor writ large where everybody could see it. He was the leading light in the local church. His prayers were verbal incense. His prayer-meeting talks were literary masterpieces. His gifts here and there were prodigal. What everybody thought about Dr. Blank, including himself, would fill a large volume. But as he stood beneath the rod he was seen to diminish. He grew smaller and smaller. Finally he grew so small and so confused that he turned and fled the scene. One after another went up with varying fortunes. The name of Anne Jones was called. Anne was a veritable Tabitha in the community. She never let her right hand know what her left hand was doing. Very few, only those who were sick and in need and God who sees all, knew. Reluctantly Anne Jones took her place beneath the measuring rod. As she stood there she was seen to increase in stature. Taller and taller did she become until she reached the full measure of the standard. She was the greatest of them all. She was great among them because she was their minister. Her heart was right even if her prestige was humble. Her soul was beautiful even if her hands were calloused. Her character was right even if her social status was nil.

Keeping the Heart 504
Proverbs 4:23. "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." Nathaniel Hawthorne has given us a story entitled "Earth's Holocaust." It is the tale of some men and women who had become weary of their foibles and follies and who had decided to be rid of their foolishness and fripperies. They determined to make an end of them by burning. A great mountain of useless and silly possessions was lighted. The flames and smoke of them rose to the sky. There were present a number of reprobates, sad of countenance, now that their business was gone. Satan himself came to comfort these. "Be not cast down, my peers," he said, "there is one thing these wiseacres have forgotten." "What is that." they all shouted. "Why, the human heart; unless they hit upon some trick of purifying that foul thing it will soon be the same old world again." A changed heart makes a changed person. We will change the world when we have changed persons. "The soul of every reform is the reform of the soul," said Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Healing the World's Heart 505
 The year 1897 marked the first successful operation on the human heart. "The path to the human heart is one inch long but it took surgery twenty-four hundred years to find it," said one of the doctors who was present. In the interim the medical world has done some remarkable things. One day it healed a sick heart. The church has and is doing some wonderful things. Some day it shall present to God the healed heart of the world, free from sin and error, without spot or blemish.

THE HOMILETIC YEAR — May

MOTHER'S DAY MEMORIAL DAY

Mother's Day

Between Easter and Children's Day, how appropriate to have a Mother's Memorial Day! Mother's Day is observed among many people all over the world, and in the literature of many languages.

The memory flower is the white carnation, a fitting emblem of the purity of motherhood. These fragrant beauties adorn home, persons, churches, places of amusement, stores, clubrooms and even spread to prisons on this sacred day.

Suggestive Texts and Themes 506

The Possibilities of Motherhood: "The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies," etc. Prov. 31:10-31.

Our Debt to Motherhood: "Render, therefore, to all their dues, . . . honor to whom honor," etc. Rom. 13:7.

The Wise Son: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. 15:20.

An Utter Folly: "A foolish man despiseth his mother." Prov. 1:18.

Love to Parents: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." 1 Kings 19:20.

The Law of Thy Mother: "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. 6:20.

A Divine Command: "For God commanded saying, Honor thy father and mother." Matt. 15:4.

Family Devotion: "Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given men." Isa. 8:18.

Jesus' Mother: "Is not his mother called Mary?" Matt. 13:55.

A Mother's Thoughts: "But his mother kept these sayings and pondered them in her heart." Luke 2:51.

The Mother's Cross: "His mother stood by the cross." John 19:25.

A Christian Mother: "Salute Rufus and his mother." Rom. 16:13.

A Mother's Care: "And he delivered him to his mother." Luke 7:15.

A Mother's Hurt: "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Prov. 10:1.

The Blessing Omitted: "There is a generation that curseth their father, and doth not bless their mother." Prov. 30:11.

A Good Mother: "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded in thee also." 2 Tim. 1:5.

A Mother's Comfort: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee." Isa. 66:13.

Great Themes 507

The love of God for the world and the love of a mother for her child are among the greatest themes which have employed the pen and brush through the ages of the past. And yet today no greater theme has been found. The world's most majestic music, most heart-stirring verse, most enduring prose and highest art, center in the theme of love. Changeless love is invariably typified by the God-love and the mother-love.

The reason the Madonnas still hold us with their power is that the shadows of God-love and mother-love mingle there as nowhere else, except it be in the Madonna faces of the mothers whom we meet now and again. For there are faces which today show a mingling of these two strongest of loves.

To Bear, To Rear, To Nurse, To Lose 508

"To bear, to rear, to nurse, to lose," is the common lot of the mother. Those who are dearer to her than life itself must, in the very nature of things be given up and pass on and out to make their own way in the world. But they never drift beyond the boundaries of mother's love. Wherever they go, with them goes that wonderful, enveloping, unquenchable love, unremitting, unchanging. But behind them too often they leave the life of the mother filled with emptiness and an unsatisfied yearning because of love never displayed, and of lack of letters or messages from the busy, forgetful absent ones. And yet, it is a statement not to be doubted, that no man or woman is too poor or too busy to remember mother.—J. A. Stewart.

The Silver Light 509

One of Goethe's tales is of a rude fisherman's hut which was changed to silver by the setting in it of a little silver lamp. The logs of which the hut was built, its doors, its roof, its furniture—all were changed to silver by this magic lamp. The story illustrates what takes place in the home when Christ comes into it. Everything after that is different. The outward conditions and circumstances may be the same, but they shine now with a new beauty.

The Mother's Version 510

Two Sunday School boys were talking about the various versions of the Bible. One of them said, "I think I like the King James version best." The other answered, "I like mother's version

best;" and then he explained that his mother read and explained the Bible to him every day, putting it so plainly that a boy could not misunderstand it. Would that all mothers did that!

Memory of Motherhood 511

The heaven that lies about us in our infancy is Motherhood, and no matter how exalted or how depraved we may become we are always attended by the grace of a mother's love. Nor does that vision splendid ever fade into the light of common day. Every great man has glorified a great mother.

In the tragedy of Calvary it is beautiful to see the Master looking down upon his mother in tenderest solicitude, telling her to comfort his best-loved disciple, and him to comfort her.

On this day let each of us honor the hallowed memory of his mother, wearing in token thereof the floral symbol of purity. Of their blessings we may have had great stores, but of that most precious influence there was but one.—James Whitcomb Riley.

Home or Club? 512

It is a question whether the home is not going gradually out of existence—whether the old song will not be revised to suit the times: "Club, club, sweet, sweet club, Be it ever so clubby there's no place like the club." The blessed people who live in the country and in country towns will continue to have homes. The young women there can not be shop-girls and stenographers, and quasi-literary folks. They learn the art of home-making, as their mothers did before them. But in the cities few young women know anything about it, excepting the servant girls, and their habit is to take their revenge on the nearest victims, because they, too, can not be saleswomen or clerks, nor make their living by writing poems on snow and spring—take their revenge by nicking or smashing the china and pitching good food, or food which would be good if they did not spoil it, into the slop-pail. There is no mistaking the serious fact that the home is declining in the cities. But with its decline, everything that is socially wholesome declines. The only remedy we can think of is for the young men to go to the country for their wives. That would ensure them good help-meets, and it would start the fashion for city girls to learn housekeeping.

A Mother's Influence 513

Thomas Gray, author of "The Elegy in a Country Church Yard," had written on his mother's tomb the inscription, "The careful tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." This touchingly beautiful sentiment will awaken a filial throb in many hearts. Gray's body rests beside his mother.

Mother's Day 514

Mother! What a wealth
Of tender love and service
This simple word suggests.
Her days and nights are

(Continued on page 957)

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the message of

The CHRISTIAN CENTURY

“THE greatest journalistic force working for social and international righteousness coming from any press of the Christian Church”—so writes Bishop Francis J. McConnell, concerning The Christian Century. “The ablest and most influential religious paper in America,” says the Westminster Gazette (London), of this journal of religion. “The most discussed religious periodical in America”—comes from many sources. Thus The Christian Century is regarded throughout the English-speaking world as the voice of the awakening social conscience in twentieth century Christianity. It has taken a unique position as the journalistic common denominator of American Christian leadership.

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(See following pages)

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- Does the Earth and its Resources Belong to Those Who "Grab First?"*
- Is Competition in Business Justifiable from a Christian Viewpoint?*
- Does the Principle of Competition in Business Really Bring Peace and Prosperity?*
- Are Profits the Legitimate First Concern of Industry?*
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JOHN S. CARLILE.

Forest Hill Presbyterian Church,
Newark, N. J.

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THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY PRESS

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CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from page 952)

Ever filled with thoughts of others,
Regardless of the cost to herself in
Sacrifice or toil or pain.

Dearest of all earthly friends,
Acknowledged queen of the home,
Years can but enhance our love and
memory of thee!

—Fred Scott Shephard.

Mother's Lasting Love 515

In a beautiful poem on motherhood, Dr. F. Watson Hannan writes:

"Her love outlasts all other human love,
Her faith endures the longest, hardest test,
Her grace and patience through a lifetime prove
That she's a friend, the noblest and the best."

Primary Blackboard Motto 516

Mindful of Mother
Obedient to Mother
Thankful for Mother
Help Mother
Encourage Mother
Reverence Mother.

Mothers Make Preachers 517

When young Matthew Simpson tremblingly broke the news to his widowed mother that he felt called to preach, which would necessitate his leaving the home, she exclaimed with tears of joy, "Oh, my son, I have prayed for this hour every day since you were born. At that time, we dedicated you to the Christian ministry."

Campbell Morgan says, "My dedication to the preaching of the word was maternal. Mother never told it to the baby or the boy, but waited. When but eight years old I preached to my little sister and to her dolls arrayed in orderly form before me. My sermons were Bible stories which I had first heard from my mother."

Mother 518

I know not where in all this world I'd find
Another half so precious or so dear,
Or one whose love would hold so firm and kind
Throughout the changing fortunes of each
year.

In all my life I can not hope to pay
That priceless debt of faithful loyalty;

I ask no sweeter bondage than to stay
A debtor to her precious love for me.

For it I'd yield the honor men confer,
For it I'd give all wealth and eminence,

And all I have I humbly offer her—
My deepest love and truest reverence.

I know none other I could so enshrine
Within my heart, save her—that mother mine.

—M. P. Little.

The Home Test 519

The great French writer, Anatole France, was when a boy an admirer of St. Simeon Stylites, who lived for years on top of a high pillar. So the boy thought he would imitate him and took his stand on a chair placed on top of the kitchen table. The family, however, soon put an end to his plan, and

he learned that it is very difficult to be a saint at home!

Without Mother! 520

The lines of Marie Galbraith are full of pathos as they speak from heart to heart of the loneliness of the life and the emptiness of the home "Without Mother":

"It's awful lonesome at our house

'Thout mother;

It's just as quiet as a mouse

'Thout mother.

An' father looks so lonely there

Of evenin's, sittin' in his chair;

It just ain't cheerful anywhere

'Thout mother!

"It's awful hard to get along

'Thout mother;

It seems that everything goes wrong

'Thout mother.

'Course, father does the best he can;

But then, you know, he's just a man,

An' don't know how to fix an' plan

Like mother.

"Seems like I don't enjoy my play

'Thout mother;

Things just get worsen every day

'Thout mother!

There's no one now to mend my doll,

Nobody's sorry when I fall—

O, home just ain't no place at all

'Thout mother!

"But father says we must be brave

'Thout mother,

'Cause him an' me, we only have

One 'nother.

An' if we're brave, an' strong, an' true,

An' good, just like she told us to,

We'll go up home, when life is through,

To mother!"

Mother's life leaves a shining trail which leads many a child in the homeward way, and guides him to the city of the living God. Though now for a season "without mother," yet, "when life is through," he may cherish the exalted hope of going "up home" to mother.

You can use the above poem in your Mother's Day program.

Mother and Home 521

A London magazine once asked its readers to define "home," and received eight hundred replies. Here are some of the best: "Home—a world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in." "Home—the place where the small are great and the great all." "Home—the father's kingdom, the mother's world, and the child's paradise." "Home—the place where we grumble the most and are treated the best." "Home—the place where our stomachs get three square meals daily and our hearts a thousand."

A Boy's Mother 522

James Whitcomb Riley's verses can well be used on "Mother's Day."

My mother, she's so good to me!
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or mad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
And what's the funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt; but it hurts me to see
Her cryin'—nen I cry, an' nen
We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak and Sunday clo'es;
An' when my pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my pa,
An' love him put' nigh much as ma.

Mother-Heart 523

O mother-heart with aching throb,
With your endless watch, your thankless job;
How rollicking sweet your laughter skips
To the bubbling song from a baby's lips;
How sturdy the beat of a sterner charm
That shelters the whole world from harm,
All barbed and aching and still you yearn—
I sing my verses that men may learn
How small your pay, how gallant your part—
Valiant, unconquered, mother-heart.

—Jane Burr.

"I Love You, Mother" 524

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"Today I'll help you all I can;"
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?
(Try this for a Mother's Day recitation.)

Mother and Homeland 525

Gold to the east of us,
Gold to the west;
But the gold in the home land's
The brightest and best!
The skies there are bluer,
The hearts there are truer,
The trials there are fewer;
The home land's the best!

Gold to the left of us,
Gold to the right;
But the gold in the home land's
The gold of delight!
Is it joy? You will meet her.
Is it fortune? You will meet her.
Is it love? There love's sweeter—
The home land's the best!

—Frank L. Stanton.

In Life's Garden 526

Out in Life's Garden, where sympathy grew,
God planted a soul—'twas the soul o' you.
Life's wonderful garden, Love seeking went
through
'Till he found a heart—'twas the heart o' you.

I have sought thru life's garden of roses and rue
And I find one sweet blossom, all jeweled with
dew—
Love, sympathy, faith—all changing and true—
Are the heart of my flower—dear mother, 'tis
you.

—F. J. S.

Mothers Build the City of God 527

"Most of the stones out of which the City of
God is built, and all of the best of them, are made
by mothers," said Henry Drummond.

Life Without Mother 528

Precious beyond the power of words to express
and tearfully tender are the memories awakened
on Mother's Day. Many may have been the
years since we sat by her side and listened to her
voice; yet, as we hastily live life over again, it
seems but yesterday that she was ministering to
our needs and anxiously caring for our comfort.
But what a large share of our lives seems to have
gone with the departure of mother!

"The world is such a different place
When mother dies!
We miss the dear, familiar face,"
The love-lit eyes,
The heart that never showed a trace
Of enmity.

"Our little helpless baby ways
Were mother's pride;
In all our childhood's griefs and plays
She was our guide;
Her sympathy in 'grown-up' days
Was deep and wide.

"Though there are others in our lives
Still with us here,
Brothers or sisters, husbands, wives

Or children dear;
Yet when in Heaven she arrives,
On earth it's drear.

"There's nothing ever can efface
Her memory.
She's resting now in God's embrace
Beyond the skies.
The world is such a lonesome place
When mother dies!"

—W. J. Hart, D.D.

MEMORIAL DAY

On Memorial Day we pay tribute to the soldiers of our land, the brave men who in times of stress and trouble have come to the aid of their country. We honor the graves of those who have passed on; we bow before the living. White-haired veterans, passing down the street in faltering columns, receive our reverent applause. Younger men, in khaki, are cheered. And as the flag goes by we stand at attention—remembering suddenly all that it has stood for through the years. Remembering—and dreaming of all that it will stand for in the years to come! The music of a regimental band brings the hot tears to some eyes—it makes some heads lift with pride.

Memorial Day—it has come to be a national symbol to most of us. It has come to have a meaning deeper and sweeter and more sincere than the mere matter of bestowing flowers and words of praise—of beautifying that silent bit of green that has been called "God's Acre." It stands for sacrifice, for the romance of bravery. It stands for giving—giving gladly and honestly, and without stint. It stands for freedom and—in the last analysis—for peace.

The Men We Honor 529

These were the men
Whose hardy sinews, stiffening into steel,
Grappling with the enemies of State,
Made this nation free;
Laid sure foundation of the Commonweal!
When we forget them, when we cease to feel
Their greatness and their glory, we are lost.
Silence the bells! Or ring a funeral peal—
We are no longer worth the blood we cost.

An Episode of Memorial Day 530

There was the usual parade of soldiers, school children and civic organizations. A pathetic little group of G. A. R. men rode in automobiles. A larger group wore the insignia of the Spanish War Veterans. The American Legion had two companies in line of march and as they swung along one was conscious of the latent power and reserve strength of these latest defenders of democracy. As these now are, the groups ahead of us were.

An ex-"Y" man, now a resident pastor, had been asked to "say a little prayer" at each of the soldier graves. There was a principal service in each cemetery; salutes were fired, prayer offered and taps sounded—a second bugler in the near

distance responding as though from the spirit land itself.

Then began the round of "little services" at the forty or more individual graves. Expectant relatives and friends were waiting at each and nearby visitors quickly joined. The little prayers were heard in reverent silence and the flowers put in place in a stillness broken only by the droning of an aeroplane high overhead from which flowers were being dropped.

The last name on the lists was reached, the service held and the names checked off. The commander dismissed the men with a word of commendation. The officers and acting chaplain were all that remained. One went into the cemetery office for a final word with the man in charge. He soon comes back with a peculiar look on his face.

"Say, fellows, they tell me that the 'poor boob' that was shot by that murderer in Chicago is buried out here. He was an ex-service man. Let's decorate his grave."

"What's his name."

"Nobody knows."

As the place is approached some one says: "Give him a couple of words, Reverend."

There were no waiting friends at that grave, no flowers from the sky. The preacher and the four others faced each other across the grave of the nameless victim of an assassin's bullet, the prayer was offered and the flowers placed upon the grave. On the way home the men decided to have their post care for the grave through the coming years. Thus the nameless soldier has found a home in the hearts of the American Legion, as we trust his soul has found a place in the Father's house.

American Cemeteries in France 531

On the 21st of last July a party of nine of us left Paris by train en route to Chateau-Thierry. There we were met by carry-alls and driven over miles of beautiful country. It was a glorious day! The sky was a wonderful blue! The sun shone on acres of wheat-fields with scarlet poppies bobbing up everywhere. In the distance could be seen the picturesque little hamlet of Belleau Wood. Except for an occasional ruin it was hard to realize that any fighting had ever taken place in that section.

Soon we came to the American cemetery. As we stood in the center, by the tall white pole from which the stars and stripes were flying, and looked about us at the two thousand seven hundred white crosses gleaming in the sun, we were much impressed with the simplicity and the beauty of the spot and the silence over all.

We visited the hostess house kept by an American ex-soldier and his wife. There we found a complete registry of the graves, also views of the cemetery for sale.

A few days later we visited the much larger cemetery of St. Mihiel. Here we found over four thousand graves all beautifully cared for.

We visited one other cemetery, a very small one, seventeen kilometers from Verdun, near the little village of Senoncourt. Way up on a hill, surrounded by rolling country, we found, perhaps,

two hundred graves. Each grave was marked with a white cross.

Altogether we could find no more beautiful or fitting spots than those selected as the final resting places of those who gave their all.—*Helen Robins.*

Memorial Day

532

To all the heart-wounds touched afresh today,
As on the Soldier's resting place we lay
Thy flowers, Christ, in tender memory,
Give healing Thou,
This eventide.

And for the sorrowing ones who yet remain,
To whom the heart-break and the bitter pain
Come like the memory of an old song's sad
refrain,
Have pity Thou,
This eventide.

For all the losses of the lonely years
For all the weight of shed and unshed tears,
For all forebodings, and all coming fears,
Give quietness,
This eventide.

By all the flower of youth in battle slain,
By all the woman's heritage of pain;
The prayer that it may not have been in vain,
We leave with Thee,
This eventide.

—*Emerette H. Dunning.*

Memorial Day and the G. A. R.

533

Memorial Day has proved a deep-rooted and expanding institution. From the beginning it was not only the memories of the soldiers in the graves of the North that were kept green, but also those who rest in National cemeteries of the South. The sacred duty has been performed of dropping a blossom and a sympathetic tear on Memorial Day on the graves of the 260,000 Federal dead who sleep on southern soil and of teaching the lesson of patriotism associated with them to people in the South. The graves of the Confederate dead have also been shrines of devotion, and of loving kindred spirits, brought together by the elimination of sectionalism under the tender influence of the holy, helpful Memorial Day.

As their numbers have grown less and the sacred mounds multiply with each passing year the Grand Army has wisely looked to the children for aid in its observance. On each recurring Memorial Day the pleasant sight is witnessed of the children of the land gathering from field and garden flowers for the graves of heroes.

Across the Broken Years

534

Across the broken years they come,
With heads held proudly high—
The heroes we have sent to war,
To fight, and strive and die.
Across the trampled centuries,
Their weary eyes a-light,
They blaze a trail of blood and tears,
That always will be bright.

Across the battle-fields they come,
Where star white daisies grow;
Across the highest mountain peaks,
Crowned with eternal snow.
Across the prairies and the plains,
They ford each river bed,
The army of the fearless ones,
Who went where honor led.

Along the world old trails they come,
Along the newmade ways,
Forgetting every sacrifice,
And all their yesterdays.
Their hands are raised to grip a flag,
They march to victory,
And in their wake—the ones who try,
Just folk like you and me!

—*Margaret E. Sangster*

Good Soldiers

535

We read that of the many soldiers slain in a certain battle, only two were found wounded in the back. Standing in the ranks, they fell fighting, with the exception of these two cravens, whose valor was not sufficient to prevent their retreating in the fight. How much more noble the end of the brave, unshrinking patriots than that of the cravens to their country! Of those who fall in the battles of the Lord how many are there who fall as deserters from the ranks! To turn the back in the day of battle is no mark of the true soldier of the Cross.—*W. M. Punshon.*

The Tie of Comradeship

536

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers
And true lovers' knots I ween;
The boy and girl are bound by a kiss,
But there is never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen."

Soldiers of the Commonplace

537

Here is a good theme for your Memorial Sunday sermon.

If we could only think of every day as a Memorial Day! If we could only think of those people that we meet casually; in office, in class-room, in home, as soldiers to be honored. If we could only remember that flowers are not only for the dead—that they belong to the living who, better than those who have gone on, can appreciate the color and the fragrance of them. If we could only remember that patriotism and bravery and splendid deeds are happening every moment, all about us. If we could only realize these things, what a wonderful world we would live in!

There are so many gallant people in the unromantic places, in the drab spots of the earth. Living along as best they may, never definitely encountering a battle that will stand out in history, or winning a great victory. So many men and women who have never worn a uniform or carried a musket. There are soldiers everywhere. Some of them have fought their battles and some of them are still fighting.

I have known girls, working in offices, who

carried the problems of a large family upon their slender shoulders. They have been the chief breadwinners; going without luxuries and pleasures that the ones they loved might not suffer. I have known business men seemingly without character or vivid personality. And these men have slaved uncomplainingly to send daughters through normal school and sons to college. They have paid off mortgages—going without lunch to do it—and have carried large life insurance policies, so that, in case of casualty, their people might not suffer. They are soldiers; not the great generals who wear gold braid and ride prancing horses, but the privates who trudge muddily along in the rear and go over the top when the call to action comes!

So many soldiers: The teachers in every school who are earnestly trying to give knowledge to the children who are placed in their care, the doctors and the nurses who battle with disease and pestilence, the modern knights who have laid down their lives in the interest of health and science. There are pastors who, often underpaid and only half appreciated, go through life preaching the word of God and the teachings of his only begotten

Son. There are lecturers, settlement workers, missionaries; there are students, singers, artists in every line of work; there are philanthropists; and those good servants of the public—policemen, firemen, postmen! All these, and ever so many more are soldiers. Soldiers who have never, perhaps, fought in the crimson welter of a battlefield. And yet who struggle, all through life, with unseen forces and intangible foes. Soldiers everywhere!

Often these soldiers of the commonplace go through life with never a flower flung in their way—with never a gay flag unfurled at their approach. Often they live and die, unrecognized and unsung. Their being in the world makes no especial ripple upon the surface—their going leaves everything apparently untouched. Their wars have been silent things—with never a drop of blood spilled, and never a trench line to conquer. And so, because to all outward semblance they are unimportant, we accept them as we accept the fragments of life with which we are most familiar—the grass and the trees and the blue sky overhead. We do not even glorify them once a year.—*M. E. S.*

Sermon Subjects for Mother's Day

WILLIAM J. HART, D.D., SANDY CREEK, N. Y.

What do we preachers talk about on Mother's Day? The popularity of this day is indicated by the fact that three-quarters of the ministers who announced their subjects in the newspapers in several cities in the Empire State treated the general aspects of the observance of Mother's Day at one of their services, and many did so both morning and evening.

The writer purchased the newspapers published in various cities on the Saturday preceding Mother's Day in order to gather an idea of the subjects announced. Many of these, coming from different denominations, are here given:

"The Godly Mother;" "Mother's Message;" "Mother-love and God's Love;" "The Glory of Motherhood;" "Mothers of Civilization;" "The Backbone of the Nation;" "Your Mother;" "Great Mothers;" "The Legacy to American Womanhood;" "Mothers the Molders of Men, and Consequently of Nations;" "Ideal Motherhood;" "The Mother Heart;" "The Big Mission of Mothers;" "Game to the Last;" "Mary, the Mother of Jesus;" "A Mother's Day Message to Flappers;" "A Boy's Greatest Inheritance;" "A Model Mother;" "Mother's Blessed Memories;" "The Mother and the Home;" "The Handicap of Motherhood;" "Honor Thy Mother;" "Motherhood's Contribution to the World;" "A Family Religion;" "The Secret of an Effective Life;" "A Faithful Mother;" "Thy Mother;" "The Service of Love;" "All Honor to Mother;" "The Faith of Our Mothers;" "A Mother's Heart;" "Mortals and Immortals;" "Motherhood As a Divine Calling;" "Reverence for Mothers;" "My Mother's Song;" "Seeing Mother" (this was used by a pastor who is blind); "A Messenger of God;"

"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle;" "Behold, Thy Mother;" "Mothers and Daughters;" "A Mother and Her Prayer;" "How Has Time Modified the Spartan Mother's Slogan?" "The Hands of Mother;" "Our Lord's Mother;" "Service With a Smile;" "The Coat She Made;" "Motherhood and World Progress;" "Mother of Mine;" "Women of Tomorrow;" "Not Weary in Well-doing."

This list is of subjects actually used, not one of suggested topics. In some cases one can guess the text; but in others he is left more or less in doubt. It is quite evident that the personal element plays a large part in sermons on Mother's Day and that preachers draw very largely on their own experience. Large congregations are the rule on the day and the pulpit has a great opportunity.

"HELP WANTED"

A mimeographed calendar from Riverside Baptist Church, Miami, Florida, has a notice, "Help Wanted—Male," and "Help Wanted—Female." Under these headings is a call for 50 young men and 50 young women to join organized classes in the church school.

AN AUSTRALIAN INVITATION

"Men! Husbands! Fathers! Sons! Brothers! Boys!" That is what you find on the cover of a four-page invitation from Rev. Thomas Haggart. On the inside is "the reason." He says, "All come and bring your mates. It is especially for Men, but Interesting to All. Address on "Can a Young Man Trust His Bible?" by Thos. Haggart. Singing by Male Choir. Be sure to be there."



The Pastor and His Young People



BOOKS TO RECOMMEND

Buried Cities

By Jennie Hall

\$2.00 The Macmillan Co., New York.

Jungle Tales

By Howard Anderson Musser

\$1.50 George H. Doran Co., New York.

The first book, "Buried Cities," fits into the excitement aroused by daily paper stories concerning sealed Egyptian tombs and mummied Pharaohs, though these cities are Italian and Grecian. In connection with the account of Olympia is a story of the visit of a Greek boy to the famous Olympic games, which will interest American boys. The book is profusely and artistically illustrated.

"Jungle Tales" is the story of the adventures in India of a Methodist missionary who was a crack shot when hunting rabbits in Ohio, and a star "sprinter" in college. He found both accomplishments of great value in India, only he shot tigers and leopards, and saved lives, and caught wild boys there. Every boy—and all girls—will be fascinated by these startling adventures of Dr. Musser's.

On Tireless Wings

Some people travel far and wide;

I stay right here at home.

With wings of thought my only steed,
Through distant lands I roam.

I've been to visit Babylon—

In thought, you understand;

I've seen the Sphinx and Pyramids,
And almost every land.

I've been on unknown Southern seas,

On lonely treasure isles;

I've lived in colleges abroad;
I've travelled miles and miles!

Imagination takes me far

Across the salty foam,

And with these tireless wings of thought,
I never stay at home.

A Get-Acquainted Plan

A novel way of introducing newcomers to the membership of Christ's Church, Catskill, N. Y., the Rev. James F. Riggs, pastor, was employed at a recent social evening. The names of the newcomers were presented by means of charades. The audience was asked to guess what person the charade pictured. In some cases those who took

part were the recent arrivals in the membership of the church. This gave the audience a chance to connect the name and the face of the new member. The plan worked out admirably. Such a delightful informal reception makes every one feel at home.
—The Presbyterian.

A Story To Tell in Sunday School

How the Dog Did What the Doctor Couldn't

A doctor and a dog; the torn Bible and the soldiers' barracks—that is what this story is about. The doctor was Dr. Mary Stone, at least that is her name in the American language. She is a Chinese woman, who studied medicine in the United States and then went back to China to heal her people, body and soul.

One day in the city of Shanghai Dr. Mary Stone proposed to work in a hospital on Arsenal Road. But the Chinese officials cried, "You can't go there! Don't you know the Arsenal is there and the huge barracks filled with fierce Chinese soldiers?"

Of course she knew. Really that was why she wanted to go. She wanted to tell those rough soldiers about the "Jesus religion." So she went to the hospital near the barracks, and with her went an American friend, Miss Hughes.

After a while these two women went from the hospital over to the barracks, but the Chinese officers wouldn't let them in. "You are only women," they said. "You haven't even a Chinese preacher with you. What can you do?"

So the door was shut against them, and they went back to the hospital and waited.

One day Miss Hughes decided to clean out a room in which there was rubbish of all sorts, dilapidated books and soiled papers, and in the heap one torn Chinese Bible. Not much was left of it but the New Testament. The Chinese servant took the whole mass of rubbish to the courtyard to burn. Just as he was bending over to light the fire, one of the wild dogs that roam the streets of a Chinese city, came bounding into the courtyard, jumped upon the rubbish heap, grabbed the torn Bible in his mouth and rushed away down the street. After a minute or two, the startled servant

tried again, and this time lighted the fire—but he didn't burn up the torn Bible!

The next Sunday morning as Dr. Stone was conducting a service in the little chapel she was surprised to see two officers and several soldiers take seats at the rear. Afterward she asked them how they happened to come there.

"Why," said one of the officers, "the other day a dog came tearing up the road with something in his mouth. He dodged the sentries at the gate and ran into the courtyard of the barracks. Some soldiers with nothing to do chased him to see what he had in his mouth. When they found it was a book they sat down to read it. None of us had ever seen a Bible, but we had heard of it. We knew this was the book of the Jesus religion that you teach down here. So we thought we would come and hear what you had to say about it."

Those soldiers came again and again. And the door of the barracks was opened, and Dr. Stone and the other teachers are going in to tell the Gospel story.

The crazy freak of a wild dog and the curiosity of the idle soldiers opened the door for the Bible. And wherever it goes, the Bible opens doors for itself.

—Retold from a story by J. Mervin Hull.

TO MOTHER

When at last her struggles have ended,
And the burdens of life she's laid down,
The Maker of earth and of heaven
Will present her that day with a crown.

A crown—how truly she's earned it,
By sacrifice, service and love—
Bejeweled with gems all so precious,
God needs them in glory above.

Her joy up there finds fruition;
Earth's troubles forever have flown.
The peace of her soul is fruition
Of seed she so humbly had sown.

In glory she's longing to reach you,
To help you your burdens to bear;
She's pleading the cause of her loved one,
That the fullness of bliss you may share.

Then why not be true to the truest
That earth-love has ever expressed,
That the heart of the woman who bore you
May forever and ever be blessed?

—J. Tilden Sapp.

OBSERVING FATHER'S DAY

Rev. Burton B. Brown, of Montreal, Canada, an old and appreciative reader of *The Expositor* as he says, has sent us a program of his observance of Father's Day. The circular announcing the services reads as follows: "What's the Matter With Father? Father's Day, Sunday, June 16, Centenary Methodist Church. Why? To honor the memory of our Fathers fallen: To cheer the hearts of those who still fight the battle of life.

Special services conducted by the Pastor. Altar beautifully decorated with Flowers by the Ladies of the Gleaners Bible Class. Electric Mottos. Wear a flower in honor of Dad. Sermon subjects: 11 A.M.—'The Dignity of Fatherhood.' 7 P.M.—'When Father and Son Mix Tears.' A Male Choir will sing. Every father and everyone who has known a father's love is invited to join in these Special Services. Rev. B. B. Brown, Pastor."

Mr. Brown says the services will long linger in the memory of his people. He adds: Dr. D. A. Perrin, of Norman, Illinois, has prepared a program with music, readings, etc., for Father's Day, which is very good.

FOR CHURCH BULLETINS

A Summary of the Duties of Church Members
Read the Bible every day.

Pray for self and others every day.

Adopt some branch of church work—find something to do.

Attend the church services faithfully.

Try to bring others to the services of the church.

Study the needs of your church.

Guard the good name of your church.

Lift others up by your influence and example.

Contribute to the support of the work of your church, both local and benevolent.

Be sparing of your criticism until you are in possession of all the facts,

Study the peace, unity and purity of your church.

* * *

The best way to double a preacher's power is to double his congregation. Try this on your preacher

Let him who has bestowed a benefit be silent, let him who has received it tell of it.

That ought to be called a loss which is gained by the sacrifice of character.

* * *

The Success Family

The Father of Success is—Work.

The Mother of Success is—Ambition.

The Eldest Son is—Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are—Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, Co-operation.

The eldest daughter is—Character.

Some of the sisters are—Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity.

The baby is—Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

—Exchange.

* * *

If you cannot at the meeting

Speak with grace to move the heart,

You can come with cheer and greeting,

Helping on the social part.

Though you're timid in the forum,

Or command no powers rare,

You can help to make a quorum,

You can occupy a chair.

—Bliss Forbush.

Great Texts and Their Treatment

A MESSAGE FROM SPRINGTIME

"He hath made everything beautiful in its time." Eccl. 3:11.

Test this statement of the Wise Man and see how true it is.

I. In nature everything is beautiful. There is no other white that compares with the whiteness of the snow. There is no blue so deep and marvelous as the blue of the sky. There is no crimson like the crimson of the sunset. Painters cannot portray nature. They try, but their best efforts only convince us how far short human art is of the divine.

He hath made everything beautiful. If it is not so it is because sin has marred it. Wherever on earth you find ugliness and filth and hate, there you know man has been, for God has made everything beautiful.

II. More than this, he has made everything beautiful through and through. Recently we saw a house that was being torn down. The front of it was very handsome. It was as perfect as the workmen could make it. But away in the back, where human eyes did not often rest upon it, it was cheap and flimsy. This is a characteristic of everything that is human-made. It will not bear too close a scrutiny.

But the things that God has made are thoroughly beautiful. The inside of the flower which you cannot see is as lovely as that which your eyes rest upon. The more closely you examine the snow-flake under the glass the more wonderful it is. It was this that led the world's greatest botanist to cry out, as he saw the flower that was revealed by his microscope, "I have seen the glory of God pass by."

"But," you say, "I know of many things that are not beautiful. There is a rainy day for example, or a sorrowing heart. These things are not beautiful and no one can convince me that they are."

III. But look carefully at the words of the text. "He hath made everything beautiful in its time." A rainy day is not beautiful in your time. But you are impatient. Wait its time. Wait till the clouds break, and the sun shines through, and the bow spans the heavens, and the vegetation, bright and green, smiles in your face.

Sorrow is not beautiful in your time. But tarry a little. James M. Barrie, in his "Margaret Ogilvie," tells us how his mother came to have her sweet face. It was long before when he was a little child. There came one day to the door of their home a neighbor with the tidings that her son, her eldest, had been fatally hurt. She went at once and for days she watched beside him and then the end came. Everyone knew how terrible had been the blow to her as she came back and took up the tasks of life again. Those who saw her then, said Barrie, understood where she got her sweet face, and that gentle voice that was

never raised in anger, and that sympathetic heart that brought the neighbors first to her when they were in trouble. God had made her beautiful in the time when sorrow had done its refining work.

There is nothing that God ever made or ordered that did not have in it a beauty and glory if we bide his time.—*Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchinson.*

THE DAWN OF GUILT

"And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." Gen. 3:7-13.

Here is the dawn of a new era in the history of humanity. The eye of a guilty conscience now opened for the first time, and God and the universe appear in new and terrible forms. There are three things in this passage which have ever characterized this era of guilt.

I. A conscious loss of rectitude. They were naked. It is moral nudity—nudity of soul, of which they are conscious. The sinful soul is represented as "naked." Rev. 3:17. Righteousness is spoken of as a garment. Isaiah 6:13. The redeemed in heaven are spoken of as being clothed with white raiment, etc.

Two things concerning the loss of rectitude.

First. They deeply felt it. Some are destitute of moral righteousness and do not feel it. "They say that they are rich," etc. Dead consciences do not feel their destitution.

Secondly. They sought to conceal it. "They sewed fig leaves, etc. Men seek to hide their sins—in religious professions, ceremonies and the display of outward morality. But all are but as "fig leaves." Will wither and perish.

II. Here is, secondly, an alarming dread of God. "And they heard the voice of the Lord walking in the garden," etc. They endeavored, like Jonah, to flee from the presence of the Lord.

This was unnatural. The soul was made to live in close communion with God. All its aspirations and faculties show this.

This was irrational. There is no way of fleeing from omnipresence. Sin blinds the reason of man.

This was fruitless. God found Adam out. "And the Lord called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?"

III. Here is, thirdly, a miserable subterfuge for sin. "The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And the woman said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." What prevarication! Each transferred the sinful act to the wrong cause. The woman was the occasion of Adam's act, but not the cause; and Satan was the occasion of the woman's act, but not the cause. Each must have known and felt that the act was the act of self. But this transferring of our own blame to others has ever marked the history of sin. Some plead circumstances, some their constitution, and some the

conduct of others. The sinner has ever had many refuges of lies.—*Author unknown.*

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." Job 37:21.

Life will always have its drawbacks and limitations. It is overcoming and succeeding where you can and making the best of things where you can't. The great thing is the spirit in which you reckon with life. When some people have to choose between two evils they always choose both.

I. Making the best of financial misfortune.

A cynic says: "The only real loss is the loss of money." Surely he never lost a mother, a wife, a child. But the loss of money has practical and often tragical social results. Yet wealth is not happiness, poverty is not misery. Some of the happiest men live on less than others spend upon their cigars. You can't buy the best things—sleep, love, laughter. If a poor man can sleep and his rich neighbor lies awake fearful that he is going to lose his money, the poor man is the richer of the two.

For every down there is an up; for every loss there is a gain. If the see-saw drops down today it will lift up tomorrow. The tide may be on the ebb and run out far and fast, but it will come back again. Over our sorrows as well as our joys these words are written: This too shall pass away. Moreover, it is always possible to defeat defeat.

II. Making the best of sickness.

An emphatic passage in Emerson begs us by all that is sacred not to talk about our ailments. We have disregarded his wisdom. We talk about our ailments as easily as we talk about the weather.

But my body is mine, it is not I. A man is never broken until his will is broken. The most stirring chapter of history is the conquest of the physical by the spiritual. The biggest contributions to humanity have not come from war lords or millionaires but from the people with twisted spines and useless legs. The man who gave the world its most marvelous music was deaf. The telephone was perfected by a man who never heard sound. Our best ships were designed by a man who never saw his own plans. The man who gave us some of our most wonderful poetry was dead from the waist down. Weak men and sick women with nerves quivering with pain, ailing, miserable, have worked righteousness, subdued kingdoms, quenched the violence of fire, stopped the mouths of lions, turned aside the edge of the sword and out of the weakness been made strong.

III. Making the best of bereavement.

Man has always been a rebel against death. Imagine what the world would be like apart from death. It would have been overpopulated centuries ago. All the old patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob would be alive today. Their influence would be bad for the race. When a man grows old he is usually the foe of progress. There is the survival of the good, but what about the survival of the bad? What if Nero, Alexander, Napoleon were still alive? The hope of the lover of peace has always been that the lover of war would pass

away. What becomes of the new leaf if the old one persists in clinging to the branch?

The trail of life is a long trail. One by one our comrades drop. Make the best of it. There is silence here but song there. Why mourn for the guests of God?

IV. Making the best of death.

Man has never acknowledged the supremacy of death. There is something in his heart that tells him that death is not a terminus but a thoroughfare, not a blank wall but an open door.

Life is too good not to be better. This life of a few years is a prophecy of the life of endless years. Life's last word is LOVE. Love can never lose its own. You will die as you live. The pure heart cannot fear the breaking down of the last barrier between itself and God. Man who has faced the morning ought not to be afraid of the evening.—*Thomas Lutzman, D.D., Los Angeles, Cal.*

SQUIBS FOR YOUR CALENDAR

A woman in Iowa, in straitened circumstances, was left a legacy of \$30,000 on condition that she would renounce the Christian religion. She declined the proffer and chose the comfort of her Christian hope. *How would you have decided it?* Are you selling out cheaper than that?

* * *

Three Needs of a Family:

- A Good Home
- A Good School
- A Good Church.

* * *

I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands.

—*Thos. Jefferson.*

All the distinctive features and superiority of our republican institutions are derived from the teachings of Scripture. —*Edward Everett.*

* * *

There are brakemen enough in the church to last many years, if we never receive another one. They are the people who are afraid the church will move ahead too fast. What we want is more firemen.

—*Ex.*

* * *

Do you give what the government exempts for religious purposes?

Missionaries give their lives and all; in contrast, my tenth or less, looks mighty small.

* * *

Some Wholesome Advice

Don't stay away from church because of company—bring them with you.

Don't stay away because the Church is not perfect—how lonesome you would feel in a perfect church.

Don't become angry and act childish and remain away from the house of God because you have had your feelings hurt. Be a real Christian, do your stunt, and don't grunt.

Assist the church treasurer by paying your dues weekly.

—*The Reminder.*

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT

Rev. J. H. Whillans, Rev. George N. Edwards, Rev. A. Russell Tomlin, Rev. Henry F. Burdon,
Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin, Rev. W. Franklin Harkey

The Religious Message of the Higher Octaves of Science

REV. J. H. WHILLANS, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

(Radio Sermon preached at a regular service in the Carmichael Church and broadcasted by the "Morning Leader" station, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.)

Text: "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. 4:18.

Vibration is the key word of the new knowledge. Apart from it we cannot understand the present advance of science. It is in pulsations or waves of light and sound that our knowledge of the outside world comes to us and not in steady unbroken streams.

Science knows sixty-four octaves of vibration and there may be more as yet undetected. These octaves run from where the vibrations are two per second to where they number billions per second. Near the bottom with low vibration are the octaves of sound in air. Above them the octaves are in ether, the first being the radio octaves which wireless uses. Then we come to some twenty octaves of which we know nothing. Beyond these are some heat octaves, and the forty-ninth octave which is sunlight. Further up the scale are more unknown octaves, and near the top are the X-ray and Gamma ray octaves where vibration is very high.

Out of these sixty-four octaves our unaided senses comprehend some fifteen only, the ten or eleven octaves in which we hear, the one octave of sunlight in which we see, and a few octaves near it to which the tissues react. The advance of modern science has come through working from the octaves we know into the octaves that lie beyond.

The ultra-violet ray is an illustration. Sunlight is composed of several colors that in the spectrum run from red to violet. These colors can be seen, but beyond the violet—ultra violet therefore—are other rays that we cannot see. In the modern sun cure for tuberculosis so successfully used in our sanatoriums, it is not the rays of visible sunlight that are supposed to be curative but the ultra violet rays which come with sunlight but which are on a higher octave and are invisible.

The X-ray is another development. Ordinary sunlight can be absorbed by a few sheets of paper, but the X-ray penetrates the clothing and flesh and takes a photograph of the fractured bone. We know too that the Gamma rays are much more powerful and penetrating than the X-rays.

Sound travels in air at the rate of about one mile in five seconds, but radio catches the voice and

sends it forth in ether where the speed is 186,000 miles per second. While the sound of the voice has traveled about 350 yards in air it has gone round the world seven times in ether. Far beyond this place these words have been heard by radio before they have actually reached the back of the church here.

These are but some of the things that have come to us as a result of our knowledge of the things beyond. We have known of these higher octaves for but a short time and already they have yielded us much and they promise us much more.

Our physical life, comprehending some fifteen octaves out of sixty-four, is like a few small peaks rising here and there out of a sea of mystery that covers a vast immaterial continent of which as yet we are hardly more than aware. The seen is but the filmy shadow of the unseen. We behold the things that are seen and know that beyond them in the unseen are greater things waiting to be revealed unto us.

What then is the meaning of the new knowledge to Christianity? Is science destroying our faith by revealing vast realms of the unseen and mysterious forces? Is it not rather saying what Christianity has always said that what we see is but a small part of the universe of God? Our religion has always taught us that there are higher things than the things of earth, and that the soul is capable of knowing them. The analogy from the new knowledge remains, whether the higher things of religion are in the unknown octaves of science or elsewhere.

When Jesus taught the multitudes in the most wonderful of sermons he said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." These sayings of Jesus, like so much of his teaching, cannot be understood in terms of the material life and world. The kingdom of heaven is quite evidently not an earthly kingdom, the hunger and thirst after righteousness is not a hunger and thirst of the body, nor is the seeing of God a physical seeing. These things then belong, not to the fifteen octaves that bound our earthly life, but to the higher octaves of the soul.

Helen Keller, deaf and blind from infancy, could know but little of our world of fifteen octaves, and if she were to know anything about God and things unseen such knowledge must be inward and to the spirit. When she learned a sign language and they

told her of God she said she had known of him but did not know his name. Though blind to the beauty of the world and deaf to its harmonies she was not unaware of the spiritual realm.

One day I came upon a poor peasant woman at prayer in a French church behind the lines. The war weighed heavily upon her: it had taken her sons and she must needs sacrifice rest at eventide and toil in the fields. Her face was worn and her body seemed tired. The fear and burden of the war lay heavily upon her heart and had driven her at noon to the place of prayer. As she rose from her knees and went back to her work her brow was calm and a far-off light shone in her eyes. That poor woman knew nothing of wireless or X-ray, but she had the wisdom of the saints of God. She knew the secret place of the Most High, she abode under the shadow of the Almighty, and her soul lived in the higher octaves.

When Pliny was governor of Asia Minor in the second century he came into contact with Christian congregations. He described them as gathering at dawn, partaking of a common meal, and being bound by an oath of allegiance to an invisible power. All around them, like an iron wall, was the sinister might of the Roman Empire. But these Christian people were unafraid, for they looked not on the things which are seen but on the things which are not seen, and they knew that their Lord was near.

Our communion hymn says:

"Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,

Here would I touch and handle things unseen."

But we need not go back to the past or think of the sacramental season when we want an illustration of touch with the invisible. What of this service and of those who join in it near and far?

We have raised our song of praise and offered our worship to the Almighty and Eternal God and to Jesus Christ his Son. Here the unseen world of the spirit impinges itself upon our common life and the soul goes out to the invisible. Strange powers play about the heart that is humble before God. A service for worship is no ordinary gathering. Surely the Lord is in this place and we knew it not.

A worldly man is one whose life is lived altogether or nearly so on the fifteen octaves of material existence. He cares for nothing beyond. It is easier today in the light of the new knowledge than ever it has been before, to say to such a man that there are other things than the things of sense and time. He can see it for himself and can more easily apprehend the message of Christianity. An other-worldly man is one who is so taken up with the things beyond—so idealistic and detached that he is unfitted for life in this practical sphere. Sometimes we meet such a man, but the worldly man we meet daily.

We are to be neither worldly nor other-worldly. We are to know that this world has its claims and duties, and the proper discharge of these is necessary to the fullest life: and we are to know, too, that it is only in the light of the spiritual and the eternal that our material existence has any meaning or value.

When we have looked into the liquid depths of truth as Jesus has revealed it to us, nothing can quench the hope that flames in the soul. For we know that the things which are seen are passing away but the things which are not seen are eternal, and we know it is for these things of the higher octaves that we have been redeemed.

Memories and Duties

REV. GEORGE N. EDWARDS, Douglas, Alaska

Text: "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Psalm 112:6.

Memory plays many capricious pranks. It preserves many an idle word and incident yet in the main its contribution to our present flows from those we most love to remember. Many of its pictures we have kept turned to the wall so long that with difficulty can we recall them. In the long procession of the years, there are but a few figures that still live and speak to us. Our conscious past is peopled with the friends who wrought for us and the people marked enough to hold our attention.

So it is with the nation's memory. Its history is the record of its heroes. Its thousands and its millions are soon forgotten. But those who wrought for the nation's welfare find their place in its gracious book of remembrance. It is true that a nation's memory is also capricious. There are many real benefactors who have served their country but whose names have never reached its page of honor. But it is also true that those whose names are blazoned there are remembered either for the good they have done or because their mis-

deeds have made their names a blot on the page of history, too black to be forgotten by the race that loves the people that they injured. We cannot forget the assassins and tyrants and traitors because of the lurid light they cast on all that they imperilled. A few names of dishonor survive as terrible examples of what the nation hates but the vast number of them go forgotten into oblivion.

It is certainly a beautiful trait of human nature that each generation loves to honor for itself the heroes of the past. New information about our civic, military, and literary leaders is being continually sought out and published. New monuments are being continually erected. Every year brings its revival of some distinguished name. Centennials, bi-centennials, or tri-centennials bring into prominence the names that might otherwise be no more than names to a new generation. And further, each year brings added glory. We love to idealize with unlimited virtue the characters of the country's benefactors. We hunt for new stories of Lincoln's kindness of heart, new evidence of Washington's statesmanship, we make a saint of Joan of Arc even if it takes four centuries,

and we love poems which immortalize the embattled farmers of Lexington, and the old grey head of Fredericksburg, and Sheridan riding twenty miles at breakneck speed to Winchester.

The reason we keep Memorial Day, not only May 30th, but many another, is that "righteousness shall be had in everlasting remembrance." We remember the men and the women who did their duty. The volunteers of '60 and '61 went out to fight because duty called them. They obeyed a call to righteousness for their country's sake. We do not know all their names, but we know that 3,000,000 men, one out of ten for the whole population, went into the Army and the Navy of the United States; 360,000 fell on the field of battle, 250,000 more were maimed or shattered in health. Add the losses in the Southern States and a million men were taken for that war out of active life of this country, 700 daily for four years.

In hundreds and thousands of towns and cities East and West there stands a Soldier's Monument. What for? To honor the men who went out from that town to fight and die if need be for their country. In Cambridge, at Harvard University, is a great hall known as Memorial Hall. On the walls of its lofty entrance are erected marble slabs bearing the names of the Harvard men who volunteered and died for their country.

"It is proper and sweet to die for one's country," says an old Latin proverb. Does any one ask why? Those who have lived through a great war, or have carefully studied the wartime spirit at a time when the country's existence is at stake know how near together religion and patriotism grow. It has been well said, "The deeper our patriotism becomes, the closer it draws to religion; and the larger grows our religion the more tightly it twines itself around our love of fatherland or homeland." There is no gulf between them but one spirit of sacrifice and devotion to the highest expressed in both. In spite of the horrors it involves a war may be termed sacred when it is necessary to preserve a people's life and liberties. General Sherman once said to Bishop Fallows, "I hate war, I hate it," but added immediately, "If ever there was a holy war, it was that in which we were engaged." It is the performance of a high and holy duty which is the inspiration and justification of the true warrior. Because he did the duty of the hour we honor him. Duty done is the open sesame to fame. Admiral Nelson dying at Trafalgar was animated by one desire and held but one satisfaction. As he sailed into action he sent out this message to his ships, "England expects every man to do his duty." And when he lay dying with bullet wounds and learned that the enemies' ships were captured, he said only this, "I have done my duty." England found in him and his men what she expected and has never ceased to honor them.

So we honor the men who fought faithfully in our wars. In the Civil War, from President Lincoln who sought only to ascertain his duty and do it, to the common soldier who remained loyal whatever it cost him, the defence and

preservation of the nation was due to the men who wrought righteously for their country. Their deeds alone can praise them; they do not need our commendation. And yet they do. While as the great French preacher Bossuet once said, "In the performance of great deeds one's sole thought should be to perform them well and leave glory to follow in the train of virtue", yet the deed finds its completion in the human hearts that honor it. We cannot separate ourselves from our acts, and the recognition that is given though not sought is always welcome. Without it the deed seems to lose something of its rights. Glory is simply the contribution the many make to the heroic deeds of the few. Glory is the complement of duty. If the deed is worth doing it is worth remembering. We should never take the sacrifices of others lightly. It is fitting to hold in everlasting remembrance the saviours of our country.

A churlish ignoring of the hero's claim for recognition is a token of the lack in us of the feeling which led him to heroism. If we cannot appreciate bravery and devotion we are very unlikely to practise them. A general failure to honor the heroic deed would be an evidence of the decline of patriotism. It is well to ask ourselves fairly, have we that love of our country in our hearts that can lead us to emulate the deeds of our fathers? To love one's country means willingness to serve it.

Let us not think that a worldwide philanthropy excuses us from genuine patriotism, or that care for one's family on the other hand justifies our neglect of the public good. The love of family is imperfect which does not inspire that family with a sense of its citizenship and train every child to love and serve his native land. Lack of patriotism is never a virtue. How can one love the nation he has not seen if he love not the people of which he is a part? How can he be true to his own family if he does not give them an inheritance of love of the land which gave them birth?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said

This is my own, my native land?"

-As Lincoln said on the field of Gettysburg, "We cannot dedicate the ground men have given their lives to save. It is dedicated by their blood, but we can dedicate ourselves to carry on their work. They gave the last full measure of devotion in giving their lives. They will not have died in vain if from them we gather increased devotion for the duties of the present day." So shall the righteousness of this generation exalt the nation which our fathers preserved and to our descendants we shall in turn bequeath a heritage grown nobler because this generation also has lived for their country.

The writer sat the other day at a public luncheon by the side of an intelligent Frenchman who is visiting the United States. Somebody in the group made reference to the "Dr." Coue, and inquired as to his standing in France. "But in France," said my neighbor with a truly Gallic shrug, "we do not know him—we never even heard of him!" Nevertheless a lot of empty-headed Americans will go on for some time yet repeating the senseless twaddle of "Every day, in every way, etc."—*Exchange*.

Christ's Ascension

(Ascension Sunday, Fortieth Day After Easter)
"While they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." Acts 1:9.

The account of the ascension of Christ is the connecting link between Gospel history and Christian Church history, between the work of Jesus during his earthly life and his continued work ever since. It contains the finish of the most important episode of history, the earthly sojourn of God incarnate. It contains the beginning of the sojourn's most transcendent result, the mediatorial and yet-to-be triumphant reign of Jesus.

I. Christ's life in the world is divided into action and doctrines, the things he did and the things he taught.

Luke had written to his friend Theophilus before. But he wants him to know now that the "former treatise" was only about beginnings. The things spoken of were the things Jesus "began to do and teach." His present writing he wishes him to understand as a second volume of the Acts of Jesus and a further record of the teachings of Jesus. Well we know today that "began" does not stop with any written record. The fountain has become the source of an ever-flowing river of grace giving the world a constantly widening stream of blessing. The gist of the Gospel is that Jesus lives today and personally directs his followers.

II. The continued acts of Christ are "through the Holy Ghost."

He had told his disciples that it was really expedient that he should go away in order that his greater work through the Holy Spirit might begin. Whatever was done, therefore, after Christ's death and resurrection, after he had finished his great work of atonement, was to be regarded in a particular sense as under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Even his parting instruction and commission to the apostles were to be regarded as coming within the department

of the peculiar activity of the Holy Spirit. Under these instructions and accompanied by this Spirit the Apostles were to go forth and, by his aid, to convert the world.

III. While he was speaking the farewell moment arrived. Lifting up his hands in blessing and "while they beheld"—that they might have clear proof of his ascension, assurance that there was no deception—he began to rise from the earth and ascend higher and higher, until "a cloud received him out of their sight." It is impossible to add to this simple account. It may have been some glorious cloud like that symbol of God, the "fiery, cloud pillar," or Elijah's "storm chariot," or the bright halo of the transfiguration. But no attempt is made to cause the event to seem dramatic. Seen from the earth side, how quietly done! But seen from the heaven side, what a spectacle it must have been; "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!"

IV. Even gazing into heaven must not be too prolonged or fixed.

At the expostulation of the angels the apostles withdrew their wistful eyes and returned obediently to Jerusalem, no doubt comforting themselves with the thought of his return. They went back not knowing exactly what to do; but content to wait until he should tell them. They go to the upper room where they had eaten their last Passover Supper with the Lord. They found the other disciples there. With them they "waited." They waited by prayer, by conference together, by doing necessary duties. The waiting was not sleeping with folded hands. It was alert and obedient. We know the blessing they received. Mere gazing up to heaven will do nothing for us; but prayer in the upper chamber will do everything. Now we are to work and wait, knowing that our Saviour is exalted at God's right hand, and is controlling all things in his kingdom for the good of mankind and his own ultimate glory.—H

The Processes of Covetous Sin

REV. A. RUSSELL TOMLIN, London, England

Text: "When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonian garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them; and, behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it." Joshua 7:21.

Our main consideration is to note the steps by which Achan was led to the committal of this sin of covetousness that meant the forfeiture of his life. They are made quite plain in our text.

The first stage was initiated through the

I. Faculty of Vision—"When I saw", he said. What a potent faculty this is in the hands of the Evil One! How he takes of the alluring things of the world to dazzle the imagination, to create desire, to inspire to sin, to lead on to the coveting.

What an admirable opportunity for Satan lay in that goodly Babylonish garment, that wedge of glittering gold, and those shekels of silver! Just the very material to bewitch an Achan, and just the moment to wield his satanic power. And so lured by the vision of these things, Achan fell into their grip and power. It was the same old method in the case of Jesus Christ when tempted in the wilderness. The fascination of the kingdoms of the world all spread before his eyes in panoramic beauty. But with what different results! There was no grip in the temptation, no lust for kingly power or mere material magnificence, and so the spell Satan sought to cast, was lost.

But perhaps Achan could not help looking, one may urge. Perhaps not; but he could have

helped continued looking. As has been said: "He stood still where they lay, and looked. He saw and continued looking until the sight inflamed his soul. It was like the steady holding of a lens to catch the rays of the sun, which, by collecting and concentrating them, gives them a burning power; and such was Achan's evil eye fixed on the glitter of garment and gold." Take heed on what the eye fastens, and especially in the continued look!

II. Next we note how "Seeing Turns to Coveting."

"When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin." First there was the vision, then the creating of desire by means of the vision, and then the coveting. It did not end with the enjoyment of beholding; the beholding was permitted to create a longing, and the longing to pass into the actual sin of coveting. Achan, under the power of Satan, lost control of himself; sold himself to the fascination of the thing.

He should have "cut the devil short;" he should have replied in the short, crisp, staccato way in which Jesus did, and have silenced him in his insinuations. It is always perilous to linger when Satan plies his arguments and his questions. Better, by far, to cut him dead; never to listen even to his insinuations. Short shrift is always the safest plan.

It is Satan's way to lead from one thing to the other. He commences with the almost innocent

thing sometimes; from it, leads to the more culpable thing, and then to the thing that is actually guilty and wrong. Satan knows how to inoculate both the imagination and the heart, and having inoculated, to bring about the mischief.

III. Finally, we are led to see the "Transmuting of Desire Into Actual Wrong and Guilt."

He saw, then he coveted; and then he took! What a natural process, and as easy as natural. How step moves on to step, and how desire glides into actual wrong. It moves to the crash, almost imperceptibly, and yet with terrible reality. How very subtle it all is! How very gradual and yet how disastrous! The very subtlety of Satan's temptations makes it necessary that the spirit ever be on the watch. His wiliness may be said to be proverbial.

But having taken these things, were they worth it to Achan? Certainly not, considering the price he had to pay for them. Having to forfeit his life, what was the good of them? The question is—does sin ever really pay? Is it ever worth while? Are stolen things worth their sweetness? Let us take the far view in all the allurements of sin. See it, not in the light of its dazzle, but its price; not in the aspect of its immediate worth, but in the effects on life, character and destiny. Considering it thus, in our wisdom, we shall avoid, not only the thing itself, but "the very appearance thereof."

Three Lessons the Candle Taught *Children's Object Sermon*

REV. HENRY F. BURDON, Gilbertville, Mass.

(This sermon was used the Sunday following a tremendous storm that put the lighting system out of commission for several days. The object was a half-burned candle in a candlestick.)

I was passing through an upstairs room in the parsonage the other day when my eye fell on this candle. The moment he caught my eye I seemed to hear him say—"Preach about me."

Now he is not a very attractive object, is he? A brand new candle would look lots better wouldn't it? But do you know I admire this old fellow very much. I will tell you why.

Do you remember what happened last Monday? We had a terrific storm—yes.

And what did the storm do? It broke the wires and blew down the poles and left us without electric lights. I suppose you did the same at your house as we did at ours—you got out all the lamps and candles and lighted them.

Well, this candle was one of them. He had been laid away in an obscure corner somewhere and forgotten. No one knew or cared where he was until there was no electricity. But when we pressed the button and there was no light forthcoming then we remembered the candle. He was brought out from his hiding place and put to work.

Now I said I would tell you why I admire this old candle.

1st—Because he did not sulk when he was taken

out of the box and say, "Well, you didn't have any use for me when you had electric lights and I just won't help you now."

Haven't you seen folks like that? If they can't be first, they won't help at all. If somebody is asked to take part and they are not, they sulk about it. If they are asked to do something that some other person has been asked to do and refused, they say—"Play second fiddle. I guess not."

The New Testament tells of a man named Diotrefes who "loved to have the preeminence among them."

Now that is not the best spirit. Jesus said, "If any would be great among you let him be your servant."

And I admire this candle—

2nd—Because it did not try to be an electric light or do the work of electricity, but was content to be a candle and do the work of a candle.

The electric lights give ten and fifteen and forty candle-power light. The electric power turns washing machines, runs vacuum cleaners, heats flat irons and all sorts of things.

All the candle could do was to give just one small candle power light. But how cheerful that little light was in the midst of darkness! He knew he could not do any of the tasks electricity does and he did not try.

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—————Neb.

Your check came today. I want to thank you for the promptness. I cannot tell how much I appreciate this check, as it came at a time when it was much needed.

—————Mich.

Please accept my acknowledgement and thanks for your check of March 5th, for sickness claim. I want to thank you for the very satisfactory settlement and for the promptness with which the matter was handled.

—————Iowa.

Just a word of appreciation. I certainly appreciate the quickness with which you handled my claim. On the 7th of March I mailed my claim, and three days later the 10th, I received the check for claim in full. I call that excellent service.

—————Maine

Your check with inclosure of check for \$31.50 for sickness indemnity is at hand. I wish to express my appreciation for the promptness with which you handled the matter.

—————Colo.

I wish to acknowledge receipt of check for \$77.25 as payment in full of my sickness indemnity claim, and to express my sincere thanks for the satisfactory and exceedingly prompt settlement of this claim.

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And just here is the lesson we need to learn. If we can't do great things, if we can't be great lights, let us be content to do and be just what we can. If we have only one candle power let us make that one candle power count mightily. God will honor the effort.

Have you heard the story of the king who built a great temple to God and had his name inscribed in a conspicuous place? In a dream he saw his name removed and another name in its place and the voice of God told him the other name was more deserving of the place of honor.

The king was very angry and his agents sought out the owner of the name. They found her, an old widow who could not do much to honor God, but every day she would give water to the tired, thirsty horses that hauled the great stones for the temple. She had but one candle power but God honored her for using it.

And I admire this candle—

3rd—Because it was willing to give itself to help us.

To give light the candle had to give itself. Just as soon as the match lit the wick the candle began to disappear. Every ray of good cheer it gave to us meant the sacrifice of itself.

That is true of all service. No service worth the name is ever done without we spend ourselves in the doing. And in self-spending for others we honor God.

You remember that Lowell says—

"Who giveth himself with his gift feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me"

—that is Christ.

This is why the half-burned candle seems so much more attractive than the new one.

Faith in Others

Object Sermon for Children

REV. LESLIE F. DUNKIN, Huntington, Indiana

Equipment. A roasted peanut in the hull.

Preparations. Since this is to be a surprise for the boys and girls bring the peanut to the pulpit without their knowledge. Announce about three weeks ahead of time that on a certain date there will be brought to the meeting something that nobody has ever seen. This will be shown to the boys and girls and then will be placed where nobody will ever see it again. Announce this as often as possible previous to the time for it, as curiosity forms a strong drawing-card for this talk.

Assistants. A boy or girl to eat the peanut.

Presentation. (The Leader Speaking). Will some boy or girl tell us what I promised to show you this morning? James, you tell us. Yes, I said that I was going to show you something that nobody had ever seen before and then I was going to put it where nobody would ever see it again. Now I will need some help to do all of this, so I am going to ask Florence to stand with me here to see that I do what I have promised and to help me.

Let's think for a moment about what I am going to do. I have promised to show you something that nobody has ever seen. It has been necessary for me to get this and bring it here without seeing it and without anybody else seeing it. Can you imagine how that can be done? No, the person who gave it to me had never seen it, nor has anybody else. Then too, I promised to take this unseen thing and show it to you so that everybody here can see it. We will be the first ones who have ever seen it. After looking at it closely and examining it, I will then place it away where nobody will ever see it again. No, we ourselves will never see it again, nor will anybody else. We will be the only ones to see it.

I am going to put my hand in my pocket and take that thing in my hand. There, I have it all closed up tight in my hand. Now how many of you believe that I have such a thing and can do

as I said? Raise your hands. Now be honest. How many think I can't? Raise your hands.

Let's look at it. Yes, it is a peanut and somebody has seen this before. I will take the hull off. There is the kernel. Nobody has ever seen that before, has he? Look at it sharp. Now how many believe that I have showed you something nobody has seen before? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you can believe it now.

Now let's finish our promise. Florence, you open your mouth. There, I have put it in her mouth and she has eaten it. Will anybody ever see that peanut kernel again? No, nobody ever will.

How many believe that I can do as I promised at first? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you believe it now, because I have done it.

There is a little word, called "Faith." Those of you who were sure I could do as I had promised, before I did it, had faith in me and my word. Those, who were sure I could not, did not have faith in me and my word. After I did it, then you had faith in me. Now if I were to say I could do something else, that might seem to be impossible, how many would have faith enough in me to believe that I could do it? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you have faith in me now.

SERMONS

In the December *Expositor* we asked for an expression of preference in the type of sermons. Rev. S. S. Cousins, of Red Bank, Pa., gives his vote in favor of those of topical treatment.

Rev. B. L. Lyon, of Marathon, N. Y., says: "Just as a farmer needs tools with which to do his work, so the preacher and pastor must have 'live stuff' to read and keep his own mind alert in order that he may 'feed the flock.' I have been culling out my reading material this year, but *The Expositor* must not go! With ever appreciative words for your splendid magazine, I remain, very truly yours, . . ."



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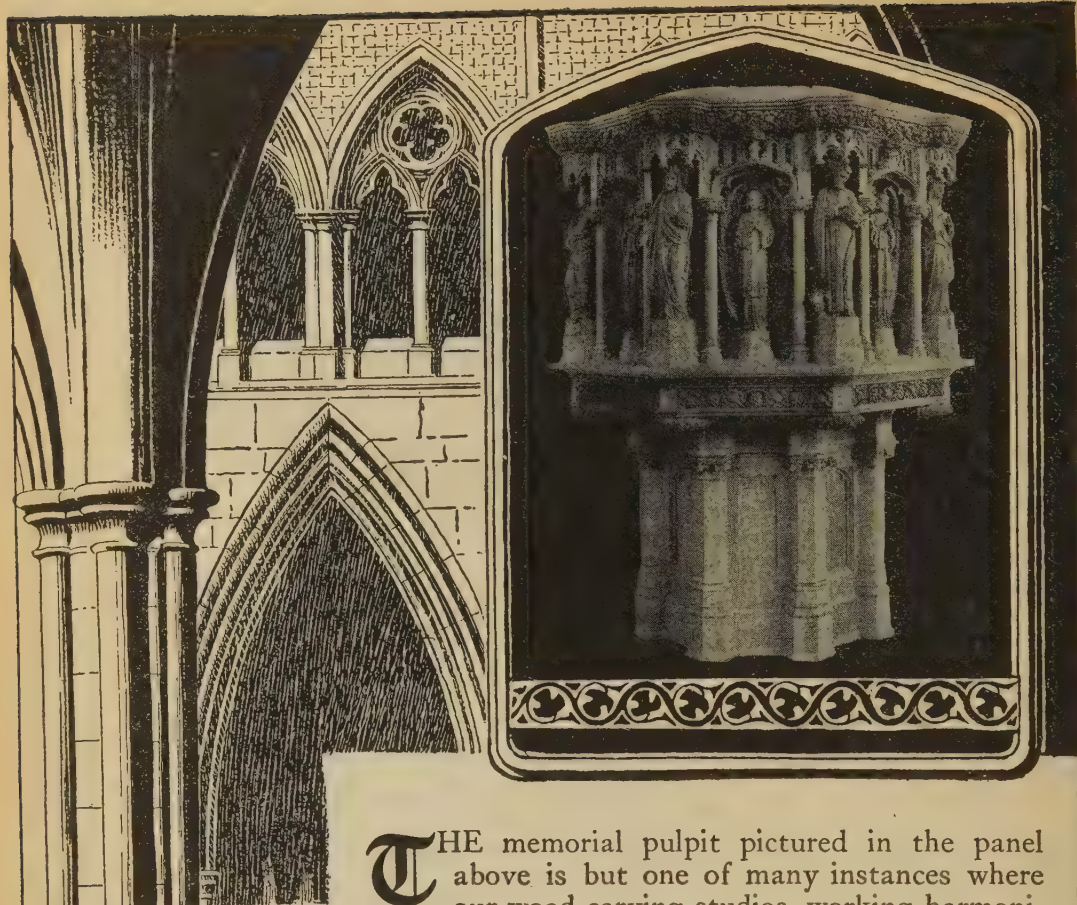
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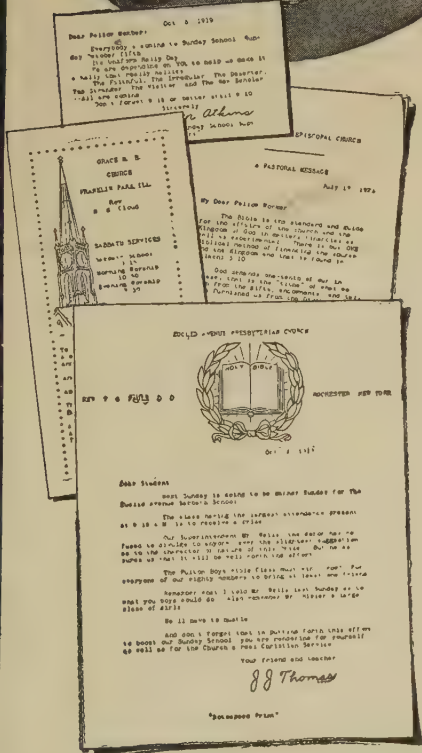
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Dramatic Mother's Day Service

Rev. E. M. Buehler, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Yale, Iowa, sends us a description of a Mother's Day service, original with him, which he conducted last May. His account is very suggestive and the service must have been interesting and quite unique. He says: Instead of the Regular Mother's Day observance we called our service a Home Service. The object was to exalt home life and connect it with the church. We had the service in the evening. The pulpit platform was given a home setting. The pulpit being moved to the side and the platform fitted with library table, rockers, chairs, library lamp, piano, rugs, sette, etc. It looked very much like a room in a home.

When it was time to begin the pastor announced that mere furniture no matter how beautiful did not make a home, but that it required folks to make a home. Then the father, mother, grandmother, two sons and two daughters (representing an ideal family, but being made up from a number of families) came in and were seated in the rockers and chairs in the room. They came in from a side room and took places as if they had just returned from church, some picking up papers and books to read, which were lying on the library table in sufficient numbers.

At this point the pastor announced that not even furniture and folks would necessarily make a home. It depended a great deal upon the life of the members of the household, whereupon the mother gave the reading: "It takes a heap o' living in a house to make it home." (By Edgar Guest.)

Then the pastor made a few more remarks pointing out that a number of things enter into the home-life to make it complete, at this time mentioning music. Then one of the boys went to the phonograph and played several suitable selections "Holy, Holy, Holy," "Home, Sweet Home," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," etc. After which the pastor stated that while "canned" music was fine it did not take the place of the natural voice with some member of the home at the musical instrument. Then the children and the parents gathered around the piano and they sang several fine church hymns including "God Give Us Homes." This was very impressive.

Following this the pastor referred to the importance of good reading in the home. Then the father read an article entitled "Home Atmosphere" from a pamphlet entitled "Family Religion" published by the Adult Department of the Board of Sunday Schools of the M. E. Church. (The pastor was going to distribute this pamphlet in the various homes shortly after this service and this gave a fine opportunity to prepare the way for the reading of the same.)

The talk is as follows: The "atmosphere" of a home is something that is difficult to define, but easy to discern. A stranger needs only a little while in any home to be able to tell what type it is. We unconsciously classify the homes we visit as having a "social," intellectual," "worldly" or a "religious" atmosphere.

What creates the atmosphere of a home? Such elements as pictures, architecture, books, music, papers, games, conversation, conduct, work and purposes all help to determine the atmosphere of a home. The dominant idea that permeates these items of family life will shape the home atmosphere.

In order that a home may have a religious atmosphere, the social, aesthetic, educational and industrial features of home life must take form with a spiritual object and a Christian standard of practice. A rich mine owner was asked to account for the beautiful religious atmosphere in his home. He replied: "When our home was instituted we took God into partnership in everything." When God is taken into partnership in the entire scope of home activities, the type becomes such that it is easy and natural for children to develop a favorable attitude toward religion.

"Religion is caught as well as taught." Inasmuch as that is true, parents should seek to develop a spirit at the fireside that is worth catching. One of the tragedies of present day life is the dismissal of worship and religious education from so many homes. What the child absorbs from the home atmosphere very largely gives direction to his life. A spiritual home will predispose its youth toward right living and religious work. The direction of the stream is determined by the slope of the land. The direction of service is determined by the "slant of life." A truly Christian home will tip the life of its youth towards God.

The child who hears nothing in his home life except making money, having fun, gaining success, glutting self with good things is certain to find his life tilted in the other direction from God. The child that grows up in a home where worship is observed and religion lived and taught will find naturally the current of his life flowing in the direction of God and human service. Many of our young folks are insulated from God until he hardly has a chance to communicate his will. Every child with a religious atmosphere around him in his home has a running start in life.

Following this paper one of the boys read several wholesome jokes from the Epworth Herald, pointing out the fact that good wholesome fun also has a place in the ideal home.

Of course there was a Family Bible, local church papers and good books on the table.

Now the evening offering was taken. But before the ushers came forward the pastor emphasized the importance of "Stewardship" in the home-training and practice, referring to the fact that often the fathers do all the giving and while the children and not even the mother have any part in this important form of worship.

Near the close of the service the pastor said: "Now we have pointed out some very important factors in the making of an ideal home, but thus far we have said little about the most important factor of all, namely The Religious Life." After some pointed remarks on this most important subject the grandmother, who was a saintly,

much beloved old lady, took the Family Bible from the table and conducted Family Worship. Reading from the 91st Psalm and with every member of the family kneeling around the family altar she lead in a very earnest and fervent prayer,

at the end all uniting in the Lord's Prayer.

This closed the service. It was a very impressive one and we believe made a deep and lasting impression, especially giving emphasis to the importance of the Christian Home.

Prayer Meeting Department

THE MID-WEEK SERVICE

Long leading makes short following.

The prayer-meeting pause has a finger; does it point at you?

If there's prayer in the songs, there'll be song in the prayers.

Words born of the life, with power are rife; words born of the brain are ever in vain.

Think before you speak, if you want others to think after you speak. *Some Prayer Meeting Hints.*

* * *

I. CELESTIAL INVESTMENTS

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," etc. Matt. 6:20.

As one who knows all about this life and the future life and who comes to us as an expert to be counseled with about investments, Christ's distinct and definite advice is this, that we all lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, that we make large deposits in the celestial bank, where deposits are good both now and after death.

I. This, then, is the first inference from what he said, that spiritual wealth can be accumulated. The expression "lay up," or amass, makes this inference fully warranted. Notice the words carefully. They are, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." They are yours; not put there for someone else. They are to accumulate for you there in a place the safest of the safe. It is possible, then, for us to lay up treasures for ourselves in heaven. This is what Christ meant when he told us "provide for ourselves bags that wax not old." It is what he meant when he told the young man of the gospel: "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." It is what Paul meant when he told Timothy to exhort the rich "that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come." The spiritual accumulations of our earthly life are every day passing over into the lines of the heavenly life and becoming eternal. Moral accumulation is the great law of our being.

II. A second inference from Christ's command to lay up treasures in heaven and the way we see it obeyed is that the heavenly accumulations of the saved will differ. Some begin to obey this command earlier in life than others. Some are very active in obeying it while others are not. The Christian who has given God but little service, or the fag end of his life only, will be saved; but he will have little or nothing in the way of heavenly investments. Every one who is so happy as to get to heaven will have in God's presence "fullness of joy" and at his right hand "pleasures forevermore;" but that does not say that they will have joys and pleasures alike. A pint cup is full to overflowing. A quart cup is full to overflowing. But the quart cup holds more. The Bible makes it very plain that there will be differences among the redeemed. When it says, "Lay up for yourselves trea-

sures in heaven," it thereby assures us that it is both possible and worth our while to do so.

III. This leads us to a third inference from Christ's command, namely, that the accumulation of spiritual wealth should become with us a dominant passion. All men are swayed by either secular or spiritual interests. It is impossible to live under the sovereign control of both. "No man can serve two masters." "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." One or the other must be the dominant power. Therefore the Christian must choose between coming under the sway of the world spirit or the other world spirit, between making Mammon master or God master, between making the accumulation of worldly wealth or the accumulation of spiritual wealth his dominant passion. Christ told us plainly which to choose.

IV. When it is thus accumulated spiritual wealth is absolutely imperishable. This is what Christ said, that secular treasures are exposed to danger, money will rust, grain become blighted, garments moth-eaten, and that all alike are exposed to the thief, but that spiritual wealth is imperishable. It is not possible for spiritual wealth to perish. It can be eaten by no moth, corrupted by no canker, stolen by no thief. The reason is that it is not something outside of a man at all, nor something added to a man. It is the man. It is riches incorporated into his being, a part of and as imperishable as his identity, as imperishable as his very soul.

* * *

II. "AS THEY WENT"

For Scripture see Exposition

Expository Notes

Luke 17:12-14. As Jesus and his disciples were going to Jerusalem, they met a group of lepers who cried out beseeching the Master to have pity upon their condition. His answer was, "Go and show yourselves to the priests." Imagine their perplexity! The Mosaic Law required a possible victim of leprosy to report to the priest who would, on investigation, declare him "clean" or "unclean." But they were lepers! No doubt about that! In case of apparent recovery, the Law required the priest to judge of the genuineness of the cure, and, if convinced of it, after ritual ceremonies and sacrifices, to pronounce the patient cured and "clean."

But they were still lepers! The Galilean Rabbi had not said to them as to another months before, "Be thou made clean." Nothing had yet happened to them. Why go to the priest now?

Did one say, "He told us to go, let's go?" Anyway, they started. Luke quietly adds, "As they went, they were cleansed." How could a physician have told such a wonderful fact so calmly and coolly!

"As they went"—Not a change in flesh nor skin, not a quickened throb of heart, nor flow of blood to useless fingers, until they started to follow the Master's directions. Jesus had told the Jews in the Temple, "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teach-

ing." Man gains healing or knowledge only after he makes an effort for himself.

The "as they went," is repeated a number of times in the New Testament.

John 9:7. The man born blind was told to wash the clay from his eyelids in the Pool of Siloam. Hopeless because of his congenital infirmity, he had not even cried for help. But he must put faith enough in the Master to cross the city, to go down to the pool and wash. Then John says, almost as briefly as Luke did, "He went away therefore, and washed, and came seeing."

Luke 24:15. After the strange rumors of the empty tomb had spread through Jerusalem, two unknown disciples were talking and walking westward on some errand of daily life. And Jesus "went with them." And so, not to the apostles, but to two obscure disciples, as they went, Jesus first interpreted the Scriptures concerning himself.

Acts 8:4. The early Christians were driven out of Jerusalem by persecution and fled in every direction. And everywhere, as they went, they told the "good news" of Jesus Christ. And in the first three centuries this was many times repeated until in the beginning of the fourth century the Roman Empire acknowledged Christianity as the religion of the empire. And the good news was spread mostly by common people as they went about affairs of every day life.

Acts 9:3. Saul of Jerusalem was an intense hater of the Christians. He started to Damascus to arrest and imprison all he could find there. And "as he journeyed," Jesus of Nazareth met him in the way, and Saul the Rabbi was changed into Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Acts 28:14 A.V. Luke tells of Paul's experiences in his journey to Rome. It is an exciting story of shipwreck and rescue, of being judged to be today, a murderer, and tomorrow, a god. Paul is a prisoner, but is treated with respect and deference by the Roman centurion in command. At the crisis of peril Paul takes control, and centurion and soldiers and sailors obey his commands. He visits his friends in different ports, he is honored on a strange island, and all are aided for his sake; now they have head winds, and now favoring breezes; they sail in different ships, taking passage on any one going their way, regardless of where it came from or what cargo it carried. And when they had at last landed on the coast of Italy, Luke looks back over the eventful journey, and says, "And so we went toward Rome." A.V.

Thus in this world men and women have gone through life, through joys and sorrows, in prosperity and adversity, through monotony and excitement. And "as they went," in the experiences of everyday life opportunities and blessings and responsibilities have come to them. And the Lord Jesus has met them in the way!

* * *

Plan for Our Meeting

Here is a chance again to use the people in the program, preferably young people, youth, even boys and girls. Have six different persons read the six passages referred to. Perhaps these persons could tell the story implied in the reference. And the pastor need say only enough to keep the "as-they-went" thought to the fore and to impress the application to present folk.

* * *

Thoughts on the Theme

Life is a going thing, and as one goes things happen. Nothing keeps still that has in it the life of God and the pulse of Christ. Motion is dangerous—never more so than today—but also full of promise. The

Scripture characters mentioned were after something—they all had errands. This attitude of expectation is characteristic of the pioneers and trail-blazers and discoverers of history. Purposeless men, who work without a theory, who would not know an hypothesis if they met one, never get anywhere, except down the back entry of time. Drifters may occasionally be wafted by circumstance on the shore of a Treasure Island, but for the most part blessings must be wooed in order to be won. One thing at least never comes by chance, and that is, character. Definiteness of aim, whether it be to go home—to Siloam, to Emmaus, to Damascus, or to Rome—is a condition of the truest and most lasting success.

Go in some sense we all of us must all the while. Time is slipping from us, we say, whereas it is we who are slipping from time. But as we go there are many things to hope for, to see, to love, to use, and to lay up as treasures to be met again in heaven. As we go, we lepers of sin, we can be cleansed by Christ; as we go, we have his sacred company; as we go, we may see visions from rending skies; as we go, we may call in on many choice brethren, and, when we have gone the full journey of this world, we shall find our Rome in the new Jerusalem, and our Caesar to be a Christ.—*Zion's Herald.*

* * *

III. FAITH AS A SOURCE OF JOY

"Believing, ye rejoice." 1 Pet. 1:8.

It is not religion but the lack of it that makes people unhappy. Christianity is not only not opposed to pleasure, but it is the mightiest source of pleasure. "Gladness is sown for the upright in heart." "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace," etc. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." "Believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

I. The relation between faith and joy. The relation seems to be implied in the very order of the words: "Believing, ye rejoice." It is the relation of inseparability, the relation of cause and effect. The believing is the cause of the rejoicing. The faith brings the gladness. The trusting is the source of the happiness.

There is another step in the production of joy out of faith that must not be overlooked. Faith is the cause of love and love is the cause of joy. Faith in Christ produces love to Christ. It is the faculty by which we apprehend, approve and appropriate him. Having come thus to love him, joy is the fruit of love. Love is in itself a joyous affection. It is in its very nature happy. God is love. All the blessed love and are blest by the fact that they love.

II. The nature of the joy faith produces.

1. It is "unspeakable." It is unspeakably great; it is also in its nature not a noisy, but a deep and silent thing. And that is the reason, we doubt not, why it is so often mistaken for its opposite. Because it is calm and sometimes grave the world thinks it severe. But, as has been said, "The gods approve the depths and not the tumult of the soul." Joy is a "calm rapture," as Jonathan Edwards expressed it. There is nothing boisterous, tumultuous, hilarious about it. It doesn't express itself in laughter nor sing comic songs. It is "joy unspeakable," not a thing to be talked about, but to be felt.

2. It is "glorified." True Christian joy is glorified joy, says the apostle. That is, it has the glory of heaven shining upon it, filling, suffusing, transfiguring, intensifying it. In other words, there is no other joy anything like so rich, so deep, so full, so blessed as this joy which comes with religion, which springs out of faith.

It is a joy that rises above all sorrow and trouble. Suffering saints have often been the most joyful. "We

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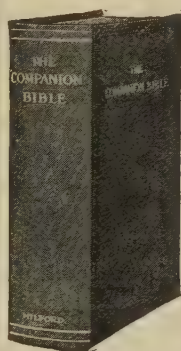
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rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, we are in heaviness." "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

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"Take joy home,
And make a place in thy heart for her;
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come and sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrow; ay,
It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God."

* * *

IV. OTHER "THREE SIXTEENS"

A writer in The Evangelical Messenger notes the curious fact that not only is John 3:16 a wonderfully impressive and inspiring statement, but, in a lesser degree, a number of other "three sixteens" of Scripture are striking verses.

He says: "The one most frequently quoted, and which has been the life-boat to rescue many thousands of souls, is John 3:16. Such is the great familiarity and popularity of this hope-inspiring verse that some gospel missions have been named after it thus: 'John Three Sixteen Mission.' This sign over the door of such places had induced many a poor sinner to enter, either out of curiosity or under conviction of sin."

Taking this idea and turning over the pages of the Bible we found:

Ex. 3:16. God sees the trials of his followers.

Prov. 3:16. The rewards offered by Wisdom.

Eccl. 3:16. Wickedness is to be found everywhere. In New Testament phrase, the tares grow with the wheat.

Dan. 3:16. The prompt decision of the three Hebrews.

The two following verses need to be included.

Mal. 3:16. God not only sees, but hears and remembers. Like our first O. T. reference, this emphasizes that God is not indifferent to the life of his followers in the world.

Luke 3:16. The Herald and the King. John's humility and the Lord's mission.

Acts 3:16. Faith and its results.

1 Cor. 3:16. Our temple of God.

Eph. 3:16. A prayer for strength. A part of Paul's wonderful prayer for the Ephesians.

Phil. 3:16. Let action equal profession.

Col. 3:16. Know and use the Bible and hymns.

2 Thess. 3:16. Paul's wonderful benediction. A modern Frenchman seems to have echoed two of these phrases.

1 Tim. 3:16. Probably part of a very ancient Christian hymn.

2 Tim. 3:16. A famous statement of the aim of Scripture. Add verse 17.

Jas. 3:16. Results of jealousy and dissension.

1 John 3:16. Another of John's famous statements concerning love. Compare with his statement in the Gospel.

Rev. 3:16. Indifference the worst of all.

* * *

Plan for Our Meeting

See note under Prayer Meeting II. The singularity of the plan will attract attention and keep interest.

ENTERING A NEW PASTORATE

Rev. H. W. Hunter entering upon a new pastorate at McAlester, Okla., sent a rallying letter to the members. Here is a part of it:

"Will you with me boom the church? Christ will give us new visions of faith and duty, new

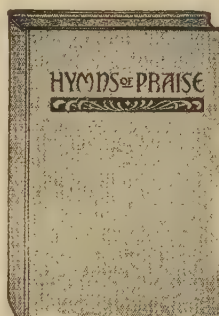
impulses of love, new gifts of power. And the church to which any one has made his vows is the place where he ought to consecrate his talents. This recognized, why should not every member of our church begin a crusade for the building up of his church?

"Let us crank up the church-going habit among us. I don't want to preach to a wood-pile. I would much rather talk to folks. Empty pews are a very expensive piece of church equipment. Brethren, let us make our message a living challenge to men and women of today; let us get our inspiration from the Throne of Grace and from contact with the world of need.

"So, when I preach my first sermon in your church on Sunday morning may I have the pleasure of seeing every member of the church in the pews where it is humanly possible. My subject for this hour of worship will be, Gospel Dynamite. Let us go to God for this service. With our heart-fires burning, with the use of intelligent methods, success must come. I shall expect you in this service."

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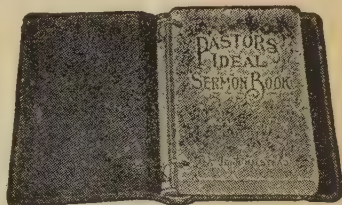
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The Church extends the right hand of good fellowship to "the stranger within thy gates" in many ways. But why limit this welcome to only those who actually enter the portals of the House of God? Isn't it far more important to reach out into the "highways and byways" to bring people to church?

Imagine a beautiful Sunday morning when down upon the crowded city falls the music of golden-voiced chimes from a church tower pealing out "Lead, Kindly Light," followed by "Nearer My God to Thee" and other old time hymns, carrying their glorious message to weary ones and jaded prodigals. Could there be a more impressive way of bringing the message of Hope to the wanderer who has strayed far from the paths of righteousness?

Every one interested in the welfare of the church is eagerly looking for ways and means to take the church to those who do not go to the church. To interest the non-church-goer in the church we must attract his attention, hold his interest, and sub-consciously create within him the desire to be associated with the church.

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Churches of all denominations are realizing the great value of Tower Chimes because of their universal appeal. The officials of one church in Pennsylvania say:

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Right here in Cleveland is a notable installation of Deagan Tower Chimes. Some time ago S. P. Fenn, Vice President of the Sherwin-Williams Co., had installed in one of the towers of the Old Stone Church a gift of sixteen Deagan Tower Chimes. Located in the very heart of the business district, it has to compete with the sound of passing street cars and autos, but the chimes reach many transients and those who would not go near a church in the residence section of the city.

In addition to churches Deagan Chimes have been installed in colleges and similar institutions. The Palmer School of Chiropractic at Davenport, Iowa (Station WOC) regularly broadcasts the



Old Stone Church, Cleveland, Ohio



Hoisting the Chimes up into the Belfry at Wanamaker Mausoleum

music of Deagan Tower Chimes twice daily, from 12:00 to 12:15 noon and from 5:45 to 6:00 in the evening as well as from 9:00 to 10:00 A.M. on Sundays. These chimes have been heard in all parts of the United States and Canada as well as in Cuba. The music of the Deagan Chimes in the Lake Avenue Baptist Church at Rochester, N. Y. is also broadcasted at various times although within a radius of only about fifty miles.

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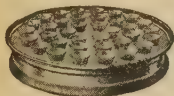
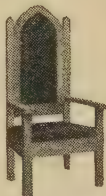
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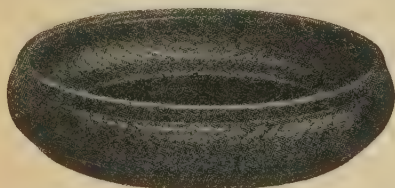
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* * *

The life of a Christian does not consist in ceremonies, but in well-doing; he who is good cannot prevent his actions bearing testimony to it. Goodness means piety and loving kindness. I say unto you, of whatever state or condition ye be, that a good man is known by his piety and by his charity. In this consists the Christian religion, which has its foundations in Love and Charity.—*Savonarola.*

GOING TO CHURCH BY RADIO

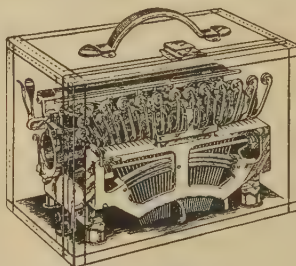
We have printed numerous paragraphs on the use of radio in church work and have noted many references to the wonders of radio. So far most of the reports that have come to us are not reassuring.

Broadcasting a service is not quite the same thing as receiving one, and receiving is difficult. We very much wish that readers who have actually had experience in using radio in connection with church services would write us about their experiences.

Those who are especially interested in the subject should read Arthur B. Rhinow's article "Going to Church by Radio" in "The Continent" for July 20, 1922. In speaking of the fact that one can reach thousands through the radio phone service he says:

"But the actual touch is practically nil. We do not know them personally, we have never spoken to them, they have never smiled at us, we have never seen their tears, and we have never felt the enthusiasm of cooperating with them in a great cause. We are like the man who has great dreams of cosmopolitan charity, and forgets the poor within his reach. The radiophone congregation under most circumstances cannot be other than a vague assemblage."

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He said:

"The Apostle Paul says to Timothy and so he says to every preacher: 'Give thyself unto reading.' The man who never reads will never be read; he who never quotes will never be quoted; he who will not use the thoughts of other men's brains, proves that he has no brains of his own."—C. H. Spurgeon.

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* * *

What Jesus Taught, According to the Gospels, by Milton G. Evans, D.D. 196 pp. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. A scholarly analysis of the teachings of Jesus, from the standpoint of their practical value for life. The author describes briefly, but clearly, Jewish religious thought in the time of Christ; the Synoptic teaching on the Kingdom; and John's teaching on eternal life. The reader is constantly referred for independent study, to the Scripture passages upon which Dr. Evans bases his views.

Religious Foundations, edited by Rufus M. Jones. 144 pp. Macmillan, New York. These ten essays deal with the "fundamentals" of belief as held by a group of leading scholars who accept the facts of modern science and historical study, and who at the same time are profound believers in the religion of Christ. The topics discussed are: What shall we think of God? of Christ? of Man? of Nature? Human Relationships? the Bible? the Kingdom of God? of Evil? of Progress? and of the Life Beyond? The authors are Rufus M. Jones, Willard L. Sperry, B. S. Rowntree, Elihu Grant, A. Clutton-Brock, L. P. Jacks, Eugene W. Lyman, and Francis G. Peabody.

Common Sense Religion, by Rev. Frank E. Wilson. 167 pp. Macmillan, New York. A book addressed to the average man who asks what the teaching of the church is good for—granting that it is true. Mr. Wilson gives a plain and convincing answer, in regard to the Church, the Bible, the Creed, Sunday observance, Faith, Immortality, Prayer, Sacraments, the Doctrine of Sin, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Holy Trinity.

The Servant of Jehovah, by David Baron. 158 pp. Doran, New York. An exposition of Isaiah 53, which will delight the mind and heart of all orthodox evangelical believers. The author is a Britisher, a converted Jew, an eminent Hebrew scholar, and a prominent leader in British evangelical circles. In this able book, he shows the genuine Messianic teaching of Isaiah 53, and its fulfillment in Jesus Christ.

Night Scenes of Scripture, by Rev. Norman Macleod Caie, B.D. 199 pp. Doran, New York. The author is a prominent leader and a popular preacher of the Church of Scotland. These fourteen sermons are popular in style, Biblical, well illustrated, full of deep feeling, direct and persuasive. Some of the

"Night Scenes" described are Jacob at Bethel, Nehemiah's Night Ride around Jerusalem, the interview of Jesus with Nicodemus, and Paul and Silas in prison.

■ **The Trans-Mississippi West**, by Cardinal Goodwin, Prof. of American History, Mills College, Cal. 528 pp. Appleton, New York. A brilliant and authoritative history of the expansion of the United States, from the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 to the Gadsden Purchase, fifty years later. It is a romantic story of explorers, frontiersmen struggling with Indians and nature, of diplomacy in acquiring the vast territories involved, and of their subsequent effect upon our political and national life. Prof. Goodwin's graphic pages carry us from Louisiana to Oregon and from the Mississippi to the Pacific. This book will not only make better-informed, but better, Americans.

God's Will and Our Life, by Charles A. Cook, D.D. 119 pp. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. A practical, devotional, and Scriptural study of what is meant by the will of God; how we may learn of it and do it; and how the doing of it will make life efficient, successful and happy.

The Evangelistic Cyclopedia, by Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D. 352 pp. Doran, New York. Readers of *The Expositor* will find in this book the characteristics which make Dr. Hallock's departments in this magazine so helpful and inspiring. This Cyclopedia gives 450 evangelistic illustrations, 200 evangelistic outlines and sketches and 10 Great Revival Sermons, as well as a thorough practical discussion of Methods of Evangelism, use of Decision Day, Lent, Pastoral Evangelism and Vocational Evangelism. With this book, every minister can learn to be his own evangelist, to do the work effectively, and thus to make his ministry more fruitful and successful.

Where the Higher Criticism Fails, by H. W. Fitchett. 191 pp. The Abingdon Press, New York. This brilliant and scholarly book will do much to steady the faith of the average man, disturbed by the attacks of the destructive Higher Critics on the Bible and religion. Dr. Fitchett is not a reactionary, nor does he distrust reverent and critical scholarship; on the contrary he accepts it. But he distrusts the critics who have discarded faith in the supernatural elements in the Bible, and puts up a good defence against their fantastic attacks on the Pentateuch and especially on the New Testament. A good book to read and circulate.

He Opened To Us the Scriptures, by Benjamin W. Bacon. 116 pp. Macmillan, New York. Five chapters, from a great constructive Biblical scholar, on the interpretation of Scripture. He deals with primitive ideas of Divine revelation, how Christian writers conceive of their own inspiration, private interpretation and interpretation approvable by all, the example of Jesus and Paul, and the witness of the Spirit. He maintains that the Christian principle for use of the Scriptures is "faith in God, faith in man also as (potentially at least) the son of God, and faith in the eternal revealing and redemptive spirit of truth, who spoke by the prophets and was incarnate in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

The Hebrew Prophet and the Modern Preacher, by Rev. Henry J. Pickett. 273 pp. Doran, New York. The Hartley Lecture on Preaching for 1922. A high and noble plea for a truly prophetic Christian ministry, based upon a study of the Hebrew prophets, with their moral passion, insistence upon Divine ideals with their application to individual and national life. The Christian minister, like the Hebrew prophet, must be

a spokesman for God. In Part 2 of the book, there is a fine chapter on the Supremacy of Jesus, and a helpful discussion of the Christian prophet, his place in modern life and his place in the church.

The Apocalypse of John, by Ibsen T. Beckwith, D.D. 794 pp. Macmillan, New York. A new and cheaper edition of an important book. Over 400 pages are given to introductory studies, covering the eschatological hope, Apocalyptic literature, the times and purposes of the Apocalypse, its theology, the history of its interpretation, authorship, etc.; and the balance of the book to an illuminating commentary on the text. Dr. Beckwith holds that the Apocalypse was "A Tract for the Times," to encourage the sorely persecuted Christians of its day, by its Divine revelation of the ultimate destruction of the powers of evil and the perfect consummation of the Christian hope in the establishment of the Kingdom of God. At the same time he tells us, the underlying principles of the Apocalypse are of abiding value. This is a book of outstanding value for the general reader, as well as of the special student, of the Apocalypse.

The Chronology of the Bible, by Philip Mauro. 120 pp. Doran, New York. An able book, written from a very conservative point of view. Its chronology is determined solely by a study of the Biblical data on the subject.

A Short History of Our Religion, by D. C. Somervell. 347 pp. Macmillan, New York. The general reader, as well as the minister, will find this story of our religion, from Moses down to 1920, of absorbing interest. It is clear, impartial, and comprehensive, giving an outline of O. T. and N. T. religion, of the early Christian centuries, of the Roman church, the Reformation, and the great movements within the Scottish and English churches.

The Faith That Overcomes the World, by Van Rennselaer Gibson. 110 pp. Macmillan, New York. Studies in spiritual psychology by a director of the Episcopal Progressive Thought Movement, showing how faith overcomes fear, ignorance, failure, sin, sickness, and death. The faith which the Master taught is a living force," the author tells us, "a dynamic consciousness, developed and released through true prayer, operating in accord with an eternal and undeviating law, and capable of completely transforming the individual, society, and the entire face of the earth." This practical book stresses from the Christian standpoint some of the things that make the so-called New Thought attractive.

Who's Who in the Universe, by James Robert Gettys. 116 pp. The Abingdon Press, New York. The striking title of this book is matched by the inspirational value of its contents. Its Roll of Honor is very unusual, for its great and shining personalities are un-named, though described—as ideals. Not a prosy Samuel Smiles type of book, but dynamic, and in touch with youth and the present day. If you are looking for a book to give as a graduation present, here it is!

Religion and Biology, by Ernest E. Unwin, M.Sc. 185 pp. Doran, New York. College students, especially science students, will find this approach to religion through biology interesting and impressive. From the consideration of man's place in Nature, his spiritual character, and the purpose of evolution, the author carries his reader's thought up from the Natural to the Divine, order of the world. This Divine order is manifested, he tells us, in the Kingdom of God, the Beloved Community, the end and explanation of all man's upward striving.

An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion, by Robert H. Thouless, lecturer in the University of Manchester, England. Macmillan, New York. A

valuable study of the religious consciousness, experience, and behavior, in their bearing on the question of the truth and value of religion. The author uses plain, non-technical terms, which the man who has had no training in psychology can easily understand; and both he and the trained psychologist will find this book of special value in its field. The discussion deals with the natural, moral, effective, and rational elements in religion; the sex-instinct and the herd-instinct; worship and prayer; and conversion and mysticism.

The Theory of Ethics, by Arthur K. Rogers. 197 pp. Macmillan, New York. An inquiry into the nature of goodness, which the author defines as the quality of exciting approval. A virtue is a type of character recognized as conducive to the interests of the good life. "The highest good is the satisfaction of all sentient creatures in a world designed to raise satisfaction to its utmost limits—a world of perfect beauty, perfect justice, and the rest." This is an essay in discovering and realizing the ends that make life worth living; it is marked by clear thinking and logical reasoning; and gives a fundamental place to the sense of duty and obligation.

Anger, Its Moral and Religious Significance, by George M. Stratton, Prof. of Psychology, University of California. 277 pp. Macmillan, New York. A book of very unusual interest and value. It treats of the place of anger in morals, and in the great historic Faiths of mankind. Buddhism alone has no place for anger. Anger helped to develop monotheism, and both pugnacity and anger are important elements of the moral and religious life. Anger furnishes dynamic to smite wrongs in one's own life, in society, in government, and in international relations. The wrong kind of anger leads to hatred and war. Anger must be disciplined and must be made a true servant of good will. Jesus showed great indignation at evil. These are just hints of Prof. Stratton's treatment of the theme. A rewarding, richly suggestive book.

The History of Utopian Thought, by J. O. Hertzler, Ph. D. 321 pp. Macmillan, New York. Another unique, interesting, and informing book. It is probably the first work to describe the main historical systems of Utopian thought and practice; and it is exceedingly well done. The author surveys Utopian ideals as announced by the O. T. prophets, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel; Jesus' teaching of the Kingdom of God; Augustine's "City of God," and Savonarola's Florentine Theocracy; and various other Utopias of a secular character from Plato's "Republic" down to the present day. He examines them with reference to their contrasts with the actual social order of their times, the ways and means proposed of effecting the transition, and the significance which these various conceptions of a perfect social order may have for us today. He describes their contribution to civilization, but criticizes their limited perspective.

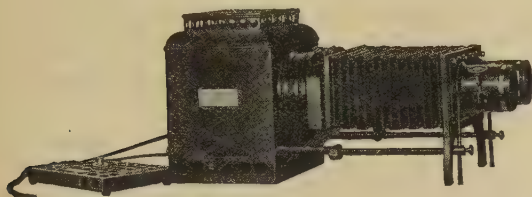
Nerves and Personal Power, by D. Macdougall King, M.D. 311 pp. Revell, New York. A book of wise counsels to the nervous, especially to nervous invalids. The author is a brave soul, bed-ridden from progressive muscular atrophy, but full of courage, and eager to do what he can to help others. He writes in a non-technical, plain, easy-to-read way, but with scientific knowledge and exactness. He tells us what we ought to know about our nervous organization, about good and bad habits of the mental and moral self, how to regain self-control and overcome all fears, and how to acquire a sense of elation and the possession of personal power. Religious and social workers will find this an invaluable book.

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The Influence of the Church on Modern Problems, by various writers. 223 pp. Macmillan, New York. Papers read at the Church Congress of 1922. The topics treated are all of vital and urgent interest. They deal with such subjects as: The apparent revolt of young people from the moral standards of an earlier day, Creedal requirements and church reunion, The Second Coming of Christ, Psychoanalysis, its value and dangers, The concern of the church with labor's demand for continuous employment, How can we meet young men's hesitancy to enter the ministry, and The necessary guidance of the present revival of interest in prayer. From three to five persons, selected for their special knowledge, discuss each topic.

The First Christian School, the Teacher and the Pupils, by Otis Cary. 64 pp. Pilgrim Press, Boston. An original and stimulating study of the School of Christ, in which the twelve apostles were the pupils.

The Meaning of Church Membership, by Raymond Calkins, D.D. 14 pp. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. An attractive booklet, containing a certificate of church membership, an explanation of its meaning, and several prayers and Bible readings. Just the thing to give a new church member.

The Church at Play, a Manual for Directors of Social and Recreational Life, by Norman E. Richardson. The Abingdon Press, New York. An up-to-date, comprehensive and useful manual, the first section of which treats of the principles and practices of recreational leadership, and the second, of sources of materials for the church at play. Outdoor activities, such as scouting and the work of the camp-fire girls are described, together with out-door and indoor games.

Back to the Long Grass, My Link with Livingstone, by Dan Crawford. 373 pp. Illustrated. Three maps. Doran, New York. This lovable, virile, versatile missionary, Dan Crawford, follows up his "Thinking Black" with another fascinating book on Africa. This time he tells us of his adventures, observations, and reflections, as he followed David Livingstone's track on his last journey. Great pictures he gives us of jungle and mountain scenery, of native tribes along the trail, their customs and manners, their religious beliefs, their good personal qualities, their disgusting cannibal and other degrading practices, the blighting Arab influence, and the Christianized Africans! How great a personality he shows Livingstone to have been! Dan Crawford's pages are of absorbing interest; he is amazingly well-read and well informed; he is human, as well as a great missionary. You will read this book from cover to cover with delight; and then start in and read it all over again.

Dramatized Missionary Stories, by Mary M. Russell. 124 pp. Doran, New York. A dozen short missionary plays, in which striking incidents in the lives of both home and foreign missionaries are dramatized. This method of presenting missionary facts and needs is very impressive. Helpful hints are given by the author for costumes, and for the staging of the plays.

Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas, by C. E. Andrews. 295 pp. Illustrations from photographs. Doran, New York. A charming book of travel reproducing the very atmosphere of Old Morocco, with its strange and fascinating sights and scenes. The author visited famous Marrakesh, an oasis city, under the guidance of his friend, Ahmet Ben Abbas. He gives us a vivid picture of this ancient walled city where representatives of the tribes and peoples of Northern Africa meet and mingle in the streets and cafes. He listens to the story-tellers, who from time immemorial have been the entertainers of Eastern

crowds. He translates for us the love songs of the people. Then he takes us on a perilous trip through the passes of the Atlas Mountains and down into the forbidden Souss, where bandits abound and hot winds blow in from the Sahara, and where he gets arrested, but ultimately finds friends and is freed.

Human Australasia, by Charles Franklin Thwing, President-Emeritus Western Reserve University. 270 pp. Macmillan, New York. Dr. Thwing avoids the beaten track. Instead of observations on the natural history and strange scenery of Australian lands, he tells of their human aspects, giving a story of absorbing interest. Dr. Thwing gives us pen pictures of the leading men of these countries. Here is a book that abounds in human interest, and also makes important contributions to our knowledge of the political, sociological, industrial and religious life of these last outposts of Anglo-Saxon civilization, together with an illuminating forecast of their probable place in, and contribution to, the future of the world's civilization.

The Glass of Fashion, Anon. 176 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. "The Gentleman With a Duster," whose "Mirrors of Downing Street" reflected the weakness of English politicians with such wholesome clearness for the public, here holds up the glass to English Fashion and its leaders. The biting satire of this book on fashions, morals and leaders in the Smart Set of London discloses a deplorable degeneration from the days of Queen Victoria. The brilliant author does not hesitate to name names, but his purpose is higher than castigation of particular persons. He thinks the false science, as he calls it, of Darwinism is responsible for the decadence of morals: "Darwinism," he says, "justifies the sensualist at the trough, and Fashion at her glass." He longs for the return of such leaders as Gladstone, to re-make and redeem England. America as well as England, he says, must shake off this false science, and "recover faith in a creative purpose, faith in man's immortality."

The Book of Missionary Heroes by Basil Mathews contains thrilling stories of the high courage of the brave men and women of twenty Christian centuries who endured toils and privations and perils and even death to carry the good news of Jesus Christ to the pagan tribes of the world. Daring adventures are told with great vividness of these soldiers of the Cross, from Paul of Tarsus down to an American doctor and an American nurse facing cruel Turks in the World War. Price \$1.50 net. George H. Doran Co., New York.

The Honor of the Church, by Charles R. Brown, Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University. A vigorous, inspiring, delightful, sensible revolt against the recent wails over, the "heckling" of, the church—sometimes "confessions" by the preachers themselves. Get the laity to reading it. \$1.00, postage 10 cents. The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, or 19 West Jackson Street, Chicago.

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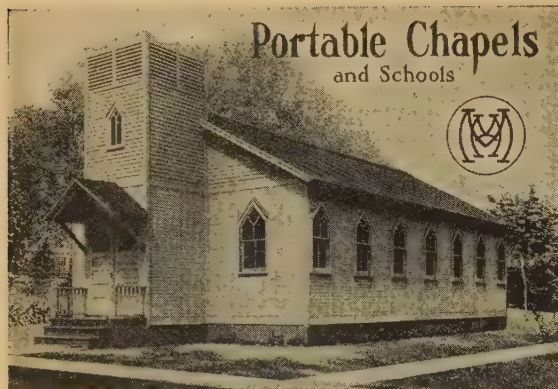
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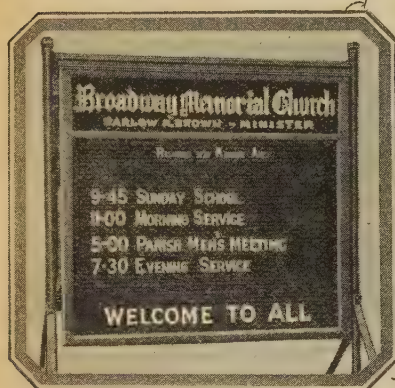
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Religious Review of Reviews

NEWS

The S. S. Chronicle, London, tells of a Sunday forum in Hyde Park, where one speaker tried to make out a good case for the brewers and distillers.

"If Great Britain became 'Pussyfoot' tomorrow, the nation would be brought to state of bankruptcy," he said boastfully. "Where would the Government get the £200,000,000 it now takes in tax from the trade?"

"Has America gone bankrupt?" asked a member of the crowd. "America, if it were really 'Prohibition'—but everybody knows it is not—would show signs of poverty. In any case there are many signs of unemployment in the United States," was the reply. "But are not the distilleries in America being used for more profitable business?" said a voice. The question, however, was disregarded, but the speaker did not go on to show that, with all our beer-drinking, Great Britain was the paradise of the worker, which would have been a logical argument for his case—if it were true! But he did try to show how unpatriotic the teetotaler was. "He dodged the tax on beer!"

* * *

One return, which bulks little in the arguments of the Association Against Prohibition is the report of savings deposit. On January 18 the Savings Bank Division of the American Bankers Association made public the amount of increase in such accounts in 1922. The increase was \$1,500,000,000 over the total of 1921. This was a 40 per cent gain. Since prohibition went into effect three years ago the total savings deposits of the American people have doubled their enormous total. This progress in thrift is not the result of "good times" and "easy money," but is in large part the result of the workingman's ability to get home with his pay envelope intact.—*Christian Advocate*.

Religious Dramas

The Federal Council of Churches announces the appointment of a Committee on Religious Drama. "To evaluate religious dramatic material already created, to create new material, to set standards for production, and to encourage the use of the dramatic method in religious education through denominational, interdenominational and community-wide activities."

The membership of this committee is as follows:

Rev. Fred Eastman, *Chairman*
Miss Elizabeth Baker, *Secretary*
Mr. Percy Jewett Burrell
Rev. George Reid Andrews
Miss Margaret Applegarth
Mrs. Donald Pratt
Miss Helen L. Willcox

In addition there is an Advisory Committee made up of prominent actors and religious workers.

The committee has two projects on hand, first is to assemble the best religious dramatic material available and issue it in a series of yearly volumes comparable to the present series of "The Best Short Stories of 1922" and "The Best Plays of 1922." The committee will not publish original manuscripts other than those included in this yearly volume.

The second project is to train religious leaders in the dramatic method of education, and possibly

to hold an institute next fall for the training of such leaders.

F. E. JOHNSON,
Secretary, Educational Committee
* * *

European Protestants

There was held in Copenhagen last summer an official gathering of Protestantism in Continental Europe, with seventy-five delegates representing thirty-seven church bodies and twenty-one European nations.

As the result there has been established by the Swiss Protestant Federation, with headquarters in Zurich, a Central Bureau of Protestantism for Europe, to secure and co-ordinate relief for the needy Churches and religious institutions of the Continent.

The Executive Committee is made up of representatives from the Swiss Federation, the Churches in the Scandinavian countries, Holland, and Great Britain, with Dr. Macfarland as advisory member for the American Churches. * * *

Radio and the Church

In Philadelphia on January 28th a department store whose proprietors are Jewish gentlemen, engaged a preacher in one of the prominent Episcopal Churches "to broadcast his service at 11 A.M." At that hour every congregation in Eastern Pennsylvania is under obligation to assemble for worship. More than a thousand clergymen prepared sermons with which to inculcate divine truth into their people's hearts. By what process of reasoning a fellow clergyman would contract to butt in on his brethren is an enigma of professional ethics. The department store's motive is simpler though hardly more praiseworthy. It is no credit to any enterprise to require the Lord's day in addition to six other parts of the week for advertising its virtues. The only quality is again uniqueness. The business of the world swallows the business of the Church. The lion lay down with the lamb—inside.

The Lutheran

* * *

Modern Missionaries

Modern-developments in missionary methods would have given a jolt to the fathers of a century ago, who started the missionary societies with the ideal of the missionary as a man with a Bible in his hand, standing under a tree preaching to a crowd of dusky-skinned, eager listeners. That was the whole of a missionary. But not long ago the Methodist Episcopal Church sent out a classified list of the kinds of workers wanted by the various missions.

Kindergartners and teachers for all grades up to college are wanted at home and in Asia and Latin America; doctors and nurses in China and India; a stenographer for China; a man to teach piano in Bolivia, an unmarried man for teaching and athletics in Peru; a floriculturist for the 4,000 acre Methodist mission ranch in Chile. In Singapore and Manila they want music teachers, domestic science teachers, and other specially trained workers. From Korea there is an urgent call for two women physicians.

Apparently no gift will come amiss.

* * *

Episcopal Church Growth

Figures compiled recently by the Protestant Episcopal Church indicate that that denomination has enjoyed the finest growth during 1921-22 of any similar

period of its history in America. The financial advances have astonished even the officials of the church. The communicant list went forward by 40,000 and the Sunday School teachers and scholars went forward another 40,000. Within five years the gifts to benevolent work have doubled twice and gifts to all causes have increased twenty-two per cent within the same period. A three-year program is on for benevolences alone, calling for \$21,000,000 or a sum larger by \$1,000,000 than the entire receipts at the close of the world war. The number of lay readers is 3,500, which is almost half as many as the total number of ministers.—*Northwestern.*

Prominent Jew Turns Christian

Mr. Alexander Schaap, a veteran newspaper man and "church editor" of the St. Louis Times, has been a prominent figure among the Jews of that city for many years. He recently announced his conversion to the Christian religion and at the invitation of a Jewish publication wrote the story of his conversion and the reasons for "changing his religion." Under five heads he relates his beliefs: (1) God's wonderful plan of salvation for poor, fallen mankind through the Messiah. (2) The revelation that there can be no forgiveness of sin without the shedding of blood. (3) The plight of Israel for their rejection of God's grace and mercy. (4) The subsequent transfer of this grace and mercy to the Gentiles. (5) The promise of the final conversion and redemption of Israel's remnant. In a careful, critical, fashion he takes up the life of Jesus and outlines the way in which it meets all the requirements of a Messiah's life. His conversion is said to have produced a profound effect on the Jews throughout the entire city.—*Northwestern.*

* * *

Another church with a past glory transfers from the white work to the colored in New York City—the Calvary Church at 129th street, where the late James R. Day was pastor when he was called to the chancellorship of Syracuse University, and where later the Rev. Charles L. Goodell served a successful pastorate having the largest Sunday evening congregations in the city. The membership has been dwindling until they were unable to carry the heavy financial responsibilities. The church is now turned over to the City Missionary Society and it becomes the Salem Methodist Episcopal Church. The large influx of Negroes into New York has changed the complexion of a large tract of the city, between 125th and 145th streets and from Fifth avenue to St. Nicholas avenue.

* * *

GENERAL Bolshevists

The London, England, *Sunday School Chronicle* tells some of the activities of the enemies of Christianity.

One writer describes some Bolshevik Sunday Schools in London and in Glasgow. Can you imagine a canny Scotchman becoming a Bolshevik?

The "Prolet-cult" is a magazine published in Glasgow for boys and girls. A recent number, says the *Chronicle*, contained:

Two Proletarian prayers and a form of Proletarian "oath." The oath runs as follows:

"I, Nan McLachlan, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to my Class, their heirs and successors, according to the Class Struggle, without any God."

Without any God! To whom, then, it may be asked, is the petition in the second prayer addressed? 'Give me, I pray thee,' it begins, 'power to smite my enemies, the rulers of this nation * * * May my right arm fail me, may a sudden and horrible death visit me, should I at any time leave the path of the Class Struggle.'

One Tom Anderson, a prominent Bolshevik of Glasgow, published "The Ten Proletarian Maxims," in which we find:

"Thou shalt not be a patriot, for a patriot is an international blackleg.

"Thou shalt teach revolution, for revolution means the abolition of the present political state.

"Thou shalt wage class war."

Other statements of this man are:

"Christ on the Cross dying for sinners is so ridiculous that one despairs of the hold this superstition has on the minds of the working class * * * To teach the children the idea of the Revolution should be the primary end of a Socialist Sunday School; all other teaching is of no avail * * *" "We fear no God. All Gods are but the evolution of man's progress upwards."

"There were other saviours than Jesus * * * Saviours were born of slavery, of this I am convinced"

"Present-day religion is dead, or at least it is dying, its light has nearly run out. Their Bible is the most diabolical one I have ever read * * * Once the working class move a little further along the road of emancipation, these things will be made clear to them; they will put them in their proper place, and that is in the same category of all the other past Saviours and Gods."

This movement is believed to be financed by Russian money. But Moscow has not been pleased with the progress made towards revolution in Great Britain.

The *Chronicle* concludes that an important factor in the situation is doubtless the lack of really talented organizers combined with the common sense of the average British working man.

* * *

Hon. Teodoro R. Yangoo, Ex-Resident Commissioner at Washington, now of Manila, says:

"I am sure that one of the supreme needs of the Filipino people today is a study of the Bible. When I was young I could not read it. My mother once secured a Bible, but when someone told her it was a dangerous book, she burned it. Thus I grew up to believe it was unsafe to read the Bible, and I never did until just a few years ago. I am sorry for these many years of wasted opportunity, but I am glad that even though now I am old, I am not afraid to read and study the greatest Book in the world. My sojourn in America taught me that this Book is one of the secrets of America's greatness. Thank God it is no longer a closed book in our country. Our people must know and follow its teachings. Only thus can their professed Christianity become real."

This same man contributes a subsidy of 250 pesos a month for the first year to make possible for the Philippine Islands Sunday School Union to publish a Sunday School Journal for Sunday School workers.

* * *

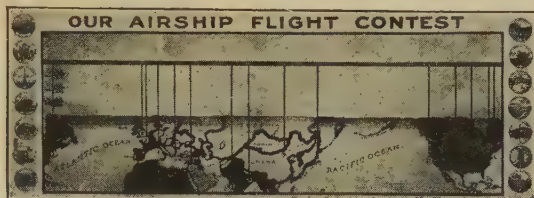
The Sacred Cow

Gandhi, the man who has been one of the greatest leaders in the unrest created in India, and who has led in the incitement to insurrection against British rule, frankly avows himself a Hindu, and declares that one of the purposes of his life is to restore to India the sacredness of the cow. To quote his announcement: "*Cow protection is the gift of Hinduism to the world. And Hinduism will live so long as there are Hindus to protect the cow. The way to protect is to die for her. My prayer ascends daily to God Almighty, that my service of a cause I hold to be just may appear so pleasing to Him, that He may change the hearts of the Mussulmans, and fill them with pity for their Hindu neighbors, and make them save the animal the latter holds as dear as life itself.*"

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Hinduism will sacrifice its young womanhood to lowest infamy and yet hold the cow sacred.—*Evangelical Christian.*

* * *

Religion in Novels

The novelists' treatment of religion wants doing better. "It figures alternately as a tyrant, an imbecile, an excuse for interfering impertinently with one's neighbors, as the exclusive perquisite of some particular church, and as a mild intellectual diversion for not very intelligent young men. Far too seldom is it treated like any other effective and dynamic force in life; too seldom, also, are all its possibilities and varieties even superficially explored. After all, treated merely as material, it should be a rich and various theme." Undeniably, but that needs a faith which few modern novelists possess. This presentation of the weaknesses of Christian folk as their supreme characteristic in so much fiction largely accounts for the subtle alienations of our young people from the Church, and for the frequency with which its message falls into rocky ground.—*S. S. Chronicle, London.*

* * *

How to Get a Sunday Evening Church Audience

It is absolutely essential that the whole service be made as interesting and inspiring as possible. In order to get the attention of the people and bring them to the church, either unique topics or special features should be used. Humanly speaking, the one great thing the evening service must have is *variety*. Put all the dignity that you want in the morning service, but no more of it than you are compelled to have in the evening service.

Make the evening service different from the morning, and make each evening service a little different from the other. Variety is not only the spice of life, it is also the spice of evening services.

After you get the people, preach the old Gospel that fits the whole life. The people want practical Gospel messages preached in an interesting way. Take old truths and keep the discussion of them up to date. The best kind of an evening service is an evangelistic one. If possible give the people an opportunity to find Christ and reach a decision to live the Christian life.

Remember that sermons should not only have sub-

jects, but objects, and the greatest object of a sermon is to bring a seeking Saviour and a lost sinner together. After all, there can be no higher purpose both for the service and the sermon than this one.

—Dr. W. W. Bustard, pastor

Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland.

* * *

Money

My definition of money for my purpose is simply this: Money is myself. I am a laboring man, we will say, and can handle a pick-axe, and I hire myself out for a week at \$2.00 a day. At the close of the week I have \$12 which is a week's worth of myself in my pocket. Now, money is like electricity; it is stored power, and how to use the stored potentiality of myself in my pocket is so very serious that I need God's Holy Spirit to guide me in it. Surely we need, in this matter, consecrated thought as to where to loose ourselves; earnest prayer in the guidance of the choice of where to loose our stored power; and earnest prayer to God to add his blessing to the loosed personality in this money we have sent abroad, that there may come a tenfold increase because of the personal power we have sent. When we think of money that way, and pray about it in that way, and set it free that way, and tell others of it, then we will have the Church of God saying: "Hasten the collection in the church. Quick! Let the ushers pass down that we may loose ourselves for Jesus' sake, and send out stored power the world around for the sake of him who gave himself for us."—*Epworth Herald.*

* * *

Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any. Nothing is visible but the merest outline of dusky shapes. Standing within all is clear and defined; every ray of light reveals an army of unspeakable splendors.—*John Ruskin.*

* * *

"I don't know which is better, to watch the waters glisten,
To look and look and look and look at earth and sea and sky,
Or to close your eyes awhile and listen, listen, listen,
To all the sweet things of the world a-drifting lightly by."

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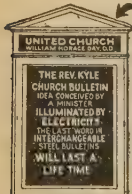
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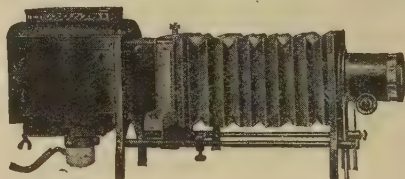
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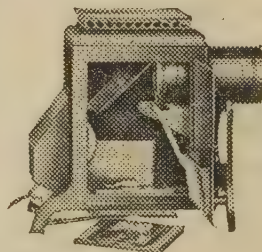
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EVANGELIST EDWARD L. JEAMBEY, Dewitt, Nebraska, has a few open dates between this issue of the paper and next November. Safe, Sane and Successful. Mr. Jeambey is a preacher of power and ability, and a pulpit orator of national fame. Assisted by Mrs. Jeambey, Gospel Soloist and Chorus Director. Mr. Jeambey is a member of the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists, Winona Lake, Ind., and has been, for two years, director of the Blue River Bible Conference Assembly, DeWitt, Nebraska, where he can be addressed. Bishop Homer Stuntz recently appointed Mr. Jeambey to a State Evangelistic position in a great conference, but he is at liberty to go anywhere in the United States.



Wilson



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BY that we mean, is it equipped to properly care for its many interests—clubs, societies, etc.? Is it economical in light and heat?

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Without altering the structure in any way, Wilson's section-fold and rolling partitions will enable your present church to efficiently care for its many activities. With them you can divide one room into many, or many into one.

The saving in light and heat alone often warrants their cost.

May we tell you why?

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The popularity of appointing a certain day for particular objects seems to be growing. We read of a "Forgive-Your-Enemy Day" in a church at Fatehgarh, India, which resulted in the making up of quarrels and enmities of long standing. Naturally this was followed by a revival.—*Record of Christian Work.*

* * *

An educational journal makes a plea for "religion without a dogma." The *Monitor*, San Francisco, replies "that kind of religion has not been invented, but will come in when we have good men without convictions, parties without principles, and geometry without axioms."—*The United Presbyterian.*

* * *

Definitions

"Two or three" always means at least three, or three and upward. "One or two" seldom if ever means one. "In a minute" means anywhere from five to fifty minutes. "That reminds me of a story" means, "Now you keep quiet while I tell my joke." "I hold no brief for" means: "I am now going to defend —" "While I do not wish to appear critical" means, "But I am going to have my say out anyhow." "Of course it's no business of mine," means, "I am simply devoured with curiosity." "My conduct calls for no apology and needs no explanation" is the usual intro-

duction for an apology or an explanation. "No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning" is what we say when some one has mistaken it.—*The Independent.*

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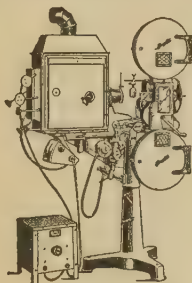
The tendency is for business to respect the Christian rest day. The automobile business is new, and in many cities the sales rooms of the various car agencies are open. Recently the Pittsburgh Automobile Dealers' association took a large space in the local papers to tell the public that they would in the future close up their places of business on Sunday. This action has aroused much favorable comment in church circles. The real estate business is developing organizations in various cities, and in Evanston and Wilmette, Illinois, these dealers announce that they will not do business on Sunday. Most lines of business find that just as much can be done in six days as in seven, and perhaps more.—*Record of Christian Work.*

* * *

"Leading Meetings"

Those who have had much experience in what is somewhat vaguely called "leading meetings" will appreciate the truth as well as the grim humor of the remark of a certain minister: "I have led some meetings, driven some, coaxed some, and sometimes have given up in despair, letting them take their own way or stand still, just as they chose."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

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THE WORLD MISSIONARY DRAMA LEAGUE
818 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Over-selling the Program

EMMA GARY WALLACE, Auburn, N. Y.

It is one of the principles of sound business today for the salesman not to over-sell his goods. There are two ways in which he can over-sell them. One way is to sell his customer more than he can handle to good advantage, or more stock than he can turn over in a reasonable time.

The overloaded customer is not ready to buy goods again when the proper time comes, and usually has something of a grouch in the bargain.

The second way the customer can be oversold is to exaggerate the value of the articles offered, and to make the purchaser think that he is getting better value than he really is.

The salesman who over-sells his goods soon comes to be looked on with suspicion, and his representations are naturally doubted.

In their zeal and eagerness to have a worthy message reach the largest number Christian leaders and sometimes ministers themselves, actually over-sell the program which they are offering. There should be no question of doubt as to the value of the message to be given and the sincerity of the effort in the giving of it. But clarity and even frank honesty of representation are desirable.

Perhaps three illustrations in point will make this clear and will show that the same underlying principle obtains as in the case of the salesman of tangible merchandise.

In case one, a Pageant was announced, which it was promised would be of unusual interest to all. It would take the place of the regular opening exercise of the Bible School period, and every loyal member was challenged to be on hand and to bring a friend. To give the affair more assurance of money worth, tickets were distributed, and a large attendance actually assembled.

The Pageant proved to be a most amateurish little dialogue between children of from ten to thirteen years of age. Several forgot their parts and all showed a lack of sufficient preparation and training. The audience quite good-naturedly listened, but their respect for what had been given them was not at all on a par with what they had expected, and what had been promised them.

The next time a Pageant was announced few responded, and some planned to stay away.

In the second instance, a Bible Dramatization was announced as part—the main part—of a Sunday evening service. Considerable publicity was given to this, and the public were assured that a dozen young people had studied and trained for a least ten weeks under the leadership of a professional teacher in the preparation of this Bible Dramatization.

Announcements were made through the press and from several public rostrums and Sunday School platforms, so that a packed house awaited the program.

The young people really did very well, but in place of young men and young women, it would have been wiser to describe the participants a little more closely. In reality the names of the

people in the cast would have been better, for they were boys and girls of from thirteen to sixteen years of age. Naturally a youth of fifteen could not be expected to take the part of a patriarch of sixty with finished skill. No one would expect it, but many in that audience who had expected something of quite a different character were distinctly misled when the program was actually in the process of production. Not a few were free to say that their presence had been obtained through misrepresentation, as they would have preferred to go to a regular service of a more mature character. Others who would have gone readily had they understood what it was were disappointed to find it different from what they had expected. All in all that program had been over-sold, and the after reaction was likely to be serious, as one or two at least of the actors themselves were sensitive enough to feel the disappointment of the audience and to be chilled by it, and so prejudiced against further effort.

Case three was a little different from either of the above quoted. Those in executive authority of a certain church suddenly awoke to a realizing sense that their congregation was dwindling, while that of another denomination near by was increasing by leaps and bounds. Church No. 1 had a mere handful on Sunday evening. Church No. 2 was crowded to the doors.

It was pointed out that the preaching and methods of Church No. 2 were a bit spectacular in their advance advertising, although the services were good and worthy in reality. So church No. 1 said, "We will have to boom our attractions." Suddenly each different department of work flared out with fascinating announcements.

The forthcoming Sunday was proclaimed as one which would be long remembered.

There was a returned missionary on hand who spoke to the men and women at the Sunday School hour. Aside from this there was nothing out of the ordinary routine, and in every-day advertising circles afterwards, many similar promises and claims made in advance were bluntly dubbed as "pure bluff."

When we are promised unusual values and do not get them we do not take further assurances of this kind seriously, or pay much attention to them. The conservative business man understands this. And in the field of religious offerings and spiritual values equal care should be taken that the actual claims put forth are not so large as to disappoint. It is better to approach the matter from the positive angle, to make such careful and worthy plans and preparations, and to represent these so truthfully that people will feel that they cannot afford to miss a program which bears official recommendation and frank approval.

This is logical, reasonable, and in the last analysis will make for a greater degree of confidence and a finer assurance of public response.

Blue Monday

HILDA RICHMOND

Almost everybody in the community, except the preacher and the doctor, has fifty-two Sundays every year, unless they voluntarily work and profane the Sabbath. Many of the government employees who must work on Sunday have time off during the week—Sunday time they call it—but the medical man and the sky pilot are as likely to be called upon seven days in the week, year in and year out as not. They are in a peculiar sense the servants of all, and surely no one serves so much without compensation as the country doctor and the preacher in any locality.

Monday is the day when the minister has time to review the mistakes he made the day before, or thinks he made, as he takes up the work of visiting the sick, writing his letters and in other ways getting started for the next Sunday. Usually the Ministerial Association meets on Monday morning, the poorest time of the week, and that helps add to the gloom. The ministers tired from two sermons the day before, emergency calls to the sick of the parish, handshaking, teaching in the Sunday School, perhaps domestic troubles in the way of illness, indisposition from overwork the day before, or other causes, come together to talk over the difficulties, and when the meeting adjourns they go home dejected-looking and depressed. And if on returning home they are greeted by the sight and smell of a pick-up dinner from Sunday left-overs they are about as blue as human beings can get for the rest of the day. The wise wife of the preacher waits until Tuesday, or later in the week, to have the laundry work done and the left-overs served.

In many places congregations are insisting that Monday be the minister's Sunday and are putting off everything but emergencies until later. Monday is really the logical day for the preacher to rest since he is more or less fatigued from the day before. The physical reaction must come and with it more or less depression, so it is well to recognize that fact and prepare for it. An extra long rest in bed in the morning, a light breakfast, getting away from home, not to visit the sick and despondent, but to mingle with cheery, well people, a drive in the country, work in the garden, if so be that the minister is fortunate enough to have a garden, reading an uplifting book or any one of a dozen other helpful and restful tasks should be saved for Blue Monday. And, since Monday is also a day when the minister's wife is below par physically, the plans should include rest and an outing for her. If it is summer, a little picnic, that depends more upon the scenery, the drive and the rest for the enjoyment than a surfeit of food, will help to restore the whole family and keep the preacher from thinking he has lost his religion. More trouble has come, particularly to young ministers, from undertaking important tasks on the wrong day than any one other thing.

It is a part of the ministerial duties to educate

the congregation to let the preacher and his family alone on Monday. Of course it will never do to announce publicly that no callers are desired on that day, but tactful families can let it be known indirectly that Monday is a very busy and important day. A young minister and his wife used to bundle the baby into the carriage and go off nowhere in particular on some real or fictitious errand when the weather permitted, and safe from the telephone and door bell, rest and read and enjoy a few hours in quiet. Tired nerves were restored, mistakes forgotten, little slights faded away and out in the fresh air everything got back to normal. The young man used to say he was worth more to his congregation by taking a day of rest then by trying to give every minute of his time to visiting, studying and preparing sermons.

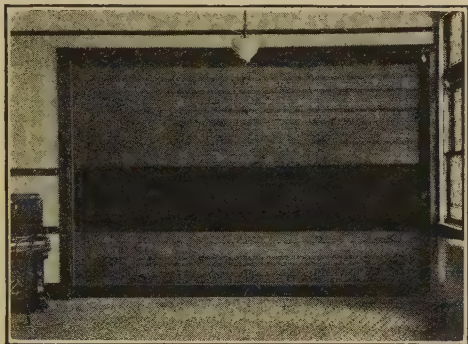
And then it is well for the minister to take comfort in the fact that Blue Monday is not the sole possession of the profession, but that all persons who have no time for physical relaxation on the Sabbath suffer from the same complaint. The singers in the choir are subject to depression on Monday to a greater or less degree depending upon the amount of work put upon them. They love to sing, but the fact that Sunday after Sunday they must be in their places, often practising after services if there is special demand for the choir, singing at Sunday funerals when such things can not be put off, and keeping up their music at home to be at their best, will tell on the strongest and most devoted person, particularly the leader who feels responsible for the success of the music. Doctors, nurses and other overworked beings find themselves worn out on Monday. It is usually Blue Monday for invalids whose injudicious friends crowd in to see them on the first day of the week. The trouble is not spiritual, as many suppose, but purely physical.

So while it will probably always be Blue Monday for the minister it is well to make plans to fade out the blue to the lightest tint possible. Big Sunday dinners out in the homes of members, big Sunday dinners at home, extra demands in the shape of addresses to outside organizations, funeral services, calls on the sick, aimless visiting with people who drop in, distractions of all kinds and the things that tend to add to the burdens of the Sabbath should be discouraged as much as possible. There are always emergencies such as ministering to the dying, attending to funerals that can not be put off, sickness in the home, the entertaining of guests from a distance who stay over Sunday and all the other interruptions to the calm and careful program the preacher maps out, but there should be no encouragement from the pulpit to multiply emergencies. To be at his best the minister must have a quiet first day of the week, and it is only carelessness on the part of the congregation when telephone calls, visits and demands upon the time are the rule rather than

the exception. Then if a normal Sunday is followed by a quiet Monday there can more be accomplished in the remainder of the week than if the minister tried to put in every moment seven days in the week.

The minister has to deal so much with sick folks, and sorrowing folks, and discouraged folks that he can not afford to fall below his best physically, mentally or spiritually, but should seek the cheery

companionships, the quiet hours of rest, the physical relaxation that his profession needs and then he will be far more efficient in every line of work than if he suffered himself to be worn out with petty distractions and petty demands upon his time. His mission is to preach the Gospel to a lost and perishing world both in the pulpit and out, and he can best accomplish this by taking care of his health and keeping himself from the depression that overwork surely causes.



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In the Morning of Time, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.90. This is an unusually interesting story of the first men and how they lived among the great beasts of the forest, and how they gradually forged ahead. The style of writing is clear and descriptive. It is written like fiction but based upon the findings of science.

Two Views of Education, by Lane Cooper. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. \$2.50. This is a thoughtful volume of fourteen chapters on various themes like "Greek Culture," "Ancient and Modern Letters," "Two Views of Education." The book is of interest to students and teachers.

Judging Human Character, by L. Hollingsworth. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.00. This book presents the facts concerning means of judging character which are proving so valuable in business life, in social life and elsewhere. The book considers the diagnosis of character, letters of application, human character in photographs, judging one's own characteristics, personal interviews, recommendations and testimonials, mental competence, etc. This is a book of value to ministers.

The Christian Doctrine of Peace, edited by Dr. James Hastings. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This is a book of 17 chapters on the vital theme of Peace. It is issued by his son Edward who has an interesting preface. The book is based upon Scripture and the theme is developed as other themes in the series on Christian Doctrines.

Bible Primer for Foreigners, Bible Stories for Foreigners, both by Frances B. Loveless. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.00 each. These are Americanization books used in the First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Washington. They are illustrated and have been used with success.

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As he was born!

—Sophie Irene Loeb in the Cleveland News.

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Nothing to be proud of. Picking up a magazine in a dentist's office, I read the following words from the editor: "I am not overly religious. Like some of you, I neglect that wonderful Book which the Gideons put in that hotel room. I do not go to church as often as I should * * * but I believe in God." And then I turned to the *American Magazine*, and this is what I read: "Religion. That's it, and I must admit I ain't one bit ashamed of it. Not that I belong to any church, although I don't really object to churches. Just the same, religion is what has brought me to where I am. And the religion I have in mind is allowing yourself to freely use the great intelligence which any dumb-bell has got to admit is the big force moving the world."

It would seem that the editor and the magazine writer both have the same idea—that religion is something that does not take you to church; that does not make you a member of the church; that does not make you read the Bible; that just somehow or other connects you up with a great, far-away force on which you can draw when you need Him, but which you needn't bother about most of the time.

And you will notice particularly that both of these writers parade the fact of their having no real active connection with the church, as if it were something to be proud of. Moreover, if you will read on you will out that in each case father and mother were church members, read the Bible, taught it to their children, so that in the end whatever good either of these writers have in them came out of a very different and very much more worth-while religion than their own.

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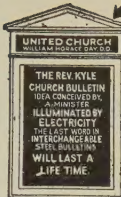
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